

THE
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A STORY FOR OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Stop Thief!—LONDON CRY.

A VERY worthy old gentleman, a true descendant of the Bull family, lived for many years in Ave-Maria Lane (he has since removed to Wellington Street, in the Strand). We may, as having enjoyed a long acquaintance with him, be possibly deemed partial in our estimation of his many excellent qualities of heart and head, therefore, we shall not trust ourselves to dwell on his many accomplishments, native and acquired. We care not to pass eulogies on his profound views as a statesman, his boldness in telling truths, no matter how unpalatable. We shall not even adduce a single bon-mot as a sparkling evidence of the pearls and diamonds which, in his lighter moods, are wont to drop from his mouth. Not a poetic line shall we quote in proof of his sublimer aspirations. No. We shall merely confine ourselves to a notice of domestic virtues; and first, nay, and last of all, to that great virtue—great as being composed of many, great as being natural, ere stupid wars brought taxes, and taxes made selfishness almost an instinct among men—to that beautiful virtue, that glorious remnant of the golden age—**HOSPITALITY.**

The gentleman we write of, lived with open doors. It was his custom, once a month, to furnish a banquet for all comers. It was his pride to have his tables spread, not only with fine substantial dishes—the huge sirloin, the buttock, and the chine—but lighter viands, with every delicacy of the season. His wishes for many feeders were amply satisfied—persons of all conditions sat at the board, at which there was no “above” or “below the salt,” but all sat as they chose, and fed at their ease.

The host had an infirmity of temper, it must be owned he was at times irascible, and the colour would come into his cheeks, and he would have to bolt a rising exclamation, when he found, as he often did, an ungrateful return for all his benevolence. He was very particular in his plate; his silver spoons, forks, and tankards, were of a pattern generally much admired. On these articles were engraved his initials and crest. He certainly prized his plate; yet so free was he, that he had not the slightest objection to lend articles to any persons, who, as *Sukeey Straddle* borrowed the “gentleman’s repeater,” might wish “to make a figure wit them.” Now, we take this to be liberal of the old gentleman.

In the course of the past month—not that the shabbiness, we are about to speak of, is of so late an origin, but, perhaps, it was never before so generally adopted—the old gentleman, going about all parts of the town, dined at various ordinaries—“Ha! ha!” cried he, as he sat down to chop and peas, “one of my silver forks, I see!” He knew it at a glance—the article was certainly from his plate chest, but looking at the head, what was his surprise to find that his initials and crest were completely erased, and that, as he learned from a by-sitter, the fork was looked upon as the original property of the house. The old gentleman swallowed an oath. Well, the next day, during the hot weather, he walked into a confectioner’s to take an ice. “So,” he observed, “one of my spoons!” The spoon had shared the fate of the fork—the crest and the initials were scratched out. The old gentleman hurried out of the shop, exclaiming at the injustice and ingratitude of the world. On the same evening he visited a famous ale-house, and called for a draught of Burton.—“Dear me!” he cried, “I declare—my tankard!” The tankard was no better off than the fork and the spoon—its distinguishing letters and armorial bearings were gone; whilst, what rendered the injury more annoying, the ale-keeper had been greatly praised for his unique silver mug!

The old gentleman has related all his griefs to us, and begs us to print the following notice for our contemporaries:—“GENTLEMEN ARE VERY WELCOME TO THE LOAN OF A SILVER SPOON, A FORK, OR TANKARD, BUT ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SCRATCH OUT THE OWNER’S NAME.

“N.B. THIS OFFER DOES NOT APPLY TO THOSE WHOLESALE BORROWERS, WHO WOULD MAKE USE OF THE WHOLE PLATE CHEST.

† SAMPLE OF SOME GENTLEMAN’S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.—We have had the advantage of seeing “*Some Gentleman*.” He has unexpectedly returned from Hobart Town, and promises a further sample of what has occurred to him for our next number. We took the precaution of treating with him under the protecting presence of Mr. Adolphus. He squints—but in other respects is of a most prepossessing appearance. He complains bitterly of *some other gentleman* having picked up a small matter of his private history, and called it “*An Incident in the Life of A RASCAL!*” A Rascal, indeed!—How would *some* (or, indeed, any) *other gentleman*, he indignantly asks, like to have the particulars of his wedding, or any other event of his career, published under such a title?

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HINTS TO ELECTORS.

THE nation is called on to strain all her nerves, to return a popular House of Commons, were it but to satisfy the unhappy Lords and Gentlemen of the fallen party, who are ever teasing us with the question, "What good will Reform do you, now you have got it?"—We ought surely to satisfy them as soon as possible on this point. Let us do it, not by *defining*, but by the more lively and impressive method of *shewing*. It is Locke, we believe, who mentions these two ways of conveying information. Each has its advantages; but the latter seems best calculated for enlightening Tory intellects. Let us, therefore, give over telling them what we *expect* from Parliamentary Reform; and make all the despatch we can, to give them ocular and tangible evidence of what we have been enabled to *achieve* by it.

Political power, delegated to the nation, is a sacred trust, which cannot be abused without a breach of moral as well as of social obligation; and that the man who either uses this power negligently or corruptly, violates two duties of the highest order; no matter how industrious he may be at his trade, or respectable in his family,—he is a borough-monger in heart, and a bishop in principle.

Let us return such a House as will not let pass the first session, without taking some decisive measures to cleanse the Augean stable of the church, and relieve the Right Reverend Bench from its legislative labours. Let us return such a House, as will at once repeal the Six Acts and the Corn Laws, and give the country cheap bread and cheap newspapers. Let us return such a House, as will abolish, the first month of its sitting, the use of torture in the army and in the colonies. Let us return a House, that will lose no time to rid the nation of the enormous burthen of supporting, by sinecure places and pension lists, the idle and insolent progeny of the wealthiest aristocracy in Europe—a House that will lose no time to inform that aristocracy, that henceforward they must condescend to bring up their offspring in the paths of honest industry, or encumber their own estates, to support them in proud uselessness; for that the days of salary without service, and reward without merit, are past for ever. Let us return a House that will do this, and we shall have but to appeal to the senses of the Tories,

to convince them of the efficacy of a Reformed Parliament. The state of their pockets will convince the most sceptical among them, Lord Eldon himself, that the Bill is no nullity for the people. A den of thieves, overpowered by constables, and divested of their booty, may deplore the ill-fortune which has arrested their ingenious career prematurely; but they will scarcely have the egregious folly to ask the owners of the stolen goods, who stand round them, each claiming his property, what they are the better for the apprehension and breaking up of their gang. So will it be with the public appropriators, politely called Tories. When they see the people re-possessed of their property, and enjoying it, they will dislike Reform, that great thief-taker, as cordially as ever; but they will hardly question its utility to the public.

The Bill must get a fair trial. If it is a good Bill, the nation must not be cheated out of its advantages by any remissness in the electoral body. If it is a bad Bill, there are two motives to exertion—first, to get as much good out of it as possible;—secondly, to enable us to determine with precision what ulterior provisions are called for. When an engine, that is vigorously worked, fails to perform a given operation—suppose the raising of a certain weight—we know it is the fault of its mechanism, and we can calculate what additional power it requires; but if it is worked feebly, we are at a loss to decide how far the blame is to be ascribed to original misconstruction, or subsequent mismanagement. In like manner, if the constituency of the country make every honest exertion to maximise the benefits derivable from the new system of representation; and if it shall appear that, after all, the great desideratum of good and cheap government is unattained, we shall merely have to consider whether our legislative machinery ought not to have its momentum increased by the ballot, or annual parliaments, or a wider extension of the right of voting: whereas, an opposite conduct on the part of the electors would embarrass public opinion; prevent the country from arriving at a fair judgment upon the merits of the Bill; and possibly give rise to a groundless feeling of dissatisfaction with its provisions. Let the measure, therefore, of the Whig cabinet, be submitted to a fair experiment; let it be the object of all reformers, to make it operate so as to effect its purpose, and content the nation. That a vast deal of abuse may be removed by its instrumentality, we are sure. When we have ascertained the furthest extent to which it will go, in rooting up aristocratic corruption, and establishing popular power, it will then be time enough to propose broader and bolder measures.

Aye, Mr. Stanley! broader and bolder measures we will propose! broader and bolder measures we will have; should this Bill, which we eulogize, which we admire, which we call on the reformers of England to try fairly and patiently, should this Bill, we say, disappoint our hopes, redress our grievances too tardily, elevate the people too little—it is not a pruning-hook we want to lop the branches; but an axe to lay to the root of the tree. The "Secretary-at-war with Ireland," tells us, in his ignorance and insolence, that the Bill is final: he means that we have got all the power that we have a right to ask for, or which he will consent to grant us. This is surely ignorance, for to speak of final measures in politics, is the same folly as to speak of final improvements in mechanics: it is insolent, for it assumes, not obscurely, that the Bill is a concession of the Whig aristocracy, not a deference to the declared opinion of the people. We do not counsel Mr. Stanley to be more phi-

losophical in future in his parliamentary language—the utmost reach of his faculties is smartness in debate—but we advise him to moderate that arrogant tone which would be offensive in a man of real statesman-like abilities, but is absolutely insupportable in him. The present House may tolerate his haughty airs; but, if the Bill be good for any thing, the next will be less patient of the vanity of the patrician without the talent of the legislator. The name of this gentleman, unfortunately for Ireland, recalls her to our memory. It is hard to say whether he is a severer infliction on that country, as a minister or as a law-giver. Is the Irish Reform Bill intended to be a final measure likewise? A Bill, under which there will be fewer electors than bayonets in the island? Intended as a deliberate insult, it is intelligible; intended as a concession to Toryism, it is intelligible; intended as a prop to the church establishment, it is intelligible; but as a stroke of legislation, to satisfy and pacify the Irish people, and stamp on their hearts indelibly a feeling of confidence in the wisdom and parental concern of an Impetial Parliament, what shall we say of it, than that legislative incapacity never went further even in an Irish Secretary, and a British Senate. Were the Irish people contented with their share of reform, they would deserve to be governed by Mr. Stanley: we know not any better way of expressing our contempt.

THE AUTUMN CLOUD.

WHITHER, whither through the sky,
 Whither is thy chariot bound?
 Thou, whose winged coursers fly,
 Making, with golden hoofs, no sound
 On Heaven's star-pavement, as they tread
 The many-coloured world around.

Thy journey will be fairly sped,
 Ere from day's placid forehead fall
 One of the twelve bright pearls, that shed
 Their lustre round her coronal;
 Ere night, the gloomy and the proud,
 Takes up her sceptre, and doth call

Before her throne the shadow crowd;
 O yet, upon thine airy way,
 One moment's little space delay,
 Thou lovely autumn cloud!

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE SPANISH.

CONSIDERING the rich materials with which Spain abounds for the work of the novelist, or the skilful depicter of manners and character, it is a matter of surprize, that among our ten thousand writers, luminous, voluminous, not one should have attempted to give a portraiture of the Spanish of the present day, as they are seen in their homes, surrounded by the domestic influences of ordinary life, which in Spain alone, of all countries of modern Europe, possesses the charm of romance. In the singular, and perpetually-recurring contrasts of habits and character ; in the extraordinary admixture of barbarism and civilization, the one breathing all the energy of the heroic times of Pelajo, the other as yet uninfected by the inactive and unrelieved coldness and egotism which has overspread the surface of more polished communities ; the pen of a Scott, or a Cooper, might find abundant matter for its enchanting combinations. In France, Mr. Salvandy, by the publication of his ingenious and excellent novel of "Alonzo," has happily illustrated the truth of our assertion ; while in Germany, Huber, his follower and competitor in the same track, has been no less successful in earning for his exertions as wide and extensive a popularity. His "Sketches in Spain," a work executed with great skill and practical ability, entitles him to a high rank as a delineator of national manners and character. He carries his reader to Spain, and makes him acquainted with the many eminent characteristic points which mainly distinguish it from other nations ; he introduces him to the domestic privacy of the Spanish people ; he shows them to him in the seclusion of their own homes, in society, and in active life, under the influence of fierce political excitement. In the fervour of his zeal for setting the Spanish people in a proper point of view, he pours out the vials of his wrath against French, and more particularly English travellers, for the haughty contempt and sarcastic flippancy which distinguish their accounts of his favourite people ; and employs much ingenuity of argument, and warmth of eloquence, to prove that the happiness of a people may not be incompatible with the absence of certain material enjoyments which are the production of a more advanced state of civilization.

Independent of the portraiture of national character and manners, the work possesses an additional and more important claim to our attention, as it presents us with a faithful picture of the political state of Spain, during the short, but memorable struggle of Riego. The rise, progress, and melancholy termination of the attempted revolution ; the feelings with which it was hailed by the different orders of men ; the splitting of parties, the conflicting views and interests, the discussions, the disputes—are all displayed with great accuracy and effect. Just sufficient fictitious private details are introduced, to give a dramatic form ; indeed, he states formally, that the title of his work proves that he had no intention of writing a romance, and that, in the events described, he was always a witness, most frequently an actor.

In the following passages, he introduces his *dramatis personæ* to the reader.

"In the most comfortable place beside the fire, in the only arm-chair the inn could boast of, sat a monk of the order of St. Dominick : the expression of his

countenance was gay and serene, his forehead high, his small eyes glittered like diamonds, and there was a haughtiness in his air, notwithstanding a visible effort of constrained humility. Beside him was the Padrona, or mistress of the house, a woman rather advanced in years, but still alert, and exhibiting in her manner an energy quite masculine. She was occupied with preparing, with pious care, the supper of the holy father, and condescended, from time to time, to receive the assistance of the ventero, or innkeeper, who, like his worthy spouse, was too much occupied with the holy man, to pay the least attention to the new comers.

"At length one of the travellers, invited, no doubt, by the odour of the cookery, hazarded breaking the general silence. He was a tall man, thin and dry, about forty, but wearing his years remarkably well. His lofty forehead was shaded by curls of handsome black hair, and his open countenance was at times darkened by disquietude. He was dressed in a long, dark, travelling cloak, and wore a round hat, after the French fashion. His careless deportment indicated as well a lassitude of mind as of body; but when he drew his tall and well-proportioned figure to its full height, when his eye became animated, a sublime expression of energy suddenly succeeded those indications of depression.

"Can we have supper soon?" said he to the hostess, in a gentle voice, somewhat marked by the sharp accent of Andalusia. "Your supper, cavallero? What matter's it to me," replied the inflexible matron, "you may eat what you have brought with you: here there is nothing for you." "But the fowl you are roasting." "The fowl—O it is for the reverend father Francisco," interrupted the host; "would it not be unbecoming, I ask you, if lay travellers should be served before a holy servant of the church?"

"This argument was unanswerable, and the poor traveller resumed his seat among his companions.

"Ha, ha! Don Antonio!" laughed out one of the latter, "you have again forgotten that you are no longer in your much-boasted France. But cheer up; I, who, like you, have not had time to forget among strangers the customs of my country, I have taken care of both of us, and you will have no reason to complain of my precaution:" at the same time, he drew forth in triumph from his bag two superb wild ducks.

"The new speaker was a young man, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, whose entire manner expressed a frank gaiety, and a sort of happy confidence in the future. His black hair escaped in confused ringlets from beneath a military cap, called a cachucha; the light bluish down of his beard corrected the rather feminine delicacy of his features, and his mouth, which seemed formed for smiles, was surmounted by a pair of little black mustachios. He wore a plain, but elegant travelling dress, and a light fowling-piece was suspended from his left shoulder. "Ho, there!" resumed he, in a burlesque tone of command, "is there no charitable person here, to put these ducks to the fire for me?" at the same time, as if he had despaired of meeting with the desired assistance, he proceeded himself to fill the office of cook. But his culinary efforts were interrupted by a little soft voice exclaiming behind him, "Jesus! cavallero, how awkward you are, in spite of your white hands. Come, let it alone; I shall manage it for you."

"May God bless your large black eyes!" replied the youth, as, turning round, he beheld, by the flickering light of the embers, a young and pretty girl, in all the simplicity of costume of the shepherdesses of the Sierra Morena. "Come, then, queen of my heart, be the protecting divinity of my pretty white hands, and in recompence, I swear, as a Preux chevalier, to consecrate them to your service." Saying this, he had advanced a step towards the young girl, but she had disappeared with the lightness of a sylph.

"When supper had been finished by the customary plate of olives, the company remained at table for some time longer, discussing the goat-skin vessel of wine. Rojas took his guitar, that classical *vade mecum* of every young Spaniard; and, under a pretence of teaching the pretty daughter of mine host some new airs, made her sit down beside him, and guided her delicate fingers along the

strings of the instrument. This had lasted for some time, when, on a sign from the master of the house, the mother quickly exclaimed, 'Get thee to bed, Pepita—quick! quick!—you ought to be ashamed of yourself; but first kiss the hand of the reverend father Francisco.' The poor girl was much alarmed at this unexpected interruption; and half ashamed, half angry, hastened to obey the commands of the severe padrona. The monk held out his bony hand to her with a malicious smile; she kissed it hastily, and in an instant disappeared, not without casting a look at the young man. But Rojas was determined to revenge her. 'Wait a moment, my pretty one,' said he; 'I wish to sing you an evening hymn:' and placing himself opposite the monk, he thundered forth the revolutionary song, known by the name of "*Tragala*." Thanks to the profound sleep which had seized on the guests around him, his imprudence had not the luckless consequences which might have been anticipated. The monk, not thinking himself the strongest, dissembled his anger; and the young mad-cap, suddenly appeased by his feigned moderation, rose from the table, flung himself on one of the blankets spread in different corners of the hall, wrapped himself in his cloak, and, in a moment, the silence of the inn was only interrupted by the snoring of the sleepers, and the motions of the horses and mules."

The Don Antonio of the above sketch, is the principal personage of our author's work. He is an ecclesiastic, who, after ten years of banishment for his attachment to the principles of the former revolution, returns to his country in search of tolerance and protection, under the prospects held out by this fresh struggle for independence. His high character gives him an influence with the liberal party; and the journeys and negotiations which he undertakes in their service, and his restoration to his family, form the simple groundwork for the construction of his graphic details.

The attack on the convoy, which forms the subject of the fourth sketch, is peculiarly Spanish, and is drawn with liveliness and energy.

"At this moment, the leading mules had entered a narrow defile, bordered on either side by precipitous rocks covered with brushwood. In front, a small hillock rose upon the view, from the summit of which the traveller discovers, with delight, the lofty walls and antique towers of Carmona, the termination of his adventurous journey. 'Once up there,' thought Ramon, 'we are out of danger, and this hair-brained youngster, will be at liberty to joke at our expense;—but would that we were *there*.' As he ended this monologue, a horseman suddenly darted from the brushwood, and, planting himself in the centre of the road, cried out, in a voice of thunder, 'Halt!'—'We are in for it,' murmured the mayoral. 'The Lord have mercy on us!' But, without appearing the least disconcerted, he coolly called out to the new comer, 'What want you, cavalier? Can we be of service to you?' 'Ramon,' replied the latter, 'spare yourselves and us a useless trouble. You have with you some dozen ounces of gold, and the value of four hundred in goods. Count us down eight ounces, and draw a check for a hundred on your house at Seville. On these conditions you may pass unmolested. And as to the gentlemen who travel with you, I am sure they will honour us with a few light presents.' This dialogue afforded leisure for examining the troublesome intruder. The symmetry of his form exhibited all the elegance of an Andalusian majo. He was mounted on a noble horse, and his large war-saddle was covered with long housings of green cloth. A long gun glittered in his hand, and a smaller one, of that description denominated trabuco, was strapped to the pommel of his saddle. His cartuchara, or cartridge-holder, was fastened to his waist by a leathern belt, and displayed the not very gratifying spectacle of a double row of cartridges, closely packed, and carefully kept ready for use, in small tin tubes.

"Ramon did not appear much flattered by the friendly invitation of the handsome cavalier. However he replied, in the same tone, 'You are too kind, cavalier; but surely you do not pretend to stop, by your single arm, some dozen old

Castilians. I am no great lover of battles—but then we must have proof that we may surrender without disgrace. Show us that we may do so, and I promise you that, on our side, not a shot shall be fired.' He had not finished speaking, when Rojas, rendered impatient by this conference, discharged his piece at the summoner, but without effect.

"'Curse your precipitation!' cried the mayoral; 'but, by the holy virgin of Covodanza, the die is cast. Come, my sons, let us defend ourselves as we may.'

"The cavalier wheeled about his horse, saying, in a tone of irony, 'In faith, a fine attempt:—but now, Carajo, I shall teach you to play with the seven sons of Ecija.'—He darted off at full gallop, checked his steed a hundred paces further on, and, standing in his stirrups, to take deliberate aim, discharged his long gun.

"Rojas fell, uttering a curse. The ball had broken his thigh. At the same instant several other shots were discharged, and four cavaliers darted forth from the brushwood. Two muleteers had fallen by this first discharge. The firing then commenced on both sides, but the odds were unequal. In a few minutes several muleteers were disabled, some killed, and others more or less dangerously wounded. The mules which had been struck, became a new species of embarrassment to them—rushing in confusion, and, casting off their burthens, rolling in the dust. One of the banditti then advanced anew. 'Holloa!' cried he:—'In the name of all the devils, let whoever values life throw down his arms, and lie flat upon the ground.'

"Antonio alone—whether it was that he had not comprehended the injunctions of the victor, or whether he looked upon it as a *ruse*—or whether it was that he was carried away by a warlike ardour—he alone remained upright; and seizing the gun of one of his wounded companions, discharged it at the bandit. The horse of the latter fell dead upon the spot. A cry of rage burst from the brigands, and they all rushed upon the unfortunate Antonio, who, too late, repented of his fatal folly. Already the dismounted cavalier, more furious than the rest, had levelled his piece at his breast, and was on the point of firing, when the cavalier, who had stopped the convoy, cried out, 'Give him time to say his prayers, Pedro. Don't you see he is an ecclesiastic?' At these words, the long gun of Pedro was gently inclined. 'Let him pray, then, quickly—the dog,' said he. 'Carajo, he has killed the best steed that Spain has produced since the time of Cid Babieca. Were he the Pope himself, he must pay for it with his life.'

In this critical situation, his life is saved by the interposition of one of the brigands, whom he recognizes as his cousin, and who prepares to give battle, in his defence, to the inflexible Pedro. On a sudden a shout was heard—

"'In the name of the Constitution, and of the King, surrender!—Long live Riego!—Follow, cavalry!'"

From behind the olives, a party of horsemen debouched upon the road. The suddenness of the attack so disconcerts the brigands, that they are routed, and most of them slain. Pedro, left without his horse, takes refuge in a ruined cottage, and defends himself furiously to the last, but is slain by a sabre-blow from the young Marquis of Penaflores, the leader of the party, who had so opportunely arrived to the deliverance of the convoy. From the time in which he was surprised by the banditti, at one of his country seats, and obliged to fly, almost naked, from the burning ruins of his house, he had been the scourge of the brigands, in conformity with an oath he had taken to exterminate them.

The wildness of passion, and almost frantic energy of grief, with which the tidings of the death of Pedro, are received by the daughter of Eusebio, the smuggler, whose cortejo, or lover, he was, is no less striking, and exhibitiv of the fierce flashes of daring recklessness

which, under the circumstances of great natural excitement, break from the countrywomen of the maid of Saragossa. After describing the festivities of the young of both sexes, who had assembled to celebrate the birth-day of the Luciente (or the brilliant), our author proceeds thus:—

“ But at this moment a young girl rushed into the midst of the assembly, pale and dishevelled, and uttering cries of despair. Her original costume, and her graceful deportment, partaking of a kind of masculine forwardness, bespoke her at once to be a perfect specimen of the Andalusian *maiya*. ‘Where is he,’ cried she; ‘where is the man who brought this news?’ and approaching José, she demanded, with a trembling voice, but with looks of fire, ‘Pitiful wretch! is it true that my Pedro has been slain?’—‘It is but too true,’ replied the brigand, lowering his head. She then gave way to the most violent grief, tearing her hair, disfiguring her face and breast, invoking the saints, and blaspheming them in the next breath, and calling upon death.

“ ‘The devil has taken possession of La Luciente,’ exclaimed the terrified bystanders; and each hurried to take refuge as near as possible to the crucifix placed above the door of the old smuggler, while they accompanied each blasphemy of the unfortunate mistress of Pedro with signs of the cross, and sprinklings of holy water. At length, pushing with impetuosity through the terrified crowd, she again confronted José, and said, ‘Tell me, wretch, how did my Pedro meet his end?’—‘In the name of the Holy Virgin of Fuensanta, do you think, young woman, that I had time to examine? I was but too lucky in escaping myself, thank God for it!’—‘Thank God! and you thank God, base coward that you are!’ replied La Luciente, approaching still nearer to the unhappy fugitive, while her eyes flashed fury and contempt. ‘You thank God for being enabled to run away. But did Pedro Gomez fly when you were in the chapel at Ecija, when the priests had already begun to sing the prayers of the dead for you, did he then spare his life to effect your deliverance? and is it you that thank God for having had time to fly while they were slaughtering him?’ She advanced a step nearer to José, and raising her clenched fist to his face, continued, ‘If you were a man, would you have abandoned my Pedro in the hour of danger? if you were a man, you would know how he perished; if you were a man, would you be sitting there in the corner like an old cripple?—but why waste breath on such a being!’

“ José had, by an involuntary movement, grasped his dagger; but he suddenly restrained himself, and putting aside the menacing arm of the young girl, said with a forced laugh, ‘White hands wound not; but thank the Holy Virgin, muchacha (young girl), that Pedro was thy cortejo, otherwise —’

“ ‘Two new comers here entered the court; one of them recognized José—‘There he is,’ cried he; ‘the poor girl knows all.’—‘Estaban Lara and Christoval Moreno,’ exclaimed at the same time several voices.

“ ‘Christoval Moreno! Christoval, the partner of the flight of José!’ immediately resumed the frantic girl, quitting José to approach Christoval. ‘And you too, doubtless, you had not time to mark how my Pedro perished! and you, too, could abandon him! You should have hid yourself in a convent, yes, in a convent of nuns, effeminate as you are!’ At the same time she pushed him from her with force. The astonished Christoval gazed in pity on the unhappy girl, then disengaging her right hand from his ample cloak, he held it out to her:—‘Young girl, mark you that blood? it is the blood of the murderer of Pedro Gomez!’ The energetic motion of Christoval quelled the fury of the despairing Luciente. She drew back, and was silent.”

The murder of the Marquis of Penaflores takes place at the fair of Mairena, which is celebrated in Spain. It is a little village, four leagues distant from Seville, which for three or four days attracts crowds of people, intent on business or pleasure, from all quarters of the kingdom. The diversity of costumes and idioms, the magnificence of the rich merchants, the simple and picturesque manners of the inhabitants of some of the more remote provinces, the numbers of the young and beautiful

of both sexes, all concur in making the fair of Mairena a scene of the greatest liveliness and animation, and are particularly worthy of observation. It is here sketched with truth and vivacity; and the grouping of well-defined figures and characters, with the different political biases by which they are actuated, exhibited in their dialogue, place the country and the people immediately before our eyes. After describing the scene of the fair, with the most prominent characteristics of the latter, the long array of mules, and of superb Andalusian horses, the paseo, frequented by crowds of the idle and the delighters in news, whose conversation is broken by the monotonous cries of the aguadores, or water-carriers, the arena for the bull-fight, where proudly stalk the torreros and matadores, our author proceeds to individualize, and presents us with the minor details with graphic felicity.

"At the end of the esplanade, in a little circular enclosure, shaded by orange-trees mingled with cactus and aloes, was erected a large and elegant tent. Beneath its light roof of straw, supported by a few slender poles of aloes, were arranged a number of small low tables, surrounded by groups busied in drinking or gaming. Some were sending round elegantly-shaped earthen vessels wreathed with flowers, containing lemonade or wine; others were sipping chocolate, the refreshing sorbet, or that iced beverage which they call arucarillo. At the upper extremity stood a long counter, laden with sweetmeats of every description, and flanked on either side by piles of little barrels, filled with different sorts of liqueurs. Close to it might be observed a kind of side-board, not as the other, furnished with eatables, but with little articles of jewellery, and silk mercery, such as rings, fans, reticules, ribands, &c. indicating that the tent served for a double purpose; and in the corners of the vast interior were heaped together numberless goat-skins consecrated to the joyous juice of the grape. But of the crowd that thronged the interior of the tavern, many seemed to have been attracted thither by other motives besides a wish to drink or to game. Several followed with their eyes a young girl, who ran from table to table with the most piquant petulance of manner. Her complexion, which was darker than the ordinary tint of Andalusia, the oriental expression of her features, her large black eyes, full of an uncommon mixture of boldness and candour, easily pointed her out as one of those Spanish gipsies, or gitanas, the original type of whom has been preserved entire through so many ages. A light gauze veil rolled about her head contrasted strongly with her almost African complexion, and a short tunic of the same colour completed her slender toilet. Her naked arms and legs were surcharged with rings and bracelets, and she glided like a fantastic sprite through the midst of the joyous parties, answering with gaiety and malicious wit, the jokes and compliments of the young men."

"The conversation was interrupted by a great movement, which took place among the groups of drinkers. Each rose from the table to run to the door. Antonio and his friends having done the same, perceived a superb horse contending with his rider, vaulting, plunging, and lashing, without in the least discomposing the gravity of the latter, who seemed to be trying him previous to purchase. Bets were exchanged for and against the chances of the cavalier's preserving his seat, but presently all doubt on the subject was removed, and the mettlesome steed, rendered humble and obedient, ceased to struggle against the skilful hand that held the reins.

"Don Bernardo Marti de Valencia! cried out at once several voices, and the eagerness seemed to redouble, each person wishing to see him closer, and giving way to him with deference, when he approached the tent.

"The object of so much attention was a tall man, with bushy eyebrows, having dismounted, features singularly marked with energy, auburn hair, and a wrinkled and sunburnt forehead. His dress partook of the city and the country. He wore a large hat of coarse spun stuff, with large flaps, and his dress consisted of a round jacket of blue velvet. His suite was composed of several Valencians, whom it was easy to recognise by their platted hair, covered with nets, their large grey hats, their short jackets, ornamented with stripes of red or blue

silk, their trowsers, which scarcely reached their knees, but so wide they might be mistaken for petticoats; in fine, by the species of stocking, which reached from the ankle a little above the calf, so as to leave the knee and the foot naked, the latter protected by the alpargatas or sandals. Each one carried on his shoulder a blanket in a leathern case, the only preservative against the inclemencies of the weather, at once a bed in the camp or bivouac, and a tablecloth at meals, the indispensable *vade mecum* of every Valencian, as the cloak is of the Castilian.

"As the new comers entered the tent, they politely saluted the company. Their chief called for the best wine, passed it round to his companions, and carelessly throwing down a piece of money, double the value of what he might owe, went out, after saluting the company with the same courtesy as at his entrance.

"Who is this Don Bernardino Marti, who seems to exercise such an influence over the crowd?" said Antonio.

"What! is it possible you don't know him?" exclaimed a dozen of voices at the same time; "you must be a great stranger here."

"That man," said one of the bystanders, "is well known from Castilian de la Plana to Reuss, and justly so. He is one of the richest land-owners in the neighbourhood of Valencia, and Captain in the Queen Amelia's regiment of heavy cavalry. He is the terror of the banditti, whom he hunts like wild beasts, and he has done more in a few years towards re-establishing the tranquillity of the country than all the brigades of the Santa Hermandada for centuries. He is followed in his excursions by his own peasants, and sometimes by a small detachment of his regiment, and these expeditions are made at his own expense. This new Theseus has succeeded in purging the kingdom of Valencia of all the bands of robbers that infested it, and you may walk there now with your fists full of gold, without the least apprehension."

"A brave man! a noble fellow!" replied the company in chorus; and one of them, a real Castilian, added half aloud, "What a pity he is not a Castilian, and that he should be nothing more than a Valencian, for you know the proverb—In Valencia the meat is vegetable, the vegetables water; the women are beggars, and the men nothing at all." * * * * *

"But soon after, the evening bell, or *oracion*, was heard, and gave the signal for departure. At the first sound, the several groups stopped short. A religious silence succeeded the noise of conversation, and each one, uncovered and bowed, prayed silently. At this solemn moment, the same takes place all over Spain. After a few seconds of mental prayer, each one made the sign of the cross; and putting on his hat, saluted his neighbour, to the right and left, with *buenas noches*, (good night). A great number of the pedestrians separated, and returned home, but the Paseo still continued crowded; for the night had set in, sweet, fresh, and voluptuous, as it is in those climates; and its complacent shade served as a signal for another species of promenade, which was prolonged until midnight.

The last struggles of this constitutional regime, in which most of his dramatis personæ meet with a miserable end, form the subject of our author's last sketches.

We lay down this volume with a mingled feeling of satisfaction and regret. Satisfaction derived from the contemplation of the varied and agreeable pictures which the author has exhibited to our view, in a style always easy and natural, and at times spirited and eloquent. Of regret at the deplorable termination of a struggle, in which ardent and heroic lovers of liberty and their country perished ignominiously. But this regret is not unaccompanied by a confident expectation that the spirit that is abroad, and that "hath shook monarchs from their slumbers on the throne," is repressed, but not extinguished; and that under happier auspices, and better direction, it may be ultimately successful in restoring the fallen and debased Spain to her place among European states.

Specimens of Death.

No. II.

AFTER-DINNER VARIETY:—A PLURALIST'S.

"To him Pluralists—whom he designated as sacrilegious robbers of the revenues of the church—were so odious, that his chaplains were invariably dismissed on obtaining promotion. A clergyman in his diocese once asked him, if, on the authority of St. Bernard, he might not hold two livings. 'How will you serve them both?' inquired Burnet.—'I intend to officiate by deputy in one,' was the reply. 'Will your deputy,' said the bishop, 'be damned for you too? Believe me, you may serve your cure by proxy, but you must be damned in person.'"

LIFE OF BISHOP BURNET.

DOCTOR ZEBEDEE BOTT had just dined with a few friends. By gracious dispensation he was a pluralist; the fat on his ribs stood three inches thick; and savouring as he did of the pure odour of orthodoxy, he usually dreamt—when he had not the night-mare,—of lawn-sleeves, a mitre, and milk-punch.

Doctor Zebedee Bott had just dined, and was picking his teeth. A wretched ballad-singer, with a chorus of starving children, howled a jovial song beneath the window, while the pluralist's guests—reeking with the labours of their sumptuous gorge—toasted tithes, luxuriated on the fascinations of the departed dishes, and, smacking their unctuous lips, leered at the pine-apple. The turbot had been of the true pale pinky azure tint—faintly blushing, as it was introduced, like a delicate girl; the turtle green and glorious; the punch "cold as Dian's bath;" the grouse right orthodox; the venison canonical; and the hock, divine! Like the bees of Hymettus, Dr. Bott and his friends, were full of Apollo, and hymned exultingly their praise.

The piteous tones of the mendicant, rendered doubly dismal by the song she had chosen being in praise of "rosy love, and ruby wine," were again heard.

"Fill your glasses, gentlemen," said Dr. Bott: "people complain about there being such a vast deal of bad port in the country: but I feel confident, from my own experience, that one may get a most capital article, if one only gives the price. Talk of scarcity, indeed!—Look at the butcher's shops! And then as to fish—why, the turbot which you have honoured with so many praises—cost me but a trifle above two guineas. Every thing, in fact, may be had with the slightest trouble imaginable—things are brought to the nicest degree of perfection—and yet some people are not satisfied—the grumblers don't decrease."

"To make them listen to reason is impossible," said a short, pert, rubicund, oleaginous gentleman, peeping through his glass at the bee's wing. "Why now, I, myself, although I find employment for above fourteen hundred of the rising generation in my factories, am far from popular. What do they want? the swinish herd!—Doctor, I think I'll try those grapes."

The song below had now changed; and the children, to give their forlorn mother a brief respite from her labours, were squealing, with

natural shakes on every note—for the wind blew keen, and they were nearly naked—

Father's dead, and mother's bad,
Sister Jane is raving mad,
Bible's pawned, and medal too,
Father won at Waterloo—
We are little fellows!

Dr. Bott and his party heard this: they hemmed and haaed, and tried to speak, but the words stuck in their throats; and Dr. Bott, feeling the infliction to be unpleasant, told his butler—who looked as though it was impossible that his coat could contain him above another day—to give the impostors a penny, if they'd promise to go away, and not come under his windows again.

The bloated menial—"a man of many feasts"—had scarcely waddled to the street-door, when a strange hurly-burly was heard in the passage, and a footman rushed in—his nose bedabbled with soup, hastily licked from a plate, in its transit from parlour to kitchen—and announced that a booted and begrimed countryman had felled the colossal porter, carried the hall by the rude arguments of his oak staff, and stood on the staircase, vociferating his determination to see the doctor, in spite of the devil and all his works.

"An impudent scoundrel!" said Dr. Zebedee; "I will so appal the vagabond!—who is he?"

"He says his name is Rug, and he comes from *down-along*."

"Rug, eh?—Oh! true!—Honest Rug! an orthodox, stultified, good sort of a farmer. He owes me twenty pounds for tithes; which, if you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I'll just step into the next room and receive; but not without a lecture, you may depend, on the burly rogue's impertinence. With *our* money in their pockets, these fellows presume—but I'll teach him!"

Throwing one arm over the shoulder of his footman, and the other over that of his bursting butler, who had now returned, breathless, from the task of dismissing the ballad-singer, Dr. Zebedee hobbled out of the dining-room, and held the following colloquy with Farmer Rug.

"Well, Rug, what now, eh?" said he, as soon as his servants had placed him in a chair, and retired; "Come to pay up, eh? Raised the twenty pounds, eh? Sold your brood mare and foal, eh? Brought the money, of course, honest Rug, eh?"

"Noa, doctor, I han't."

"Why, scoundrel! how dare you?—Such rudeness I never witnessed!—Not brought the money!—What! d'ye think I'll sit down quietly, and see the church defrauded of her dues?—You've been reading some of the traitorous publications; and you'll be damned, as sure you're born. I'll second the designs of Providence, by ruining you, rascal, to begin with—I will, if I live."

"Hush! hush!—doantee be noisy:—bide quiet, and listen.—I've had a dream."

"D—n your dream!—I was going to say.—What do you come to me for, with a cock-and-a-bull story of a dream, and what not?—I'm in such a rage!"

"Zo I do zee, but that doa'nt daunt me. I ha' got zummut awful to

tell'ee. My missus zaid I'd better zaddle the brood mare, and come up; and here d'ye zee I be. Oh! Doctor Bott! I can't help crying, just as I did when your vriend Locust were hung—Ah!”

“What mean you, fellow, by this language? Are you mad? How dare you—”

“Zoft, zoft, Doctor; keep quiet. Vor my part, I'll zpake to 'ee in whispers. Who d'ye think I zeed last night?”

“How can I tell?”

“The ould gentleman! He below—you understand. Aye, there he were, natural as life, though 'tware but a dream. I were quite dashed like, to vind myself all ov a zudden in zuch company. ‘Walk in, walk in,’ zays he, quite affable,—just as you might. And there I vound un, zitting in his yelbow chair, wi' a vew vriends about un, all jolly as zand-boys. ‘How goa the crops?’ zays he. ‘Why, but queerly your honour,’ zays I; ‘wheat's a bit touched, and the fly's got into the turnips.’ ‘Zo I vind,’ zays he; ‘and how's my friend the lawyer?’ ‘Got a bit of a bad cold,’ zays I. ‘Glad to hear it,’ zays he, grinning; ‘but come, make yourself comfortable, and let me gie you zum zoup.’ ‘Thank your worship,’ zays I, ‘but I've had my zupper.’ ‘Then take a pipe,’ zays he, ‘we're all vriends here.’ Zo I takes up a pipe, and was just a going to zit down in a yempty chair, when he roared out ‘Ztop, ztop! you mustn't do that—you'll burn your breeches if you do; *that chair is vor a vriend o'mine, DR. ZEBEDEE BOTT!—I expect him here every minute.*’ Zo with that I woke, and told missus, and she zeemed to think I shouldn't be doing a christian act if I didn't come and tell'ee; and in the morning I thought I'd best myzself; vor valling azleep again, I zeed Zatan at his tricks. Behind every one o' them that was zeated at his table, hung a shovel hat just like yours, and zum o'em had got zilk aprons on: and the yempty chair what stood vor you, instead o' being o' polished zilver, az I'd thought it to be at virst, were white hot zteel; and the zoup were molten gold; and Zatan ladled it out, and made the volks zwallow it, in zpite o' their teeth; and when it got low, he tickled them in the ribs wi' the point ov his tail, and they turned guineas out o' their purses in among it, which, I zeed, zoon melted; zo that the vounder o' the veast had nothing to vind but the vire! But I zay, Doctor—Doctor Zebedee—Doctor Zebedee Bott—rouze up man! Doant'ee be downcast. You be the colour o' beet-root. Wull'ee ha' a draught o' water? Doctor! Come, doant be a vool—'twere all a dream. Why, your eyes be quite blood-shot ov a zudden. Come, come, I zay—Lord! Lord!—Doctor! Doctor Zebedee!—Doctor Zebedee Bott! As zure az I'm alive he's dead!”

Honest Rug was right. The pluralist, gross and full of meat, had, in a fit of apoplexy, gone off—

L.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

MARAT'S REMARKS UPON THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE SIGNS OF DEATH.

La mort est un sommeil éternel.

This may, or may not, be true ; but this is true:—“*Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres.*” From the time of Pliny, the naturalist, to the present hour, every body knows that men alive have been deemed dead, and as such have been buried alive. I remember a very particular case that occurred three years ago at Dijon, during the pestilential fever which raged in that town, when a friend of mine—however, it is useless entering into details—he was buried alive. After all the kicking, knocking, and every kind of noise the *pauvre diable* could make—you must not forget that he was in his coffin at the time—the lid was taken off by the sexton, whom chance had brought to the spot. The body was warm ; a few pulsations were felt : but my unfortunate friend was now in a cold, damp vault, no means of resuscitation near, and they ceased for ever. In Frankfort, Ausburg, Cologne, and many other places beyond the Rhine they—I do not mean the doctors, the nurses—but the sextons (*les fossoyeurs*), are compelled, in the event of a person having died of some malady which requires immediate interment, to place the body, not in a frigid vault where other festering corpses are lying, but in a boarded, warm room ; over his person, but not his face, a blanket is placed, and from the cieling are suspended various strings which touch his feet and hands ; any one of which, if this prototype of Sinbad the sailor should touch, a *waker*, as you appropriately term such a class of persons, instantly comes to the ringer of the bell. This brings to my recollection the Irish wakes I have seen in London, and do not entertain a doubt but they owe their origin to the fear entertained by this sensitive people, lest their friends should be sent to the regions below before the time. The question is, at any time, and under any circumstance, should an individual pronounced dead, be interred within six or twelve hours ? Certainly not. I have not time to tell you what, in my opinion, ought to be done ; but you must admit that it is a subject of *vital* importance. *In pulverem reverteris.* This is a sad thought. Let me tell you what ought to be done when a person is thought to be dead ; yet, before I proceed, it must be stated that I have made many observations upon dying and dead persons. My opinion is not yet quite made up ; but the *springs of life* * shall henceforward be my deepest study. Blood, and brain—that is, life—of the former you may take away a great deal, of the latter little, if any. A doubt exists here—yet, I shall know that, before I have done with my experiments. Blood is the oil in the lamp—a few drops remaining will cause it to glimmer ; the brain is almost the very wick itself. I will now return to what I set out with, namely, the difficulty and uncertainty of depending upon what are termed the signs of death. It would be a dangerous doctrine to lay down (and therefore the German bell plan might sometimes give a false alarm), that, because a limb or other parts of the body should move, or that blood should flow after supposed death, therefore it is certain the person is alive. Have you never seen

* Les ressorts de la vie.

in a butcher's shop a bullock that has been flayed, its entrails taken out, its head separated from the body? The flesh you must have observed palpitates for half an hour afterwards: so, in some instances, it is with man, particularly if he have met with a violent death.

"The most certain indication of absolute death is a peculiar odour, resembling, in a slight degree, that which proceeds from the *mouse*,* a smell different from any other in the world, and which, from my experience, I never mistake. It is a commencement of decomposition—of putrefaction; but differing entirely from the odour arising from a gangrenous wound. Place the hand between a lighted candle and yourself; if the blood is in motion, the fingers will seem transparent; if dead, the palms assume a horny and yellowish appearance..... *Cetera desunt.*"

The remainder of this letter is in the possession of the translator, but he cannot, at present, find it.

A FRAGMENT FROM ONE OF BEAUMARCHAIS' LETTERS.

In the legends of our saints, we read of some very extraordinary circumstances, which are not only not true—that I care nought about—because fiction, at all events, is often more amusing than truth; but these tales are not even well invented. How superior in this respect are the turbaned writers. One of them, for instance, wishing to show what inexpressible power was given to the angel Gabriel, upon an occasion when he paid a visit to Mahomet, expresses himself thus—The heavenly messenger found the prophet in bed—he seized him by the arm, dashed out of the window, (a pretty clatter, unless, perhaps, they went like a bullet through a pane of glass,) and flew (a second edition of his Medina or Mecca affair, I forget which) away with him, to give a friendly call upon certain distinguished inhabitants of the sun, the moon, and the stars, yea, even those of the seven heavens. This interesting aerial and land voyage—I wonder which was the longer, the one by land or the one by air; I should also like to know, how many geometrical leagues that would make, and also, what fraction of a minute each league had taken in performing. Well, this interesting promenade was accomplished with such rapidity, that the bed from which he had been dragged, was quite as warm as when he left it—(a bad thing in a climate like Arabia)—but this inspired writer, fearing that his readers might think his lady had taken care that it should not remain cold during his absence, and then the miracle would be simply an every day one, takes good care to add—that a pitcher, filled with water, which Gabriel struck violently with this foot, as he was taking his departure, had not had time to fall upon the ground, and did not inundate Mahomet's bed-chamber, until he had got snugly into bed again.

Another.—A dervise who could not swim, but who daily took his ablutions, came to the side of a lake: he saw a large bird standing in it; the water did not reach higher than the half of its leg—the dervise undressed, and was about to take his bath, when a voice from Heaven cried, "Enter not, rash mortal, a carpenter let his axe fall into it six years ago, and it has not yet reached the bottom."

* Odour de souris.

MADemoiselle EMILIE NADAU TO MADLLE. STAPPAERTS, IN BRUSSELS.

Dated, Rasan, 10 leagues from Algiers, Dec. 4, 1763.

I SHOULD never finish, my dear cousin, if I were to relate only one half of what has happened to me since we parted. So long a time has elapsed since you heard from me, that you will have thought me, without doubt, no more of this earth. But, I must make a beginning. This first letter, my amiable friend, will only afford you a few particulars, but every time a vessel sails for Europe, (for, as you perceive by the commencement of this, that I am in Africa,) you shall receive a letter from her, whom neither time nor distance will make you forget; but I am, at least, certain of this, you shall never be forgotten by me. The last time I wrote, I informed you of the disagreeable affairs in which my father was involved, as Governor of Guadeloupe. We have now discovered the motives by which his enemies were actuated. (The writer here enters into detail, not of sufficient interest to translate.)

My brother Edward determined to depart for Guadeloupe, to clear up the conduct of my father, and to afford him consolation in his misfortunes. He was the more particularly induced to take this step, a circumstance which I only learned afterwards, in consequence of the persuasions of my eldest sister, who you must know loves and is beloved by an English officer, Captain Marshall, who commands a vessel cruising off Guadeloupe. Well, it was so arranged that we should set off immediately, and my brother, my two sisters, and myself, arrived in Brest, from which a vessel was ready to sail for the West Indies. We had only been four days at sea, when a large ship of war, belonging to a rich Jew, Ben Grami, of Algiers, attacked us, and we were taken prisoners. I cannot think of that moment without shedding tears. A hundred terrible looking men, with turbans on their heads, and swords, or pistols, in their hands, rushed into the ship. We fell upon our knees and begged for mercy. What became of the persons on board our ship I know not; myself and sisters, more dead than alive, were put into a boat and conveyed to the Jew's ship. We were treated with great respect: the captain's cabin was given to us, and no insult was offered. At length we arrived at Algiers, and I shed a torrent of tears when I was separated from my sisters, but I had no power to resist. I was put into a curiously formed carriage, in which there were no windows, only close lattice-work, through which I could see, without being observed, and taken twelve or fourteen leagues into the country, to the residence of the Jew, Ben Grami, who followed me in another carriage. It is impossible to see a more delightful dwelling; nothing had been spared to make this place a terrestrial paradise. I was extremely fatigued and overpowered with the heat of the climate: but the apartments that were assigned me, were charming and as cool as those you occupy in the Rue Verte, under the ramparts. Their beauty and magnificence cannot be exceeded: the walls of my boudoir were covered with the handsomest Sevre porcelain finely painted; the ceiling is gilt, and studded with curious ornaments in mother of pearl; the carpet and sofas are Persian, of rich silk, and are truly superb. The proprietor of this enchanting place, whom I had not seen till my arrival here, was a handsome and tall man, with a large beard and black piercing eyes. After I had reposed a few hours he sent a female slave to wait upon

me, and asked permission to pay me a visit—to refuse was impossible. He had travelled in France, and was acquainted with the manners of us Parisian ladies. I am compelled to acknowledge that his manners were quite amiable, and he showed the greatest deference towards me. He behaved with so much kindness, that on this first visit I did not venture to ask him what were his intentions; but I entreated him to let me see my sisters, and hoped my poor brother would not be ill-treated. He assured me that my brother should be ransomed for a trifling sum, which he, himself would disburse, as his highness the Dey had recently made a law, whereby no Christian could be liberated unless a certain sum is paid into the treasury, and as to my sisters he regretted extremely they had been separated from me, as he had given no orders so to do. He was going, he said, on the following day to Algiers, and on his return, they should accompany him. Could any thing be more kind, considering how I was situated? Two black eunuchs, ugly beyond what you can conceive, were appointed to receive my orders, or rather, to guard me, and prevent any attempt at escape; and six lovely young girls, as beautiful as angels, three of whom are French, were to be my slaves; they cost Ben Grami 2 or 3,000 livres each. Their dress was very becoming, and extremely rich; their robes tight to their shapes, showed them to great advantage; their hair plaited in the fashion of the country, and on the top of their heads they wore wreaths of small artificial flowers. Whenever they presented me any refreshments, or perfumed water, or embroidered towels, it was always upon their knees.

Ben Grami departed, and you may suppose with what impatience I waited his return; not on his account, most certainly; but I felt an ardent desire to embrace my sisters, and console them in their misfortunes. Three days elapsed, and Ben Grami did not return. I began to feel alarmed. Alas! my presentiments were but too real. On the fourth day, Eugenie, my favourite attendant, informed me that the house was surrounded by armed moors, and that the chief, accompanied by an eunuch, wished to be introduced to me. He entered, and said that he brought orders from the Dey to conduct me to a different part of the country. I did not understand what this could signify. He then added, that I need not be apprehensive, that the greatest care should be taken of me, and that I had no reason to be sorry for the change in my condition. "You were deceived, lady," he continued, "in believing that the person who detained you here was the Jew Grami; it was he who made you a captive, but this dwelling belonged to the prime minister, who was yesterday strangled by orders of the Dey, against whose life he had been plotting for a long time." I shuddered at this horrid intelligence. The man who had given me this dreadful news was a Frenchman, and a renegade. The wretch, smiling at my tears, conveyed me to the carriage that was prepared for me, and I arrived at the place from whence I address you this letter. My subsequent adventures are extremely wonderful, but at present I am not able to write any more, as the chief eunuch has informed me that his highness the Dey will visit me in half an hour; and I also learn that a vessel sails for the coast of France to-morrow, and will bring you tidings of your beloved cousin, who embraces you a thousand times, and with all her heart.

EMILIE.

A STRAY LEAF IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NOVELIST!

"The why—the where—what *boots* it now to tell?"—CORSAIR.

"My Majesty! this is mere diversion!"—WIDOW CHESHIRE.

"CONFOUND this gout!" pettishly exclaimed Mr. Walton, as he rose from his solitary dinner.

Now, Mr. Walton was a *bon vivant*, a humourist of the first fashion, a tale-writer (it must be owned) of the first talent, and one whose society was so constantly courted, in all dinner-giving and literary circles, that a lonely meal was a most unusual and unpleasant occurrence to him.

"Well," continued he, "I must, per force, content myself with another day of sofa and Quarterly;" for Mr. Walton ranked among the most devoted adherents to the Quarterly creed of politics.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, in a tone half peevish and half resigned, when a servant handed him a letter, bearing an official seal of stupendous dimensions, and marked in the corner, "private and confidential."

Walton eagerly opened the envelope, and to his no small dismay, learned that the great man on whose smiles he lived, and to whose fortunes and party he was attached (by a snug place), required immediate information on subjects connected with our naval establishments, into the expenditure of which, the great political economist, on the *opposite* side of the house, intended to make certain inquiries in the course of a night or two. Mr. Walton was requested, not to say commanded, to see the commissioner at Portsmouth as speedily as possible, to investigate facts, and to report progress on his return. It was at the same time delicately hinted, that the expenses of this important mission, would be defrayed by the writer from that convenient and ever-open source, the public purse.

"A journey of seventy-two miles when I'd resolved upon quiet: but in the service of one's country, when it costs one nothing! Well, I must forget the gout, or lose my ———. Hang it! I can't call on the commissioner in list slippers. Travers! step up to Hoby's, and tell him to send me a pair of boots, somewhat larger than my usual fit; and take a place in the Portsmouth coach for to-morrow morning; 'tis too late to night for the mail—but d'ye hear? not in my name, as I travel incog."

Walton made the few arrangements for so short an absence from town, retired earlier than usual to bed, was horrified at the imperative necessity of rising before the sun, found himself booked by his literal servant as "Mr. Incog," had the coach to himself, and at six o'clock in the evening, alighted at the George, in High-street.

Travelling without a servant, and with so scanty an allowance of baggage, he was ushered into the coffee-room, of which he found himself the sole occupant, asked for the bill of fare, and was served with the usual delicacies of a coffee-room dinner; cold soup, stale fish, oiled butter, rancid anchovy, flabby veal-cutlet, with mildewed mush-

room sauce. Cape and brandy, doing duty for sherry, and a genuine bottle of Southampton port, so well known by the seducing appellation of "Black-strap." All these luxuries were brought him by a lout of a boy, who looked more like a *helper* than a waiter.

"Well," thought Walton, "the sooner I complete my mission the better. I could not bear this sort of thing long. How far is it to the Dock-yard, waiter?"

"I don't know; master can tell'e; its no use your going there now, the gates be shut."

"But I wish to see Sir Henry Grayhurst, the commissioner."

"He be gone to the Isle of Wight with his family, so I heerd Master say."

"Is he expected back soon?"

"Lord, Sir, how can I tell? if you ask master, he do know."

"Pleasant and intelligent youth!" sighed Walton, "I'll put him into my next sketch. Well, I've had the bore of this day's journey for nothing, since the man I came to see is absent, as if on purpose to oblige me. How extremely agreeable! I must 'ask master' then. Tell the landlord I want him."

"Master and missus be gone to the play; it's old Kelly's benefit, and they do go every year."

"The play! there's comfort in the name; any thing is preferable to this lonely, gloomy coffee-room. Send the chambermaid to me."

An old woman, with a flat tin-candlestick, led the way to a small inconvenient room up numerous flights of stairs, not evincing the slightest sympathy with the limp of our traveller, who, by the way, had nearly forgotten his gout in his annoyances. She assured him that all the best rooms were engaged.

What soothers of irritated feelings are soap and water! Walton washed his handsome face, and aristocratic hands, (novelist-ink had not spoiled them,) got rid of his dusty travelling suit, put on a capacious king's-stock with flowing black drapery, and a well-regulated and well-braided Stultz. His ready-made Hoby's he consigned to "boots," having assumed the *bas de soie* and easy pumps. Leaving word that he should require something for supper, he bent his steps to the theatre.

The acting was sufficiently bad to amuse him, and at a moment when the attention of the audience was directed to the closing scene of the tragedy, and the ladies of the Point were weeping at the distress of the lady *in point*, the door of an opposite box was opened by the identical lout who had waited on him at dinner. The lad, making his way through a box-full of over-dressed and vulgar-looking people, whispered to a man in a blue coat and powdered head, singling out Walton as though *he* was the subject of this unexpected communication. The landlord of the "George," for it was no less a personage, started up, and instantly left the house, accompanied by the females of his party.

When the curtain fell, a whisper spread from box to box, and during the farce Walton could not help perceiving that he had become a greater attraction in the eyes of the audience than the performers were.

"What the devil does all this mean?" thought he; "have they found out *what I am*?" Perhaps they never saw a live author before. Let them stare. If they like to make a lion of me, I'll humour the joke."

On rising to leave the house, Walton found that the door was

thronged with people, who, as he approached, respectfully made way for him, and he overheard sundry *sotto voce* remarks as he passed—"That's he."—"Arrived this evening."—"Incog."—"Staying at the George!"

Wondering at the extraordinary interest he had excited, congratulating himself on an evidence of fame that Sir Walter himself might have envied, and followed by a crowd, he reached the inn. Three or four spruce waiters in *their* full dress, received him at the gateway, with most obsequious homage. The landlord (his hair re-powdered for the occasion) carrying a silver branch of four wax-lights, stepped up to him with a low bow.

"This way, an' please your —, this way. Supper is ready for your —."

Walton, indulging his love of comic adventure, followed his guide with a dignified air into the drawing-room. The splendid chandelier threw a flood of light over a table, covered "with every delicacy of the season." His host lamented that the champagne had not been longer in ice, and was distressed at having been absent from home when his illustrious guest arrived. Waiters flew about anticipating the asking eye, and, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "all was alacrity and adulation." Walton could not help contrasting the indifference which he encountered at his afternoon meal with the courtesy which graced his evening repast. He made ample amends to his insulted appetite, and regretted that he had no friend to partake in the joke, for he began to find these mysterious attentions too vast for even his literary vanity to swallow. Remembering the purport of his visit, he inquired how soon the commissioner was expected to return?

"Sir Henry came back this evening, may it please—"

"I must see him to-morrow early: take care I am called at eight."

"A carriage shall be in attendance, your—"

"No, no; my visit is of a private nature."

"I understand, so please—and will caution my servants."

Walton, after having discussed some well-made *bishop*, and a *segar* or two, rang for a night-candle. The attentive landlord, like Monk Lewis's beautiful spirit, still bearing the silver branch, led the way to the best bed-room. Walton thought of the loftily-situated apartment first allotted to him, and smiled. Dismissing his officious attendant, he retired to rest.

The next morning, somewhat tired by the parade of the past night, he breakfasted in his bed-room, and was preparing for his visit to the dock-yard, when his persevering host entered, beseeching the honour of showing him the way. His offer was accepted; and finding that the champagne had renewed his gouty symptoms, Walton took advantage of his companion's supporting arm. The good man appeared overwhelmed with this condescension, and looked unutterable things, at the various acquaintance he encountered in his way. At the dock gate, Walton left his delighted cicerone, who intimated his ambition to remain there, to have the supreme felicity of showing him the way back.

Some hours rolled away, during which our traveller received the information he had sought, which appeared of so much import to the Right Honourable —, on whose behalf he had made the inquiry, that he determined on leaving Portsmouth instantly. A footman of the

commissioner's was despatched for a chaise and four, with directions that the bill should be brought at the same time. Down rattled the chaise, and down came waiters, chambermaids, boots, and all "the militia of the inn," to the dock-yard! Walton, without looking at items, put the amount into the hands of his gratified host, distributed his favours liberally to the domestics, threw a crown-piece at the head of the lout, and stepped into his chaise, amidst huzzas from the many idlers who had joined the *Georgians*.

"Long life to the Grand ———" were the only words the noise of the wheels permitted him to hear.

He reached London, without any farther adventure, in as short a time as four horses could get over the ground. Arrived at his home, he instantly forwarded the essential documents to his patron; and having disburthened himself of the more weighty affair, fell into a series of conjectures, as to the possible motives for the reverential deference he had met with. Tired with conflicting speculations, between his fond wishes to attribute it all to his literary reputation, and his secret fears that the homage was somewhat too profound, even for a *litterateur* of his eminence to reckon upon, he kicked off *his boots*! Certain characters on the morocco lining attracted his attention. In a moment the mystery was solved. On decyphering them, he discovered no less a title than that of

"THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS!"

for whom the Hoby's had been originally designed—for whom they had proved either too large, or too small; and *for* whom also—our literary diplomatist had been mistaken, from the moment that he consigned them to the polishing hands of the wise waiter at the George!

"Fairly *hooked*," muttered Walton, as he went grumbling up to bed, and hoping the newspapers on the other side might never get hold of the story.

THE BAGSTER CASE.

WHEN we were a boy, (alas! many years ago,) we never could be brought, for the life of us, to acknowledge, or to subscribe to, certain dogmas launched against our most innocent predilections and amiable propensities, by our affectionate parents and venerable grandmother. Every thing that "fitted the dainty tooth" most exactly, was pronounced pernicious—every thing that the nicer taste with "spattering noise rejected" was forthwith declared wholesome and agreeable; and we were constrained to swallow and to digest the same, or to submit to revolting and odious punishment.

This mode of proceeding, far from confirming the authority of such dogmas, so sought to be established, had the directly opposite effect of rendering us sceptical upon all matters that were not conformable with our five senses, or our one reason; and we have, accordingly, grown into middle age with an obstinate misgiving on many points, upon which a great majority of the world is, we understand, perfectly agreed.

We are a plain man, and must, therefore, not be taken to task for speaking our mind freely. We are the very sagacious person, that

chanced to drop in one morning upon the living skeleton. That, at one time, most spectral individual, had, by reason of much pecuniary improvement, lined his ribs, yea, clothed his entire frame, with a garment of flesh, that altogether softened and melted away the angular proportions of his figure, into a pleasant and aldermanic rotundity; and Claude Seurat was, at the time we speak of, one who bade fair to bear away the fame of Lambert. The stolid and obtuse public were, however, delighted with, and astonished at, the phenomenon; until we, by chance, arrived. Burying our forefinger in his larded side, we exclaimed, "Call ye, good people, call ye this man a living skeleton? Monstrous misnomer! Why, the fellow's enormously fat. Is a curve a straight line? Is substance shadow? Is an elephant a cameleopard? Is a ball of cotton a skein of thread?" The pursy impostor hereupon waddled away, panting and abashed, and thenceforth the eyes of the community were opened.

Thus, you see, it will not be thought surprising, if we feel ourselves hardly disposed to coincide in the view which the intelligent jury has thought fit to take of Miss Bagster's case; upon which, indeed, it is our intention to say a word or two. Let not the reader be alarmed—we are not going into the particulars of Miss Bagster's case; we are not going to conjure up the disgusting details of filth, folly, selfishness, and grasping avarice, with which the proceedings abound. A few general remarks, suggested by the verdict pronounced in this case, are all we purpose at the present moment.

The only pretext for placing in confinement this poor young creature is, lest society should be in any degree affected by her being at large. This—the preservation of society—is the only justifiable pretext for the enactment of laws at all; and every degree of punishment, from a week's confinement in the house of correction to the penalty of death itself, unless it bear solely in view the degree of injury sustained by society, and the prevention of its recurrence, is tyrannical and unjust.

Unhappily, however, our laws are so framed and administered, as to partake the nature of moral and final judgments upon offenders; and we, accordingly, hear of the "vengeance of the law," from the mouths of those appointed to administer them; a phrase not only disgraceful to a civilized country, but an admission, that the nature and original institution of the laws are not understood, and that our judges are accustomed to look upon themselves as "God Almighty's gentlemen," deputed to afford culprits a foretaste of the last day.

The "vengeance of the law" has virtually wreaked itself upon this unfortunate young person. Here is a young woman, of a naturally weak understanding, most grossly and culpably neglected in early youth—almost designedly, as it should seem, withheld from the attainment of any one thing that might tend to strengthen her mind, and confirmed in every thing whose tendency was to perpetuate its weakness—hurried suddenly before a tribunal—catechised upon points, in which it is impossible that she should be proficient, and of which some of her examiners themselves exhibit the most wretched ignorance—her memory taxed upon trivial matters, which it were an evidence of wisdom to have forgotten—and the fact of her lunacy established, by her want of knowledge of certain mechanical calculations, which she had never been taught, and which, without teaching, the intellect of a Bacon would never apprehend.

We remember what is said by Dr. Johnson, on the confinement of the unfortunate Christopher Smart.

"I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him, and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart, as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen, and I have no passion for it."

There has been nothing in the evidence upon this case that would lead any reasonable man to a belief, that Miss Bagster is a whit less intelligent than one out of six young ladies, who are taught ignorance, or something worse than ignorance, at boarding-schools; and we should indeed marvel, if an understanding, like that of this young lady, having imbibed the pernicious poison of boarding-school morality, under the care of such a mother, and the superintendence of a superannuated and sanctified alderman;—we should marvel, we say, if such an understanding, or, indeed, any mind, however strong, could have withstood such a triple junction of wicked laxity, mischievous waywardness, and deplorable folly.

But the very steps adopted by the young lady, which have given rise to these proceedings, are, perhaps, the best evidence of her perfect sanity; and afford sufficient proof of her ability to manage her own affairs. Surrounded, as she was, on all sides by a herd of greedy suitors, athirst after her property—countenanced by her mother, and not restrained by a superfluous modesty—the girl acted wisely, we think, in making an election out of a choice of evils; and her marriage to Mr. Newton, we conceive, ought to have silenced the rest effectually. But no such thing. Far from resting quietly in the grave of their hopes, these perturbed spirits, summoned like the nuns in a recently celebrated opera, came dancing into court in the most fantastic manner, as witnesses, to prove that, in their opinion, the intended victim was incompetent to the management of her own money—a pretty satisfactory reason why they wished to have the handling of it themselves! These were hardly the parties to be listened to with much attention or respect. This gang of disconsolates had, of course, a vivid recollection of Miss Bagster's infirmities;—all her failings and weaknesses were

"Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,"

and recited to the court with all the "rooted malice of a friend."

We hope to see, ere long, the mode of conducting such commissions (if such there must be) altered very materially. Here are a set of people met together, to inquire whether a certain person is fit to have the care of her own money; and (as is well said by the "Examiner") conclude by leaving her without any money to take, or be taken care of! These disinterested gentry occupy about ten times as much time as there can be any earthly occasion for, in devising chinks and chasms of evidence, through which the property, just caught, may slip silently into their own pockets. Here are a counsel and a mad-doctor disputing metaphysically, at the rate of a guinea a minute, in a style, compared with which, the controversy carried on between Thaumast and Panurge, by signs and face-making, was clear and satisfactory. Surely this detestable mockery, and perversion of justice, equity, and common sense, must be forthwith put an end to.

THE BROMPTON PAPERS.—No. I.

ST. MARY AXE has had its Pepys; why should not Brompton? It would seem the spot to which Plato had transported all those ingenious persons, whose lively wits he deemed too trifling for the high sobriety of his republic. Fortunately, this is not an age when men are tied down to dull, common-place rules of honesty:

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis!*

Impressed with the beautiful truths enshrined in the ancient amber of the satirist, we have only acted up to the spirit of the age, when we assure our readers, that we have thought it worth our while to retain the postmen, general and two-penny, of the neighbourhood of Brompton. We do not wish to bring down the rents of landlords in that new Attica, when we seriously state,—and we trust that an increased circulation will “honour our corruption”—that no letter for this past month has been, or, for many months to come, will be, delivered to any lady or gentleman “of any mark or likelihood” residing in or near Brompton, which we have not, and shall not, continue to see. We shall, of course, exercise the same privilege on every writer’s communication sent from that quarter to any part of the globe. We know that we have transgressed what is called honesty;—we are aware that we have put in jeopardy the lives of the postmen;—but what is honesty—what human life—to our increased circulation? Let a man prove himself worthy of the cart’s tail, and from that moment, he takes his degree in the most worshipful society. If a man has dared to steal plate, he is, of course, worthy to dine off it. From the pillory to the drawing-room there is but a step. Make a publication fit for the hands of the hangman, and it is promoted to the intimacy of the *Red Book* and *The Court Guide*. Poetry, wit, the Scotch Novels,—all have had their day. Slander is now the staple commodity. Like the Israelites of old, we look, for life and enjoyment, to the snake!

Our first letter from the hands of the postman, runs as follows:—

A BROAD GRIN TO PUTOUTALLTHELIGHTSKY, CENSOR OF THE RUSSIAN
PRESS, ST. PETERSBURGH, GREETING.

My dear Putoutallthelight,* I have received your letter, and cannot but feel the keenest delight, that my humble official merits should have recommended me to your august master. Little did I think that the glimmering light of George’s Wain could be visible to the eyes of Ursa Major. It will afford me infinite pleasure to forward to you the results of my experience; and particularly to discuss with you the propriety of licensing the two comedies originally written by a namesake of mine;† and, as it appears, recently translated for the Russian stage. I perfectly agree with you, that they contain many very objectionable passages. In fact, their whole construction I look upon as dangerous to every well-

* A Russian diminutive of endearment.

† These comedies, it appears, are *John Bull* and *The Heir at Law*; ignorantly imagined, by the Russian, to be the writings of the dramatic licenser.

disposed and paternal government. In one of these pieces, the author attempts to awaken sympathy in his audience for the seduction of the daughter of a brazier—a mere dealer in skillets and stew-pans; whilst the seducer is not only a wealthy young man, but of excellent family. I know not how a Russian audience would bear such appeals to their vulgar passions; but certainly, I would not advise the experiment of a representation, unless the piece were very considerably modified. The scene in which the brazier insults the magistrate if lowered in its tone, may be retained—provided that the offender suffer the infliction of the knout for his abuse. This will shew the audience the necessity of respect towards the officers of government. The flogging scene might conclude the comedy, which would then bear a moral at its end. *Mary Thornberry* I would sell for a slave; and, to get rid of *Frank Rochdale*, I would appoint him to a Tartar government. The many oaths abounding in the pieces, are of a most horrifying character. Did the man ever go to church, who could perpetrate such immorality? He mentions “heaven” twenty times; and once—horrible to relate!—he calls a kitchen-wench “an angel in a mob-cap!” When we consider what an angel is, the comparison is awfully criminal. I am aware that different persons have different notions of the forms and essences of angels. There is, I regret to say, much vulgar error abroad on this point. I have long and deeply considered what an angel is,* its nature and dimensions; and I subjoin the result of my painful cogitations.

I do not conceive an angel to be spherical, like an orange—an opinion held by some theologists—neither do I think angels angular, as contended for by divers geometricians. That they are of one sex, is, I am convinced, most certain. Brahma, Vishna, and Siva, were, however the pundits may sophisticate the matter, females. So is Mali, the Persian angel of the moon. As for the angels of the Hebrews, who took mortal wives, and had families, there must I think be some error in the text. For the make of angels, St. Augustin (a respectable authority) declares them to be slender, probably like a chamberlain’s rod. The Jews (I have been studying the Hebrew of late) call angels “flames,” “sparks,” “images.” As I said, I have an opinion of my own.

An angel, I conceive to be a being altogether cleansed from the stains of sinful unofficial life. If you know a man who, from early youth to the middle prime, has written every kind of vulgar grossness—who has left dashes in his prurient verse, to be filled up by the dirtiest imagination—who has become “fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon”—one whose “hours were cups of sack; and minutes, capons; and clocks the tongues of bawds”—one who made broad jests for royal lengthy ears, and afterwards was rewarded with a pension for birching the loose morals of his neighbours—who, sweetening the corruptions of the dirty humourist in the preservative odour of the conventicle, took under his especial patronage all the hierarchy of heaven, the interests of kings, the souls of the old and juvenile, together with the purity of his mother-tongue—if you know such a miracle as this, be sure—that is, according to my best belief—you know an angel!

* It is curious that the same notions of the angelic nature are entertained by the licenser—as appears by his evidence before the dramatic committee.

To return to the dramas for the Russian stage. I look on the part of *Daniel Dowlas* to be a subtle, but a most nefarious attack on the aristocracy. Make a lord from a chandler ! I certainly think that in Russia—a great tallow country, be it remembered—it would be a dangerous sneer at your noble dealers in fat and hemp. *Doctor Pangloss* should not be suffered in a country proud, and justly proud, of its academic greatness. *Zekiel Homespun* is altogether a piece of false sentiment and impertinence : all his bragging and big words are made ludicrously contemptible by his plebeian dress. Virtue and worth going on hobnails !—Nonsense.

As for the piece of *The Africans*, I must honestly confess to you, I had not the patience to get beyond the first act. I don't know how it would go down in Russia, but, at this time of day, it would never do in England. To attempt to make blacks interesting !—the author was a bold man.

You are, you say, in doubt as to the propriety of licensing *Pizarro*. You speak of *Rolla's* address about liberty. I don't know whether you might not for once let it be spoken, by way of a good joke. I think on a St. Petersburg audience it could not fail to tell.

I beg leave to congratulate you on your being invested, by your benevolent and enlightened emperor, with the literary order of the Thumb-screw and Gagging-bar : we ought to have some distinction of the kind here. I send you, per request, the *Olney Hymns*. Many thanks for the ham and black fox-skin.

Suffer me, my dear Putoutallthelight, to subscribe myself, in the fullness of admiration, yours ever,

A BROAD GRIN.

SONG.

I HEARD, when winter's frown
Was dark upon the sky,
Amid the forests brown,
The wild winds sweeping by :
A dirge for summer's pride,
Upon their wings they bore,
And to my heart I sighed,
"Even thus thy joys have died—
"Love thou no more."

I heard on every bough,
A song for spring's return ;
And shining waters flow
From many a pebbly urn :
Then whispered bird and bee,
And chimed the gentle rain ;
And murmured every tree,
"There's hope, O heart ! for thee—
"Love thou again."

THE BANK CHARTER.

A PAMPHLET,* in opposition to the renewal of the charter of the Bank of England, has made its appearance from the pen of that enlightened financier Sir H. Parnell. In its skilful arrangement, diligent research, and clear exposition of a subject too long enveloped in the mazes of mysterious fraud, we conceive that Sir Henry has added a most valuable contribution to our stock of knowledge upon this all-important subject, and aimed a well-directed and powerful blow at this expiring monster of monopoly.

In the first division of his pamphlet Sir Henry divides his remarks in the following order:—"Power of the Bank over the currency—over trade—over the funds—and over the government." His second chapter consists of "Its abuse of power over the currency, as exemplified in the cases of 1783, 1793, and 1797." The next, and most important, treats of the depreciation in the paper of the Bank, as in the cases of 1816, 1818, 1825. Then follows a refutation of the objections to the Scottish system of banking; and a reply, altogether unmerited, in our opinion, from a statesman of the eminence of Sir H. Parnell, to the "Historical Sketch of the Bank of England."

We conceive that there now exists no man of ordinary capacity who has not seen, in the events of the last few fatal years, the direful consequences of the monopoly in the trade in money enjoyed by those twenty-four individuals who govern this country, under the name, style, and title of Directors of the Bank of England. It is now happily clear to the most ordinary mind, that all our sudden changes from prosperity to poverty, from security to alarm, and from comfort to misery, pauperism and crime, have been produced by the capricious, unjust, and arbitrary issues of the Bank of England. Our statesmen, indeed, the Castle-reaghs, Vansittarts, and Peels, those jugglers who have too long disgraced the political stage, have usually blinked the nation with their unintelligible jargon about a transition from a state of war to a state of peace, and over-trading, over-production, and over-population, and every other cause excepting the true one—an over-production of monopolizing tyrants. Now we rejoice, however, that a better day has arrived—the spell is dissolved—men see the true source of their calamity—they perceive the hand that has laid waste the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of this country; and we trust that at the voice of public execration, the tyrannical power of the Bank of England is about to be crushed for ever. Let any man who remains doubtful that the various panics and scenes of commercial desolation which have occurred in this country since 1794, have been owing to the mismanagement of the issues of the Bank of England, peruse the statements in the pamphlet before us, of the notes in circulation and their rapid withdrawal at the various periods of distress. Thus the year 1797 was a season of distress hitherto unexampled in this country, where the power of the Bank had not yet attained to its overwhelming weight, and we find the account as follows:—

Notes in circulation, February, 1794.....	£. 10,963,000
— 1795.....	13,452,000
August, 1796.....	8,888,000

* A plain statement of the power of the Bank of England, and the use it has made of it, with a refutation of the objections to the Scotch System of Banking, &c. &c. By the Right Hon. Sir H. Parnell, Bart.

Thus it appears, that without any cause apparent in the state of commerce at that period the Directors had increased their issues by about £3,000,000 in a single year; and in the following eighteen months, they, with as little cause, withdrew nearly £5,000,000, amounting almost to one-half of their entire issues but two years before. When, therefore, we know that the bulk of the notes circulating in the kingdom is at all times issued from the Bank of England,—that the issues of the country bankers are enlarged or contracted in a corresponding degree by the amount of their accumulation directly or indirectly at the Bank of England, and that therefore this withdrawal of five millions, or half the circulation of the Bank of England, led to the withdrawal of one-half the entire circulation of the kingdom, and therefore to a depreciation of fifty per cent. upon the property of every person in this country, we have a fair view of the power of these twenty-four Directors, who reign supreme upon the throne in Threadneedle-street. A similar contraction of the issues of the Bank, to the extent of twenty-three per cent., brought on the commercial distress of 1816, and the more recent and far more calamitous panic and convulsion of 1825, is clearly to be traced to the doors of the Bank of England. Thus, according to Sir Henry Parnell, the notes in circulation were as follows:—

February 15th, 1825.... £21,000,000

November 15th. 1825.... 17,980,620

Here is a diminution of between three and four millions in the short space of nine months, which too clearly accounts for the causes of the panic, with the ruin of thousands of industrious merchants, manufacturers, farmers, and mechanics, with all the long train of national misfortune which for the last six dismal years has weighed this country to the earth.

So clear is this state of things, that we entertain no fear that the Committee upon the Bank Charter will report for the unconditional renewal of this monstrous tyranny. But, in the protraction of the inquiry, we see grounds for alarm that a mere accommodation will take place—that the Directors will preserve their dangerous privileges—and that the trade in money will not be effectually delivered from the dominion of the Bank. It is in vain to fence in the public with securities against this arbitrary power by any other means than the entire and final abolition of the Bank of England. The accumulation in the hands of twenty-four individuals of a capital of twenty millions will be at all times dangerous to the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of this country, whilst the dispersion of this enormous capital into the numerous banks which will arise upon the ruins of the Bank of England, will facilitate the purposes of trade in a far more efficacious degree, and remove the danger of oppression to the lesser institutions from one overgrown and all-powerful establishment. Nor will this, or any other measure relieve the present commercial misery of the country without a repeal of that crowning tyranny—the one-pound note suppression act. When the nation had been already stabbed by the Directors of the Bank of England in 1826, then, in the following year, did our wise and provident statesmen still further drain the kingdom of the life-blood, commerce, manufactures, and agriculture—a small paper circulation? We hold that this act was founded upon tyranny, injustice, and a violation of all natural liberty; for it is not the province of governments to interfere with their subjects in the exercise of their commercial occupations;

and the trade in money, and the issuing of one pound notes, ought to be equally free with the trade in corn or coals. Upon this subject, we regret to perceive that the pamphlet of Sir Henry Parnell is by no means explicit; and we find from the pen of this great financier the following unfounded remark:—"What has been the cause of the failure of the country banks in England? The facility with which every cobbler and cheesemonger has been able to open a bank." Now, without dwelling upon the inconsistency of Sir Henry Parnell, who has previously been labouring through twenty pages to prove that the cause of the panic, and the consequent failure of the provincial bankers, was owing entirely to the unjust conduct of the Bank of England—we conceive that the assumption is without any foundation in fact; for there is no reason to fear that the public will trust such persons as cheesemongers and cobblers in the capacity of bankers, and to whatever extent the neighbourhood will voluntarily take their notes. No act of parliament can with justice restrain a cobbler, or a cheesemonger, from issuing paper more than from issuing shoes or bacon. Indeed, without a repeal of the one-pound note act, we conceive that only half the benefit will be derived from the abolition of the Bank of England: nor will commerce revive her drooping head, or comfort revisit the lower orders of this country, without an entire and unconditional emancipation from its shackles of the trade in money.

In the interim, we earnestly recommend Sir Henry's pamphlet to the serious attention of all who desire to see the industrious classes of this country in possession of that security and happiness, which the fatal Bank of England Charter has so long, and so largely contributed to deprive them of.

PASKEVITSCH AND THE POLES.

[FROM THE JOURNAL OF A RECENT TRAVELLER.]

NEARLY three years have elapsed since I first visited, on my return from St. Petersburg, the ancient capital of Poland. Late events had prepared me for a great change, but the extent to which it has been effected, perfectly astounded me. All traces of the national features are nearly extinguished, and this once splendid capital now resembles more an Asiatic camp, than a gay and polished European city. The streets are nearly deserted. Nothing breaks on the ear through their solemn silence, save the measured tramp of the Russian patrols, and lumbering roll of their heavy guns; or the peculiar cry of the Tartar coachmen, as they urge their horses at a furious pace through the narrow streets.

In the places which, but a short time since, echoed the triumphant songs of gallant freemen, now we beheld the wild Cossack of the Don, the Circassian in his chain armour, that leads back the mind to the days of Mithridates; in juxta position with the tall grenadier, or the gorgeously attired Hulan or hussar of the guard. Russian generals, Russian aides-de-camp, their breasts covered with stars, are seen galloping in every direction, their flat Tartar countenances animated to an expression of haughty triumph. But when we reflect for what purpose these warriors have been drawn from their distant homes, we vent a curse upon the head of the ruthless tyrant who is blotting out from the tablets of civilization a whole nation.

If we may judge from the immense system of fortifications erecting by the Russians, we should infer they still apprehend that the untameable spirit of the gallant Poles will again carve out some hot work for them. They are at present, fortifying Warsaw after the manner that the Prussians have done Posen and Coblenz, by a system of forts. 1st, the Fort of Sfola has been considerably augmented; near to it a citadel will be constructed, and another that will command the city and the vicinity of the Belvidere Bridge; a third will be built upon an elevation called Jolibord, and another upon the hill of the Barracks of the Guards, that will contain 6,000 men; the expense of these fortifications is estimated at twenty millions of florins, to be defrayed by the ill-fated city they are intended to subject. In the meantime, the Russians neglect no precautions to ensure their safety. The Circassians are encamped in the Royal Gardens. The château is converted into a military hospital, and its beautiful façade marked by the wooden barracks occupied by the line. At Praga, they have thrown up a chain of batteries that mount some guns of an immense calibre; these are pointed against the city, and sufficiently proclaim the feeling of insecurity that prevails. The garrison is now solely composed of the line, and the irregular troops. All the regiments of the guards have left, they were magnificent troops; but the line are short dark men, very much resembling our Indian sepoy, or the Peruvian Indians—the utmost discipline prevails—it is rather of the officers, than the untutored soldiery, that the Poles have to complain. The officers of the guards carried off some hundred ladies of very equivocal reputation, whom they married; they also purchased, with singular avidity, all the political works that had been published during the revolution.

The morning after our arrival, we saw Paskévitsch on the parade. He is a tall, fine, handsome man, with a distinguished military air. At St. Petersburg he was famed for his gallantry; by birth a Lithuanian, his military talents are of the highest order. It was Paskévitsch who defended the famous redoubt in the centre of the Russian position at the bloody affair of the Borodino; and who afterwards led his corps from Riga to the Rhine, by one of the most rapid marches in the annals of modern warfare. The Persian campaigns of this officer are justly celebrated. His brilliant victories at Kainly and Milli duzé, both gained by a profound strategical movement in twenty-four hours, would have done honour to the greatest captain.

It is melancholy to think that he has since tarnished his brilliant military reputation by his conduct towards the heroic Poles. Paskévitsch executes, *à la lettre*, the cold blooded tyranny, the relentless cruelty of his ruthless and "miscreant master." The indignities which he has inflicted upon this gallant people would fill volumes, and ruin him in the eyes of posterity.

To our great astonishment, we saw announced for representation at the national theatre, "*La Muette de Portici*;" during Constantine's time, this piece was strictly prohibited. The house was crowded with Russian military, in fact, exclusively so.

The Polish campaign, like the fabulous shirt of Dejanira, is already spreading its venom through their ranks; the guards have already returned to Russia, tainted with liberalism—and the applause showered down during the popular movements in the market scene, may be taken as an augury for the future. In fact, what country presents such ready elements for a Massiniello as Russia?

NOTES ON AMERICA.—No. III.

MALARIA OF SOUTH CAROLINA—SLAVES AND SLAVE-OWNERS—A FARMER AND HIS FAMILY—SOUTHERN STATES—CURIOUS EXAMPLES OF THE STATE OF MORALS—SPECIMEN OF AN EMIGRATING PARTY—NIGGER CONVERSATION, &c.

THE low country of South Carolina is infested during the summer and autumn by a malaria of the most dreadful and poisonous description. It is said to arise from the clearing away of the woods, and from insufficient draining. The district in the vicinity of Charleston was formerly well wooded, and under the "Old Dominion," many very handsome and lordly mansions reared their heads in the midst of the pine forests. Some of these still remain, but present a deserted and melancholy appearance. A few negroes and a squalid overseer are often their only occupants; as even during the winter months, when a residence in the low districts would be unattended with danger, the income of the proprietors is, in general, too limited to admit of a country as well as a town establishment. The vast avenues of oak, elm, and sycamore-trees are choaked up by dirt and brambles. The leaves are all shrivelled like faded lavender, and are gathered in large quantities to be used for stuffing mattresses, sofas, &c. Unlike the Roman malaria, the thick and watery atmosphere of this country, instead of stimulating appears to deaden vegetation. The magnolia alone grows to a great size, and with unrivalled beauty—offering a striking and delicious contrast to the heart-sickening desolation around.

The withered and blighted appearance of the trees, which has just been mentioned, is a sure indication of the prevalence of an atmosphere deleterious in the extreme; and the stranger who should venture to pass the night within the range of its influence would scarcely survive to tell the story of his travels. I am unable to give a medical description of this country fever, by which name it is distinguished from the other scourge of the Southern States,—the yellow pestilence; but, I believe it may be termed a fever and ague of the most appalling kind, accompanied by sickness and vomiting. The few who struggle through its attacks are miserably decrepid for the remnant of their days; and in personal appearance, resemble the eight or ten favoured individuals who have been lucky enough to *return* from Fernando Po.

In these low districts the slaves are not unfrequently treated with great inhumanity. Degraded as the condition of their brethren in the cities may be, yet it is in many respects very superior to that of the wretched field negroes. The greatest misfortune, perhaps, that can befall a human being, is to become the property of a small planter or shopkeeper in the interior of the Southern States, and at some distance from a town of any size. The master is generally lazy, ignorant, and tyrannical, and his slaves suffer accordingly. It is asserted on the other hand, that the slaves are stupid, insolent, and incorrigibly slothful, and this cannot be denied; for how, in the name of all that is merciful, can a willing and cheerful obedience be expected from a poor suffering wretch who "must envy every sparrow that he sees?" I recollect one night that a negro was summoned to hold a torch-light of dried pine in the stable, whilst the driver of the coach was employed in harnessing the horses. Though

repeatedly ordered to hold the torch upright, he persisted in leaning it against the wall, which might have been set on fire in three minutes. At length the driver seized him by the hair, and struck his face violently against a rough projecting log. The poor creature was instantly covered with the blood which gushed from his lacerated cheeks, but he held the light straight enough afterwards. "That's the way to manage them niggers," said the brutal driver, with exultation; and his mode of management, as far as I observed, is the one very generally adopted by those of his class in the interior of the low country.

But in those districts where the climate is tolerable, and the gentry reside upon their estates, the situation of the slave is materially improved. A South Carolinian gentleman of property and education, and there are many such, is the kind and indulgent protector, not the harsh task-master of his negroes. Proprietors of this class have adopted many excellent regulations for insuring the health and comfort of the black population on their estates. Among these I will mention one, which has been found to be of great service. A planter informed me that he presented his overseer with five dollars for each additional negro, not purchased during the year, whom he found upon his estate on Christmas day. It thus became the man's interest, as well as his duty, to provide for the well-being of all—to take especial care that the pregnant women were not over-worked, nor their infants neglected. To detail all the admirable methods by which this gentleman had succeeded in alleviating the evils of slavery, would be a long, but not unpleasing task. They were worthy of the humane and high-minded Col. Huger, well known on the continent, and in America, as the gallant and enterprising friend and deliverer of La Fayette.

The domestic life and habits of the southern gentry very much resemble those of our West Indian proprietors. But the Americans are more actively engaged in politics, field sports, and horse racing. In Virginia, especially, great attention is paid to the breed of horses, and there is scarcely a town or village of two thousand inhabitants which does not possess a well-appointed race course. The hospitality of a planter of the highest and best class to travellers of all nations, who come well introduced, knows no bounds, and his house, horses, negroes, guns, boats, &c. &c. are at your service for as long a period as you may feel disposed to remain his visitor, and you may travel far and wide without meeting with so hearty a friend or so polished a gentleman. You will find him well acquainted with the policy and literature of modern Europe, and though probably a republican from principle, he is too well bred and too liberal to annoy you with those dissertations on the abuses of kingly governments, which so often offend the ears of the admirers of monarchies during their progress through the United States.

On one subject, however, the southern planter is peculiarly sensitive. I allude, of course, to the everlasting one of slavery. How fixed and resolute he is in the determination to perpetuate this curse of his country, may be gathered from the nature of the laws which have been passed in several of the slaveholding States, for the government of the black population the last few years. Emancipation under any circumstances, is vigorously interdicted. It is a crime to teach a negro to read or write. Any free black who shall presume to enter the slave states, is liable first to be imprisoned, and then sold to pay the expences of his maintenance in jail. No exception is made in favour of the subjects of

a foreign government, and although the United States district judge, pronounced this statute to be contrary to the law of nations, and calculated to bring the Americans into collision with every other civilized people on the face of the earth, still his dictum was disregarded, and British subjects have more than once been imprisoned under this atrocious enactment. Every possible exertion is made to clear the country of free coloured people. Hence, the colonization society and the settlement of Liberia, of which so much has lately been said, are encouraged and patronized by southerners, who, doubtless feel under weighty obligations to the philanthropists of the north for their assistance in the removal of so pregnant a source of alarm and danger. Human ingenuity, indeed, could not have effected a more sagacious and effective mode than this, for rivetting the chains of oppression more firmly on those who are left behind. In the course of a few years there will not be a free black to be found in the Carolinas or in Georgia. Of course, all attempts to reason in favour of the natural and inherent rights of man, with the promoters and authors of such laws as these, must be worse than fruitless. The principle strenuously insisted and acted upon throughout the southern states is simply this. The blacks must be retained in extreme ignorance and degradation, or we cannot be safe. On other subjects you may converse with a well educated planter with pleasure and profit, but the discussion of this all-important one only produces irritation and disgust.

I am reminded in this place of an anecdote of the celebrated Mr. Randolph, of Roanoke, who is a most ardent supporter of the slave system, although he thought proper, a few years ago, when in London, to deliver a speech which would not have disgraced Mr. Wilberforce himself. At a dinner party in Philadelphia, where Mr. Randolph was present, the emancipation of the blacks was ably advocated. The inferiority of the negro intellect was denied, and their perfect right to throw off the yoke of their task-masters by any means within their reach, loudly insisted upon. Mr. Randolph observed, that his old and favourite black servant, who waited upon him at table, listened with eager delight to the conversation. When the party broke up, and he left town in his curricule, he thought it necessary to counteract the pernicious effects of what had passed upon the mind of the negro. He therefore ordered Cato to pull up, and stand in the middle of the road, while he took the whip from his hands and commenced flogging him very severely; during the operation, the following dialogue passed between them:—

Mr. R.—Oh, oh! you black rascal, you believe what these idiots have been saying, do you? You are as good a man as your master, eh? You want to cut my throat, I suppose?

Cato.—Oh! de debble, no massa—me be nutting but poor nigger—oh! massa, tink me no feelin?

Mr. R.—Then get up again you miserable devil, and thank God for such a kind master! I'll whip your notions of freedom out of you!

It would be difficult, certainly, for poor Cato to fancy himself anything but a bondsman after this practical illustration of his master's kind feeling towards him.

I believe that America is the only country in the world where the best informed, as well as the most polished men and women, are *invariably* to be found among the highest classes. *There*, however, beyond all question, such is the fact, and in the interior of the Southern States, I am

sorry to say that the *only* tolerably good society is to be met with among the aristocratical and wealthy planters, who are in the habit of frequenting the Atlantic cities. With every disposition to exhibit the American character in favourable colours whenever it can be done with truth, yet I cannot say much of the middling and lower orders in the South. They are a coarse and immoral people, often uncivil, and seldom hospitable. During a journey of upwards of 1500 miles in North and South Carolina, I was generally obliged to pay extravagantly for wretched fare, and worse attendance. This, however, was not always the case, and I recollect, on one occasion more particularly, being most hospitably entertained by one of the small farmers or planters, who had lately come into possession of a considerable sum of money, and who had stored his cabin with finery, which he was anxious to exhibit to a stranger from the Old country.

I was travelling on the road to Columbia, and had called at his house to ascertain the distance to that pretty little town. He made numerous inquiries as to my route, &c. and when I mentioned that I had that day dined with a gentleman of fortune who resided in the neighbourhood, he became so enamoured of my company, as to insist upon my spending the night at his place: so, not without the hope of amusement, I agreed to postpone my further progress till the next day.

I was soon introduced to the mistress of the house, whom I was somewhat surprised to find a delicate, pretty, and rather lady-like person. She was sitting near the fire of the principal room, which opened immediately upon the road-side, and was employed in suckling her infant, an operation which my entrance by no means interrupted. This room was floored with mud, like an Irish cabin. The walls were made of logs, and the interstices were filled up with furze and clay. Large shutters were substituted for windows, and the only piece of furniture which was not suitable to this dirty uncomfortable apartment, was a handsome mahogany cradle, well filled with linen, which appeared to be very fine and white.

My horse was ordered to the stable, and I rather offended my worthy host by insisting upon acting the part of groom myself. Four negroes were ready to perform this duty; but I was by far too experienced a traveller to trust one of the finest horses in South Carolina to their grooming. The road to the stable seemed to have been made with great ingenuity, for the express purpose of snapping off the legs of man and beast, being formed of round logs, covered with slippery mud. The stable was cold, damp, and dirty; but the Indian corn was sound, and the blades green and fresh, so that I was enabled to secure my fellow-traveller a good supper, though not a comfortable stall.

Soon after my return to the house we adjourned to the supper-room, which was a small narrow closet, the floor and walls of which were boarded. There was a handsome mahogany table, which nearly filled the room, leaving just space enough for three small benches, which served as chairs. There was no fire-place, no carpet, no curtains, nor furniture of any description, except the stools and the table above-mentioned, which latter was, however, profusely covered with hot bread, muffins, waffles, cakes of various kinds, pickles, preserves, melons, peaches, pork-stakes, broiled chicken, homony, rice, and ham. The tea and coffee pots were of silver, and the china was of the most beautiful and expensive description. The spoons were of pewter, and there were

no sugar-tongs; it was the fashion to use fingers in place thereof: the knives and forks were of common cast iron. The price of cotton, and the exploits of General Jackson, formed the principal topics of conversation: my host assured me that John Quincy Adams was not *priming* to Henry Clay,—that Rufus King talked a great deal about slavery, but knew nothing of the nature of “niggers,”—that he himself was fond of gentlemen from the Old country, but hated those “wooden nutmeg Yankee pedlars,”—and he finally offered to bet me a beaver hat, that Mr. Hugh Legaree, of Charleston, was as eloquent as Demosthenes, laying a drawling emphasis on the last syllable. I afterwards found that he imagined Demosthenes to be a member of Parliament.

The good lady was very silent while this interesting conversation was carried on, and, indeed, the only word which she pronounced distinctly during the whole evening, was a loud amen to a very long grace, which her husband chaunted forth after supper. To the performance of this ceremonial, however, he did not seem to have been actuated so much by a feeling of religious gratitude for an enormous meal, as by the notion, that it was the fashion to say the grace among the great *bugs*, by which agreeable appellation he designated the higher class of gentry in his neighbourhood. I was ushered into my sleeping apartment soon after supper. Here again, matters were strangely ill assorted. The dimensions of this chamber were nearly the same as those of the supper-room, about twelve feet by eight. A large and very handsome carved mahogany bedstead without curtains, but tolerably well furnished with linen, &c. was literally, the only piece of furniture in the room. The next morning, the whole family assembled under a shed upon the road-side to perform their ablutions. Here I found a large tub of water with a gourd for a ladle, a coarse towel, and a tin washing basin, which we all made use of in turn.

The breakfast was a repetition of the supper of the preceding night, with the addition of some whiskey and peach brandy, of which I declined to partake, although the lady set me the example by swallowing a large *cup* full. Gibbon has somewhere remarked, that the modern invention of glass is sufficient to counterbalance all the luxuries of the Roman emperors. My worthy host, whose domestic arrangements I have here rather freely exposed, had never, I presume, studied the historian of the “Decline and Fall;” as I did not observe a single bit of glass of any description throughout his premises. However, he gave me a hearty welcome, and a pressing invitation to repeat my visit, and I remember him as the most favourable specimen of his class that I have ever had the good fortune to encounter.

I will here mention one or two facts, in justification of the rather harsh opinion I have above expressed of the state of moral feeling in the interior of the Southern States.

In the year 1826, in Greenville county, South Carolina, two slaves were condemned to the stake and actually *burned*, for the murder of their master. About the same time also, a negro was burned in Georgia—what his offence was I do not at present recollect. That such enormities should be perpetrated in the 19th century, by a people professing the humane doctrines of Christianity, is almost incredible; but the facts are indisputable.

I was an accidental witness to the following outrage, which was committed at a village in Georgia. Having occasion to purchase some

trifle during my journey, I called for the purpose at one of the principal stores in the place, where I saw a young man, slightly made and short in stature, beating, with great violence, a much more powerful fellow, who was stretched on the counter. The assailant was armed with what is called a Baltimore bludgeon, or long thin cane, with a knob heavily charged with lead. The prostrate person had evidently been taken by surprise, and just as I entered was beginning to recover himself. As soon as he perceived this, the young ruffian, who had hitherto had the advantage, ran at full speed out of the shop, down the middle of the broad street, the other following him with his unsheathed dirk uplifted in his hand. He soon came up with the fugitive, and gave him a long gash in the back, and, as he said, "shelled the corn off his cob in no time." Many of the shopkeepers and others, stood at their doors or windows and saw the whole affair, but no one interfered on either side except to carry off the wounded boy. Whether he died or recovered I never ascertained, but the wound which he received was a terrific one.

A duel was fought not very long ago at Augusta, in Georgia, under the following circumstances. Two foolish boys, neither of them nineteen years of age, had a violent quarrel at Gale College, in Connecticut; and upon their return to the south, their friends insisted upon the dispute being settled by a duel. Accordingly, they both proceeded to Augusta; one attended by his guardian and uncle, the other by a friend deputed by his father. After an interval of a fortnight, which was spent in rifle-shooting at a mark, they met; and the younger combatant was killed by the first shot. The victor returned to Charleston where I have repeatedly seen him. His father was connected with one of the principal banking establishments in the city. I have always understood, that the young men were not unwilling to forget and forgive what had passed, but were urged forward by those who ought to have acted a far different part. When it is recollected that the duel was fought many weeks after the quarrel at college, and that the guardians of the boys employed this interval in stimulating their bad passions to the lust of a murderous revenge, I think the annals of duelling may be searched in vain for a record of greater atrocity than was furnished by the conduct of these old ruffians.

Although the notions and habits of the people of the southern and slaveholding states, differ in most respects from their northern brethren, there is one peculiarity of the American character which belongs equally to both. I allude to the incessant restlessness and fondness for change of abode. There seems to be a constant stream of emigrants from Virginia and the Carolinas, to the more Southern and Western States,—principally, I think, to Alabama. The amazing fertility of the cotton lands in that country, offers an irresistible temptation to the indolent planter, who has neither energy nor capital sufficient to cultivate and repair the more exhausted soil of the Atlantic States. He overlooks all the miseries attendant upon the life of a new settler, in a country of fever, swamps, vagabonds and *squatters*, in the fond anticipation of raising a large crop of cotton. Hundreds of disappointed wretches with their families, are annually swept away in that destructive climate.

I have encountered many of these emigrating parties, and upon one occasion, was indebted to their hospitality for a night's shelter. A fresh or flood had swelled a brook which crossed the road on which I was travelling, so much as to render it impassable. The village, where I

had intended to remain for the night, lay at a little distance on the opposite side, and I was somewhat puzzled how to proceed. Very soon, however, I was accosted by a planter, who with his family and negroes was delayed in his progress by the same accident. He invited me to join his party, who were preparing to camp out in the pine barren which skirted the road-side. I gladly accepted the invitation, and, as the evening was warm and pleasant, by no means disliked the prospect of a bivouac. After walking a short distance through a narrow road in the forest, we arrived at a cleared plot of ground, which had evidently been before used by travellers and carriers as a place of encampment. A little circular barricade had been formed by the baggage waggons, and in the centre, there blazed a crackling fire of dried pine wood. The negroes, of whom there were about fifteen or twenty, of all ages and both sexes, were devouring their supper of bacon and homony, in high glee. Their young ones, some of whom were scarcely a year old, were snugly seated round an iron kettle, which contained their smoking food, and looked somewhat like a blackbird pie with the upper crust removed.

Their owner was a careless looking fellow, with a hard countenance, and very fond of peach brandy. He talked continually of the price of cotton, and the delights of a plantation in Alabama, which he had lately purchased; and where he "reckoned upon raising all out of doors, of cotton and niggers." His poor wife was evidently anxious and incredulous. She told me that she was "raised" in Massachusetts, near the beautiful little village of Deerfield, and was overjoyed to find me acquainted with that part of America. "There was nothing like it," she said, "south of the Potomac. Nothing like Deerfield meadow, with its fine old elm trees!" In this opinion I cordially concurred, for, although I have seen much and travelled far, I recollect few scenes whose green and fresh beauty "sprinkled such coolness on the heart," as those lovely haunts of the old Indians on the banks of the Connecticut river.

The poor woman added, "that her husband was never content to remain for three years on the same farm—that her health, and that of her children, was ruined by a residence in the damp, though fertile Savannahs; and she had sorrowful anticipations of the result of their present expedition." Her husband paid not the slightest attention to the complaints which she was pouring into my ear. I suppose, he would have sacrificed his whole kith and kin for a few additional pounds of cotton per acre. Our supper consisted of hot bread and a decoction of coffee, which, as is usual in the interior, had not been roasted previous to boiling, and therefore, produced a very bitter beverage. Besides this, we had another dish which I will leave the reader to name, when I have mentioned the contents thereof, viz., ham, fried chicken, rice, eggs, homony, sweet potatoes, and sausages. A singular medley, certainly, but not unpalatable to one who had ridden upwards of forty miles through the woods without breaking his fast.

After supper I retired to rest under cover of one of the waggons, which served as a protection from the falling dew, where, wrapped up in my travelling cloak, I overheard the following short and characteristic conversation among the negroes.

"Scippy, wot do oo tink Dinah say?"

"Don't know, sar—not Dinah say, massa Pompey?"

"Why, dat de massa be vebby dam fool, for leebling his sleek leetle place in Carleny, to go to dis Alybaamy, where dere be no raal niggars—nutting but dutty brack mulatty rascals and buckra men."

"Me tink so, too, Pompey," replied Mr. Scipio, "but eh! golly! de massa be wake—he feel for de cow-hide!"

A smart cut on the back, and an oath from the master, quieted the slaves for the remainder of the night, and by day-break, I was again on my road to the village of Lincolnton.

THE YOUNG WIDOW OF BREMEN.

THERE is a mural monumental tablet, in a common field wall, near a handsome house in the suburbs of Bremen. On one side of the lane in which it stands are the court-yards of some spacious residences, on the other is a walk, leading through some of the prettiest fields near the town.

Two travellers, in the last century, stopped to gaze on this tablet, which appeared to have been very recently erected. It was of very fine execution, and looked fitter for some old church than the place where it stood. The design represented a kneeling female figure, mourning over an urn; in her position and features remorse was mingled with grief. Her eyes were hidden by the hand which supported the weeping head. By the broken sword and entangled balance on which her feet rested, the mourner seemed to personify Justice. No inscription or other guide to the meaning appeared, and our travellers turned eagerly to see if any one were near who could explain what the monument meant, and why it was placed there.

At length an old man, of a sad, but benevolent countenance, came slowly up; and of him they inquired the meaning of this tablet. He sighed deeply, and then bade them sit down beside him on the grass.

You might look long, (said the old man, after a pause of some minutes,) on the crowded ramparts of Bremen, when all the fairest were there, ere your eye rested on a more beautiful face, or a lighter, and more graceful figure, than Mary Von Korper's. Often were her dark eyes beaming, and her little feet seen twinkling, on the favorite resorts of the fair and the gay; and if the stranger asked who she was, whose smile was brightest, and who moved along so trippingly, the answer from all or any of her townsmen would be ever the same, "'Tis the young widow of Bremen." And fair—very fair she still was; still looked she younger than many girls under twenty, though she had been the young widow of Bremen for seventeen years at least.

She had been married when a mere child; her husband died soon after the birth of his only son, and marriage seemed never to have dimmed the first freshness of her youth and beauty; so that when her son Hermann returned now and then from Jena, where he studied, and when he and his mother walked together, even her near neighbours thought rather of a brother and sister, than of a mother and her son. And he looked rather her older than younger brother, for Hermann, like his father, was of a thoughtful, deeply-channelled cast of features, whilst our widow had the light, sunny glance of a girl. So young, so handsome, and so fond of life and enjoyment, it seemed strange that

Mary had never married again. This was not for want of offers. Each suitor, however, met the same cold, civil repulse, and the same answer, in nearly the same words. She said that she could not love him. Indeed, the standing jest of her neighbours was, that Mary never looked serious save when refusing an offer.

Up to the period of our narrative, her life during her widowhood had been pure above the breath of scandal; but the same could not wholly be said of her married career. There were queer tales of a young Bavarian officer, whom her husband had found too familiar with his household on his return from a short absence, and whom he drove *an die degens spitze* out of Bremen; for Hermann Von Korper the older, was a man whom few dared to trifle with. But nothing more was ever made of this story than a mere domestic quarrel, and the early unblemished widowhood of Mary banished it from the memories of all save the very old, or the very scandalous.

Our narrative properly begins with the return of young Hermann home in the autumn. He was now eighteen—full of impetuous passions and feelings; just in this point resembling his father, though when nothing roused him, you would have thought him a quiet, melancholy, low-voiced youth.

The household of Mary Von Korper included a *Verwalter*, or land and house-steward—a sort of confidential manager, raised over all the other servants, and filling, in some sort, the place of master of her establishment. This office had long been filled by one who had entitled himself to the esteem of all the neighbours, and they all sorrowed greatly when old Muller was persuaded by his kind young mistress to better his fortune, by accepting a far higher service which she, unsolicited, procured for him. His place was filled by a wholly different sort of person, and filled so rapidly, that few knew of the change until the stranger was amongst them. Adolphe Brauer was a far younger man than his predecessor, but he was far less liked. Not because he was rude or haughty to the poor; on the contrary his manners were more than commonly courteous. But all this suavity wanted heartiness and sincerity, and he was feared rather than loved.

I knew the widow's family at this time, and with herself I was always on terms of the most friendly and confidential intercourse. Before this visit, I had been as kindly received by her son as was possible with one of his close and reserved character. Now, however, his manners were more than cold; they were absolutely repulsive.

Meanwhile, rumours began to circulate: first scattered and low-whispered—then more uniform and frequent—louder in voice and bolder in assertion, against the character of my fair neighbour. It was said that the new steward seemed high in his lady's confidence and favour; that he was admitted to many long and close private consultations with her; nay, even that *die junge Wittve* had been seen leaning on his arm in the open street; and sorely were the antique Misses Keppelcranick, time out of mind, the best modistes in Bremen, scandalized thereat. Out of this same walk had further arisen a most remarkable rencontre which was witnessed by Peter Snick the tailor, who lay *perdu* behind a high wall over which, now and then, he could peep with fear and trembling.

Hermann, who had left his mother's house for the day, but had returned home sooner than he had expected, on turning a corner into the

Bauerstrasse, met his mother leaning on the arm of Adolphe Brauer, they separated hastily, with fearful looks, the moment they saw him. Hermann merely gave his mother one stern glance; then springing on the steward, he seized him by the throat. Adolphe quailed before his fury; indeed, the steward was rather of a crafty nature than of boiling courage; and when his young master flung him from him, and ordered him home, he obeyed without a word. Hermann then, with a proud cold air, took his mother's arm, who looked more dead than alive; and both vanished from the terrified gaze of Peter Snick.

After this the fair widow was not often seen abroad; until an event occurred which filled the whole neighbourhood with wonder and discussion. The very day when young Hermann should have returned to Jena, Adolphe Brauer vanished as, completely as if the earth had gaped and swallowed him. The affrighted widow, on being asked by the servants, who waited for the steward's usual household orders, whether she knew what had become of him, merely shook her head and wept. She begged those most in her confidence to avoid mentioning the name of Brauer, for that her son had taken so deep a hatred to him, that the sound of it excited him to phrenzy. Hermann, however, soon made it known that he had sent Adolphe away, and that he would never return. He recalled the late steward, and stayed a day past the time he had intended, to welcome him home. All this time he was unusually merry; and set off for Jena in high spirits.

But a short interval had elapsed ere I remarked, with sorrow, that the widow's health and spirits grew worse from day to day. Whilst I was pondering over the propriety of writing to her son in Jena, an old man arrived suddenly in Bremen, begging to be directed to the widow Von Korper. He said he was Ludwig Brauer, the father of Adolphe her steward, and that he had come all the way from Weimar to see his son. When he heard that Adolphe had departed, some months before, no one knew whither, he displayed the greatest agitation and grief. In the end, a chapter of minute inquiries was addressed to Hermann, the only person of whom intelligence was to be sought; and until the answer could come from Jena, the restless and anxious stranger asked all the neighbours around for news of his son. But Adolphe Brauer was of a distant and reserved disposition, and had mentioned his designs to none. Yet some tidings of him were gleaned; though these were after all but scanty. Once more had Peter Snick, the tailor, been playing the listener.

None, save himself, had seen Adolphe on the day when he was suddenly missed. But at a very early hour, not long after sunrise, Peter, by some strange chance, happened to be passing the corner of this very wall here, at the back of the Widow Von Korper's residence—a lane very little frequented. Suddenly he came up to young Hermann, who stood in his morning gown and slippers. The young man was in a high fury; one hand grasped the collar of Adolphe Brauer, and the other held a stout oaken cudgel. What more passed, Peter Snick knew not. He feared being punished as an eaves-dropper, and sneaked back silently to Bremen.

Nothing would satisfy old Ludwig, but a visit to the very place where his son had been seen for the last time. Peter led him; and to the astonishment of all present, the old man, in sitting down on a stone, covered by high weeds, to rest, whilst Snick acted over his story on the very

spot, found something hidden amongst nettles and dock-weeds. It was a man's hat, crushed and broken, which, by a broad lace he wore, was remembered in a moment to have belonged to Adolphe Brauer!

Business called me to Lubec whilst these strange events were passing; and on my return some months after, I was aghast to learn that Hermann Von Korper was in prison, charged with the murder of Adolphe Brauer, and the concealment of the body. The proof rested principally on their known disagreement—the sudden disappearance of Brauer—the undenied story of Peter Snick, and the discovery of this hat on the very spot where their last quarrel was supposed to have taken place. The grand difficulty, which no inquiry threw any light upon, was to find how the body had been disposed of. To complete the chain of testimony, an expedient was resorted to which cannot be contemplated without horror. They examined the prisoner by torture! Young Hermann was laid upon a low iron bedstead, and his wrists and ankles passed through tight iron rings secured to the four posts. A heavy weight was placed upon his breast. Then the bed was drawn out of the frame by machinery, leaving his body supported by the wrists and ankles alone, and bearing this ponderous load. At first the great muscular force and symmetry of his frame endured this severe tension, and he suffered apparently but little. Soon, however, his limbs quivered violently; and huge drops started upon his forehead, and ran down in a stream to the floor.

Then the judge called aloud, asking him "Whether he would confess where he had hidden the body of Adolphe Brauer, whom he had murdered?" "You may kill me," cried Hermann, in a weak voice broken by agony, "but I die innocent, and have told you all the truth." From the strength displayed by the wretched young man, it was thought he had not suffered pain enough to break his obstinacy. Strong levers were applied to the four sides of the bed, by which his limbs were further strained. Hitherto he had suffered silently; now he scarcely stifled a shriek, and groaned heavily and incessantly. The executioner then brought a second heavy stone, and laid it over the other upon his breast. Human nature gave way: their barbarity had done its worst. He uttered a loud and piercing shriek, and trembled all over so violently, that the joints of his wrists broke. He became quite senseless. His mouth was wetted with a feather, to recal sensation, and the question repeated, but no sign of consciousness was returned. They were forced to end their horrid cruelty—and by many strong stimulants, with difficulty recalled him to life.

He was taken back to his prison, and left all night alone, barely furnished with some liquid to allay his fever, and keep his poor racked frame alive till morning. On the following day he was again brought up for examination. I was present; for I hoped to be able to bring some evidence in his favour; but I was little prepared for the cruel scene which followed. He was brought in, supported by two officers, looking so pale, so anguish-worn, that I could hardly recognize him. When he was brought near the terrible "bed of judgment," and compelled to touch it whilst he answered the questions put to him, his whole frame trembled like a leaf. He returned the same answer as before, and passionately called Heaven to witness that he was guiltless of the blood of Adolphe. The judges began to pity him, and obviously believed him innocent, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, when the counsel

for old Ludwig Brauer craved leave to examine another who had just arrived in Bremen. As soon as young Von Korper looked on this stranger, he half shouted aloud, and then turned his head away. The witness said his name was Ernest Hortsberg, son of the minister of a Lutheran church in Hamburg. He deposed that he was a fellow-student, intimate with young Hermann in Jena; that he had heard the prisoner, on receiving certain letters from Bremen, break out into the most violent and frightful imprecations against Adolphe Brauer, vowing to take his life.

Hermann prayed leave to ask this witness some few questions, when it appeared that they had been rivals for the affections of Sophia Meyer, daughter of the Greek professor at Jena, and that Hermann was the favoured lover; further, that they had fought two separate duels on this quarrel, in both of which young Hortsberg had been worsted. Though these discoveries threw some suspicion over the evidence, yet they seemed important enough to demand a second investigation, by putting "the question"—that is to say, by torture.

Who could paint the looks of young Hermann when this decision was announced, and he was once more asked "what become of Adolphe Brauer?" In a voice that went to my very heart, he called Heaven to witness that if he were torn alive joint from joint, he could not tell more than he had already revealed. They made ready again to tie him to the dreadful bed; but when they touched his swollen dislocated wrists, he fairly shrieked aloud, and earnestly called on God for the mercy which man denied. He was bound in the rack; and I had covered my eyes, and was prepared to rush out, for I could bear to see no more, when he called out wildly, that "if they would but untie him, and bring him water, he would confess all." I was thunderstruck on hearing these words, and stood fixed to the spot, looking on him in wonder. He spoke hurriedly and confusedly, and told some tale of his having had a quarrel with Brauer for supplanting his friend, old Muller. He said he made some pretext on that fatal morning for their going out early, to give him an opportunity to commit the murder; that a true account had been given by Peter Snick, soon after whose departure he struck Brauer heavily with a bludgeon, and killed him; that a pedlar happening to pass with a pack-horse, he bribed him to take away the body, and that he had never seen the man again, and did not know how he disposed of it; but finding the steward's hat left in the hurry by the pedlar, where it had fallen in the scuffle, he hid it amongst the weeds, just as the old man found it. Having signed this confession, he was taken back to prison.

For some time after he was gone I stood as one stupified; my ears tingled as if I had been hearing the dizzy sounds of a dream, or of delirium. Was young Hermann, then, really a murderer? Impossible! I had known him from a child! But his own confession! I resolved instantly to see him in prison; and though all approach of his friends was denied to him, by a heavy bribe, I obtained that very morning admission to his cell.

When I approached the stone on which he lay heavily manacled, and looked on his sickly emaciated features, I could feel only pity for him, and should have stretched out my hand to him had he been guilty of a hundred murders; but he shrank from me, and hid his face. "You are kind," said he faintly; "but I cannot bear to see you—I am not

worthy of the light." "There is forgiveness," I replied, "for all sin which is repented of; and there may have been some palliation for yours—sudden passion—an accidental blow"—he instantly sprang up to the full stretch of his shackles. "You surely *cannot* think that I killed him?" cried he. "*Your own* voice said it," I replied. He answered in low and half-choked accents, "God pardon me! What could I do? I should have died beneath their hands. The very sight of that rack maddened me. I could not bear that second torture (holding up his crushed hands). I said all they wanted, for leave to die in peace; but to stain my fair name—to be beheaded as a murderer—to die with a lie on my lips! God pardon me! My poor, poor mother!"

I now saw the whole truth; and my heart bled with indignation and sorrow. I vowed I would make his innocence appear: it was impossible his judges could be wicked enough to condemn him. He shook his head mournfully, and begged I would comfort his mother.

All my efforts—all that man could do was vain. His own hand had sealed his fate. He was convicted, and—executed.

I will hasten over what I cannot bear to think of. He died resigned and firm. Up to the very last moment he told no one of his real confession to me. But just ere his eyes were bound, he turned to the multitude, and cried loudly, "That for the sake of his father's name, and his mother, who yet lived, he would not die without raising his voice to declare before God that he died innocent of blood—that in the madness of torture and agony he had confessed to utter falsehoods merely to procure ease, for which he implored Heaven to pardon him!" Then he prayed in silence, and waited for the death-blow.

His poor mother pined daily. She could not be prevailed upon to stir into the open air; and if she had now been seen as of old, gliding along the ramparts, few would have recognized in her wasted features the young widow of Bremen.

There was another sad page in this unhappy story. She received a parcel from Jena, which contained a small box, and a letter from Franz Meyer, the Greek professor. His daughter Sophia was dead; her last care had been to make up this little packet—her last request that he would send it when she died, to Mary Von Korper. It contained young Hermann's portrait, and a note from poor Sophia. She said that she sent her lover's features to the only one now on earth who knew how to love them; and that she prayed with her parting breath, that Heaven might bring her to join them where his innocence would be known to all, as it was now known to them alone.

It was many years before Mary Von Korper crossed her threshold. At last I prevailed on her to walk slowly about the neighbourhood of her house. She seemed slowly sinking into the grave; and her physician told her that exercise was her only chance of life. One morning she expressed a wish to cross some fields at the back of her house, where there was a seat, in a beautiful little woodland, of which she used to be fond. We proceeded onwards; as we slowly passed the corner of this wall here, where the fatal scuffle between Hermann and young Brauer had taken place so long before, I saw an officer—standing on this very spot, his arms folded, looking towards us. Mary was then leaning on me, holding her face down; and just before she lifted her head to speak to me, I was shocked to feel how light was her emaciated frame, though I was then bearing her whole weight. As she raised and turned her

head, her eyes fell full on the stranger's features: she gave him one wild earnest look, shrieked, and sank lifeless in my arms. The stranger sprang forwards to hold her. "Lay her on the grass," said he, "she has only fainted; run to the house for water, and I will support her."

When I came back she was sitting on the grass, leaning on the stranger, whom she introduced to me as Ernest Von Harstenleit, a friend of her early days, whom she had not seen for a long—long time; the sudden meeting, she said, had been too great a shock for her weak frame. I begged her to let us take her home, that she might rest, and quiet her fevered nerves. We proceeded thither—the stranger and I supporting her between us. When we entered she appeared unable to bear up a moment longer, and called, faintly, for water. Old Muller, who had watched her return with much anxiety, came himself to attend on her. She looked wildly but significantly at him, and then at me—pointed to the stranger, and gasped out rather than spoke—"Seize him! He is Adolphe; Adolphe, for whom my boy was murdered!" She fainted as the words left her lips, and we were running towards her, when a quick movement of the stranger warned us not to let him escape. The undefined feeling which had made me gaze so earnestly upon him was fully explained. He was, indeed, Adolphe Brauer, for whose supposed murder my poor young friend had been executed! The conspiracy to procure the death of young Hermann, by this false accusation, was clearly brought home to him, and he was executed for it; but the accomplice who had appeared as his father, escaped detection. The poor widow only survived for a few days the shock of this sudden discovery; and from his confession, and her disclosure to me, just before her death, the tissue of this strange and mournful story was made complete.

Ernest Von Harstenleit was the Bavarian officer, of whom mention was made in the beginning of my story. Mary confessed that her husband's suspicions were not groundless. During his absence her heart had been won by the stranger, and when he returned, she had forgotten her duty and was in Ernest's power. Her husband's fury drove Von Harstenleit ignominiously from the town; and he fled, no one knew whither. During his absence, it appeared by his own confession, that the wretch had employed a woman, since but too notorious throughout Germany, who entered Von Korper's service as cook, merely to poison him.

It was long ere the officer ventured again on the scene; but in his new character of steward he soon regained his ascendancy over the widow, who had no suspicion of his agency in her husband's death. Indeed, I suspect, he was the only man she ever really loved. The fury of young Hermann, who discovered their attachment, drove away the disguised steward; and the scene that ensued, happened just as poor Hermann had confessed—save in the catastrophe.

Burning with hatred, Adolphe fled wounded, and without his hat, which had been struck off in the struggle. He resumed the military dress which he had worn previous to his assuming the disguise of a steward, and Adolphe Brauer was now no more. With the malice of a fiend, Ernest devised the plot, which, by the aid of a suborned villain, brought poor Hermann to the scaffold. He would have remained undetected, had he not madly thought Mary's love would follow him through every depth of crime. No eye but hers could recognize him, and on her he relied undoubtingly.

But though the sanctuary of her affections had been polluted—though

even to the last her love remained, and the struggle killed her, Mary Von Korper shrank with horror from the assassin of her son. To clear his memory, she gave up her guilty love; but it was twined in the very heart-strings of her life, and she survived not the sacrifice.

This is the spot, (said the old man, turning to the travellers,) where the murder was alleged to have been committed; and here Mary begged me with her last breath to put up this tablet, that the stranger might learn, and the inhabitant never forget, that this history is mournfully true, and no idle legend.

CURIOSITIES OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

WHILE the rapid physical developement of the Russian empire, has powerfully arrested the attention of our speculative statesmen, it is singular how little is known in this country of the intellectual progress of that northern nation. Her gigantic military resources, the grasping ambition and Scythian energy of her government, are subjects that have been treated *usque ad nauseam*; but of her literature we absolutely know little or nothing—and still continue to regard as barbarians a people in a state of singular, moral, and physical developement. It would be unjust to attribute this ignorance to a want of curiosity on the part of the reading public of England—it proceeds from a far different cause, from the absence of all sources of information. Our national library, whether arising from the incapacity of its presiding junta, or from the slender nature of its pecuniary resources, is lamentably deficient in the productions of foreign mind. Scarcely a work of any celebrity published on the continent, within the last fifteen or twenty years, is to be found in the collection.

The birth of Russian literature was as sudden as that of the natural day of a tropical climate. No “pale gradations” harbingered its approach.

Russian literature has had two beginnings very distant from each other. The first, which almost immediately followed the translation of the Bible into the Slavonian tongue, she owes to the Byzantine empire, and the Norman scalds. The examples of France, of Germany, and of our own country determined the second. The interval between these two periods was marked by the Tartar conquest, an event as fatal to the intellectual progress as to the national independence of the Russian people.

The first of these eras dates from the tenth and eleventh centuries, and it is incontestable that at that period, Russia, so far from being in the rear of the other European countries, had already outstripped them in literary cultivation—and it would afford matter for much curious speculation, whether this northern empire, but for the fatal battle of Kalka, and the disastrous subjugation entailed thereby, would not at this moment occupy the highest point in the scale of European civilization.

But in order to justly appreciate the value of this first period of developement, we must await till the literary men of Russia have brought to light some of the ten thousand manuscripts that are buried, almost beyond the reach of investigation, in their convents. So

enshrouded in darkness are the earliest efforts of this ancient literature, that we with difficulty discover the name of *Boiani*, "the nightingale of the olden times." However melodious and brilliant may have been the songs of this first poet, they died with him, or rather they but faintly exist in the old traditions. The deeds of St. Vladimir and his heroes, inspired a great number of poets, and the round table of this first great Christian prince was not then less celebrated than that of our famous King Arthur. However, all the romances and ballads of that period are not entirely lost, and the exploits of Dobrina Nikititch, of *Tchourilo Plenkovitch*, and others, live yet in some heroic poems, and especially in the popular stories; conveyed from tongue to tongue through many generations, they constitute the delight of millions. Their wild and plaintive melody enlivens the steps of the traveller across the dreary steppes of the Ukraine, and forms the pastime of the peasantry through the long dreary nights of their hyperborean winter. The courage of Felipater and of Maximus, the nuptials of *Derguierva*, the rape of Stratigovna, the History of Imogrip, Tsar of the Adorians, such are the favourite subjects of the Sclavonian Troubadours, whose lyres inspired by the miracles of Paganism, could not totally divest themselves of the mythology of the Sclavi, which, in the romantic and poetical composition of its elements, rivals even that beautiful creation of the imagination that we owe to the more genial climate of Asia Minor, and ancient Greece.

A very pretty poem of the beginning of the twelfth century has happily been preserved, but the name of the author has perished. It is a discourse on the army of Igor, consecrated to the relation of the expedition which that prince undertook against the *Poloistses*, who made him prisoner and defeated the army. The Chronicle, or the Annals of Nestor, a monk of the *Petcherskii* convent of Kief (1056 a 1116) belongs to the same era; independent of its high historical importance, this chronicle possesses some literary merit—the narratives, animated by the powerful interest of the subject, assume, at times, a dramatic character, and breathe throughout a spirit of the purest benevolence and exalted piety. Silvester, Bishop of Pereiaslavl, and two other anonymous writers, continued them unto the year 1203. This is all that has been saved of the early literature of Russia, the progress of which was untimely arrested by the invasion of Tchinguis Khan, but these relics prove how extensively Byzantine erudition was spread in Russia, and lead us at the same time, to the well-founded hypothesis, that they were not its only fruits.

At the period of the Tartar invasion, letters took refuge in the cloister, where, for the space of two centuries, they remained shut up, to which we are indebted for a series of annals that leaves no hiatus in the history of Russia.

Two years after the battle of Kalka (1226) died St. Simon, Bishop of Souzdal, who left behind him some very important annals; the St. Sophia Chronicle, and the Book of Degrees (*stépennaiakniga*), are considerably posterior to them, and the interval between them is filled up, but by translations from the Greek into the Sclavonian, by some books of prayer and puerile stories, dignified with the name of history. Such were the dying efforts of a literature that commenced under such brilliant auspices. But in the midst of this barbarism, we still admire

the eloquence of Vassian, Archbishop of Rostof, of Photius, Metropolitan of Moscow and of some other prelates.

It was under the reign of Ivan IV., Vassilivitch, that letters again dawned on the literary horizon of Russia—the printing establishment with which he enriched Moscow, contributed but inconsiderably to it; but he founded several schools, and laid the foundation of a brilliant futurity. To the Romanofs it is, however, that this empire owes its regeneration. They commenced by some feeble attempts in the drama, such as dramatizing the history of the Bible, in order to have them represented by the young Semenarists of Kief, during their holidays. Simeon de Polotsk, hieromonaki and preceptor of Fædor Alexeievitch (1628-1680), especially distinguished himself in this style of composition, and the Princess Sophia Alexeievna caused several of them to be represented by the young nobility of the court. His Neboukadnazar and his prodigal son are much celebrated.

Poland, the very language of which it is at present the detestable policy of the Russian government to extirpate, served as a model to the Russian writers, and from this moment, we find in Russia an attempt at metre, based upon the rules of the prosody of the ancients, the translation of Molière's "*Médecin Malgre Lui*." Uric was a phenomenon that occurred shortly after; Sophia ordered it to be immediately represented, which was followed by an attempt to naturalize several other French pieces. In fact, it was at this period that flourished Dimitri, Metropolitan of Rostof (1651-1709), who greatly improved the Russian prose, and whose style was then considered as a model of purity and elegance.

The reign of Peter the First, marks the commencement of the second period, already remarkable in its origin; this new literature at the expiration of a century, had made the most rapid progress. The impulse proceeded from the Czar himself, he stimulated the ambition of his countrymen into a rivalry with foreigners, whose productions he widely circulated, and caused to be published a great number of Russian translations of foreign works, principally French. By simplifying the alphabet, and encouraging the language of the vulgar at that period, even so different from the Slavonian used by men of letters, he placed literature within the reach of a greater number of individuals, while he deprived at the same time, the clergy of their monopoly. By founding an academy and several schools, he diffused a taste for letters, while growing talent was sure to find in him a munificent protector. In these labours he was powerfully seconded by the Archbishop Theophani Procopovitch (1681-1736), who has been justly styled the Mæcenas of the reign of Peter the Great. A prose writer, and a poet, this prelate established more especially his literary reputation, by the funeral oration which he delivered at the death of the Czar, a discourse which has constituted him the father of the pulpit eloquence of his country. Three men flourished at the same period, who carried Russian literature, of which they were the first great masters, to a high degree of splendour.

Prince Antiochus Kantemir (1709-1744), the son of a hospodar of Moldavia, and himself Russian ambassador at London and Paris, was one of the most distinguished men of his age, and would, without doubt, have covered himself with glory, had not a premature death abridged his honourable career. Independently of a vast number of translations, he left behind him some odes, some fables, and particularly

some satires, that place him on an equality with Horace and Boileau. This was a brilliant prelude, but it was not from the gilded halls of the palace, that the creator of Russian poetry and prose was destined to spring; it was from beneath the humble roof of a peasant's hut. Michel Vassiliévitch Lomonassof (1711-1765) became the father of Russian literature, by bringing back the language to that purity from which it had departed, by a too servile imitation of its foreign models, by composing a grammar and a treatise on eloquence, by laying down the rules of versification, and by giving the example of a simple, correct, and elegant style, and, lastly, by offering to his countrymen a model of beautiful verses and of every species of poetry from the *Epopœa* to the *Idylle*. His erudition was immense, for the period in which he flourished; his *Ode to Peace*, and his translation of the *Psalms of David*, are justly admired.

Soumaroknof (1718—1777) also attempted every species of poetry, but it is to Melpomene that he owes his reputation, and he is justly considered as the father of the Russian drama; it is true, that long anterior to his time, dramatised scriptural pieces had been represented, as well as German and Italian pieces, at the theatre of St. Petersburg; but, till he appeared, there existed not a single national comedy or tragedy. It will, therefore, be easy to conceive the sensation caused in 1750 by the first representation of *Khoref*, which was played at a private theatre. Fœdor Volkof (1729—1764), the son of a merchant, and director of the first company of Russian players, brought out this tragedy, and his talent as an actor powerfully contributed to its success. The Empress Elizabeth sent for Volkof and his companions to court, in order to play before her this tragedy, and so delighted was this princess with the production, that she erected a national theatre of which the poet became director, and Volkof the first actor; they brought out successively, *Hamlet*, *Sinaf et Truvor*, the pretender *Dimitrii*, *Zemira*, and other tragedies, as well as some comedies by Soumarokof, the best of which may be seen in the French translation of Papadopoulo.

Michel Matveievitch Cherashof, Nicolai Nikititch Popofskiv-Petrof, and Trédiakofski succeeded him, the first (1733—1807) elicited for a long time the admiration of his contemporaries, by two epic poems, the *Rossiade* and *Vladimor*, and his tragedy of *Pojarskoi*; but he out-lived his reputation. Popofsky, the translator of Pope's *Essay on Man*, died young. Petrof (1736—1799) is celebrated for his translation of the *Æneid* and for his *Odes*. Trédiakofski rendered the most eminent services to the national literature, by his translations, and by naturalizing the Greek and Roman metres. His *Telemachus*, in verse, however, proved a failure.

If the reigns of Elizabeth and of Ann were illustrated by some splendid efforts of genius; if owing to their imperial patronage literature advanced from its state of infancy, it was under the reign of the great Catherine that it attained its full blown maturity. A host of great writers distinguished this period, while the Empress, ardent in the encouragement of talent of every species, saw her effort crowned by the glory of her country, which was reflected upon herself: it is under this reign that were published, the Russian histories of Prince *Khilkof* and of *Tatichtchef*; it was to please their imperial mistress, that Prince *Catcherbatof*, Boltine, and Golikof, composed theirs; in short, it was Catherine

who inspired a great number of poets, whose productions are always read with admiration.

To this reign belongs Kostrof, (1796), author of a translation of the *Iliad*, in Alexandrine verses, and of Ossian's poems. Hippolite Bogdanovitch, (1743—1803), celebrated by his poem, the *Douchenka* (*Psyche*); the sensation which this beautiful production excited in Russia was extraordinary; it went rapidly through several editions; in fact, it would be difficult to find a Russian who can read, that has not got by heart whole passages of the *Douchenka*.

Khemnister, whose fables are still read with pleasure, even since the appearance of those of Krylof-Ablessimof, author of the first national *Vaudeville*, "*Malnick, or the Miller*," a faithful delineation of the manners of the people. Denis Von Vessine, he published a series of popular tales, written in a style of peculiar elegance, and two comedies, "*The Spoiled Child*" and his "*Brigadier*," which place him far above Soumarokof.

Gabriel Derjavine, (1743—1816), the Russian poet par excellence, belongs also to the reign of the great Catherine, although he flourished also under that of Alexander; the highest offices of state were incapable of diverting him from cultivating the muses, for which nature had peculiarly fitted him, by the originality and the inexhaustible fertility of his imagination. His celebrated *Ode to God* (*Oda Bog*), breathing a high and sublime spirit, full of divine inspiration, written with a pen of fire, and glowing with the brightness of heaven, as it has been finely remarked by his translator, has been successively translated into the Japanese and Chinese languages.

But the reign of Alexander was even more brilliant—the number of writers went on increasing, and Russia at length found her bard and her historian.

Vladislof Oserof, (1770—1816), by composing his *Dimitrii Donskoi*, a tragedy, in five acts, and *Fingal*, in three acts, created new resources for the scenic art in Russia; by his side may be placed Krioukofski, whose tragedy, in verse, of *Pojarskoi*, is one of the most brilliant ornaments of the Russian stage. Vassili Kopineste, 1756—1823), who owed his reputation rather to the success of his comedy "*Jabeda*," than to his tragedy of *Antigonus*, and to the collection of Lyric poems that appeared at St. Petersburg in 1806: and lastly, Prince Chakhofshoi, the author of several tragedies, comedies, operas, and vaudevilles, independent of his "*Rape of the Pelisse*," a mock heroic poem of singular beauty.

Lyric poetry has been also cultivated with the greatest success by many poets.

Nickolai Karamzine (1756—1826) obtained, at an early age, a distinguished reputation by his lyrical compositions, but it was more particularly in the service of *Clio* that he immortalized himself, and that his influence on the Russian prose became decisive.

Vassili Jonkofski, born in 1783, and to whose care the education of the heir-apparent is at this moment confided, has treated with great success several national subjects. His *Minstrel in the camp of the Russian Warriors*, written on the eve of the battle of *Taroutina*, is decidedly the most popular modern production in Russia. It breathes throughout a martial ardour, a lofty patriotism, that went immediately to the hearts of the Russian soldiery. His translations of Schiller merit the highest praise.

Constantine Boliouchkof, celebrated for his *Elegy on Tasso*; and Alexander Voieikof, the translator of "*Les Jardins de Dellile*," and of the *Georgics*, into hexameter verse.

In epic poetry, Russia possesses, at this very moment, three writers worthy of fixing the public attention. Nicolas Gneditch, by his translation of the *Iliad* in hexameter verse, has thrown into the shade that of Kostrof. He has also attempted, with equal success, other styles of composition. His *Idyll of the Fisherman*, is particularly deserving of praise, as well as his translations of Shakspeare's *King Lear*, and of Voltaire's *Tancréd*.

Ivan Koslof, the Byron of Russia—his style is marked by the most impassioned tenderness. His *Monk* displays extraordinary talent; which was followed by a beautiful translation of the *Bride of Abydos*, that preserves all the spirit and beauty of the original.

Alexander Pouchkine, the present favourite of the Russian public—this writer would rank still higher, if his brilliant imagination was ripened by reflection and study. To his epic poems he owes his greatest success. His first production was *Rousslan and Loudemilla*, a comic heroic poem, the subject of which is taken from the old fabulous traditions of the Court of Vladimir the Great. This poet is scarcely thirty years of age, and his independence of character is equal to his genius.

The Russians possess an extraordinary talent for a species of composition, in which Russian poetry possesses treasures more varied than that of any other nation. In Khemnister, Dimitrieif, and especially Krylof, even the delightful *La Fontaine*, did he live, might own rivals worthy of his emulation. But among all the writers of the present age, the palm must be adjudged to Karamzine, the second father of the Russian language. His *Letters of a Russian Traveller* have exercised a powerful influence on the studies of his fellow countrymen. His articles in the *Mercury* and other journals, have contributed to form their taste and direct their meditations. His *History of the Russian Empire*, which death prevented him finishing, is an immortal monument, in which the language appears to be brought to its highest pitch of perfection.

The merit of Alexander Chichkof (1750), President of the Russian Academy, and Minister of Public Instruction, may be less splendid, but it is not less real. His treatise upon the ancient and modern style, has wonderfully contributed to purify the taste and perfect the language, to the etymology of which he consecrated a valuable portion of his life. By his side we may place Thaddeus Boulgarin, the Walter Scott of the north. He was first known by some articles which he published in a journal conjointly with Gretch, a distinguished writer. An elaborate critique of the works of this author has appeared in the *Foreign Quarterly*; and we believe a translation of his novels has been made into English.

The clergy, who were formerly in the exclusive possession of the patrimony of letters, play at the present moment but a secondary part in Russia. There are, however, many men of this order who have highly distinguished themselves, and whose talents have increased the literary glory of their country.

Before closing this article, we shall devote a few words to the Russian language. It belongs to the great family of the Slavonian tongues, which are spoken from the Adriatic Sea to the coasts of North America. Its origin is lost in the night of ages, but its qualities are varied and

important. It is flexible, harmonious, majestic—abundant in rhythms, rich in compounds—possessing all the elements of poetry, and may with ease be adapted to every species of versification. In fact, it is equally fitted, by the peculiar elegance of its diction, to become the language of the court; and by its copiousness and happy construction, to be the interpreter of philosophy and belles-lettres. The Russian Academy has published two dictionaries, an etymological and an alphabetical. The latter forms six volumes.

Compared to those of other states, the intellectual resources of Russia are without doubt slender; still as an integral and essential part of the European system, co-heiress of a long experience, acquired by other nations more advanced than herself, this northern empire is much more advanced in cultivation than is generally supposed. Thus do we find at Petersburg, Moscow, Riga, and Odessa, all that science, art, industry and luxury have produced in the different countries of Europe; and even Asia offers, at the fairs of Orenbourg, Astrakan, and Nivgni Novogorod, its most costly productions.

If, however, we may say that the two capitals are on a level with the spirit of the age, it must be confessed that civilization is unequally diffused over this vast country. It is to be met with in every degree, from the elaborate cultivation of the court, to the absolute barbarism of the steppes of Tartary. Yet, when we consider the rapid progress which Russia has made in so short a time, we cannot help having better hopes, for her and for all Europe, than her present position under the sway of the "miscreant-monarch," Nicholas, might lead us to entertain. If the people were as ignorant, as depraved, and as despicable as the government, the star of Polish independence might be said to be dimmed for ever; as it is, the evil is but of a day. Liberty must grow up hand in hand with enlightenment; and Russia must go on, reaping the liberal harvest which the seeds of literature and education are gradually producing among her people.

RIFLEMEN OF THE ALPS.

THE lofty, and almost inaccessible mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol, their narrow, crooked defiles, tremendous precipices, and craggy rocks, covered for the most part with the yew and the fir-tree, afford secure and favorable positions for the unerring riflemen who inhabit these wild and awful scenes. The wife, too, partaking of the fierce spirit of patriotism which animates her husband, accompanies him to the battle-field; armed, like himself, with a rifle, she charges and presents it to her husband, thus enabling him to keep up a constant and destructive fire upon the bewildered foe, equally afraid to advance or to retreat.

Before I proceed to describe the trial of skill to which I was an eye witness, it may be as well to say a few words respecting the weapon itself. The barrels, which are manufactured at St. Etienne, near Lyons, in the south of France, and also at Liege, in the north, towns long celebrated for the excellence of their fire-arms, are about three feet in length, and of great solidity, weighing each, independently of the stock and lock, about seven pounds. They are rifled with great accuracy from muzzle to breech, and carry a ball, of two-and-twenty to the Swiss pound of eighteen ounces. The stock is formed in a peculiar manner,

being much curved, and having projections of two inches in length protruding from each extremity of the shoulder-plate, which afford an additional firmness when taking aim, and steady the weapon, by sticking into the turf, &c. during the operation of charging. The lock, a detonator, is furnished with a hair trigger of a singular construction, and arranged with such nicety, that I have seen a rifleman discharge his piece by blowing upon it slightly with his lips. Though not altogether finished in the exquisite style of the best fowling-pieces of London or Paris, one of the first description, with patent breech, Damascus barrel, &c. would by most persons be esteemed a handsome weapon. They may be purchased in Switzerland as low as four louis; I saw a superb gun, with which the owner, in my presence, struck the small peg which served to fix the cord in the centre of the target, four times out of six shots, at two hundred paces, offered on the ground for 5*l.* 10*s.*, though twenty sovereigns would not have purchased a similar thing in England.

Strolling, with my fishing-rod, in the latter end of the month of May, along the banks of the Vervayse, an impetuous torrent which descends from the mountains and enters the lake of Geneva, near the picturesque little town of Vevay, I had halted for at least the twentieth time, to admire the magnificent landscape that surrounded me, when suddenly the notes of a distant bugle arrested my attention. The sounds sweetly floating on the breeze, and echoed from cliff to cliff, were in perfect harmony with a scene where nature, sometimes imposing and sublime, sometimes soft and smiling, displays herself under every captivating variety of form. The deep blue glassy surface of the lake, on which not a ripple was discernible; its enchanting shores, covered with towns, villages, and chateaus; the dark and sombre rocks of *Mellerie*, the lofty mountains of the *Valais*; the glaciers of the *Pain de Sucre*; the superb Alps, thickly studded with farms and cultivation near the base, but bare and rugged towards their summits, form an inexhaustible variety of scenery of the most exquisite beauty.

The bugle again sounded, followed by two or three shots, then by several in succession. On inquiring of a peasant, I understood a party of riflemen were shooting at the target for a prize, on the banks of the little lake of Brai. Quickening my pace, I soon arrived at the spot. It is a beautiful piece of water, about a league in circumference, and well stocked with various kinds of fish, particularly trout and perch. On the green and sunny banks, that fall with a gentle slope to the water's edge, were fixed three targets (here called *cibles*), two of them white, with black circles, the third, or middle one, entirely black, excepting the small white mark in the centre. On the opposite side of the lake, upon a green knoll, overshadowed by an enormous walnut-tree, above which floated the national standard, of white and green, were stationed about twenty marksmen, habited in the latter colour; while others, with their rifles slung upon their shoulders, were rapidly descending the neighbouring eminences, to swell the merry group. Tables ranged in the back-ground were loaded with bottles, glasses, hunting-bags, balls, powder-flasks, ramrods, and all the other necessary implements of *charging*.

Beside each target stood a marker, carelessly leaning his hand upon its outer rim, and at about three paces distant, upon the grass, sat two children. It being the first of these meetings at which I had been present, I naturally expected to see both parties retreat to a secure distance before the firing was renewed. My astonishment was not unmingled with terror, on seeing one of the party walk up to the barrier, that served

as a standing-place for the shooters, and, after placing a detonating cap on the nipple of his rifle, take aim, and fire. Several others followed. I distinctly heard each ball strike and penetrate the target, the marker coolly remaining in the same position, with the children sitting by his side! The first shot was an elderly gentleman, apparently about sixty years of age; time, however, appeared to have in nowise dimmed the keenness of his eye. After discharging his rifle, he immediately testified the highest glee, and with an accuracy for which I can by no means account, indicated the exact spot where his shot had penetrated. "*C'est dans le centre, c'est dans le centre; pas mauvais, au contraire, bien bon,*" exclaimed he, which the marker confirmed by taking off his hat, and making the veteran marksman a low bow; then falling on the ground, he lay a few moments in that position, and rising, placed his white staff upon the exact spot where the ball had entered. A peg of wood, a supply of which lay under each target, was then driven into the hole, and the firing recommenced. Three-fourths of those present shot with astonishing accuracy; none missed the target, and nearly all drove their balls directly into the centre at each discharge.

The Swiss are, in general, a very kind-hearted, hospitable people. Though a perfect stranger to the party, I received frequent invitations to share their wine, and more than one individual loaded his rifle, that I might try my skill at the mark. On the conclusion of the day's sport, I requested permission to bring away the circular piece of pasteboard painted in rings, that covered the face of the target. I have it still in my possession, and surely it presents a specimen of ball-shooting to which perhaps America alone could produce an equal.

On quitting the ground, which I did with regret, the party marched off in regular order, each with his rifle slung, the bugle-man at their head playing the Tyrolese song of liberty, which the whole body continued chaunting until they separated at the entrance of the town.

The targets, which are thickly studded over the face of this charming country, (every village having its society,) are about three feet in diameter, and eight inches in thickness, being formed of a round cut from the trunk of a large fir-tree, and covered with pasteboard. Yet, such is the amazing force with which the bullet is projected from this formidable description of fire-arms, that the mass of wood is frequently perforated at two hundred paces. The powder is strong, but very coarse, each grain being about the size of what is termed snipe-shot in England. They load with great accuracy, using a graduated charger, and a small piece of greased cotton or punched card for wadding.

Every peasant possesses a rifle, and is a good shot. I well recollect reading in a Liverpool newspaper, about five years since, of a man who, for a trifling recompence, allowed another to aim with a cross-bow at a drinking-glass placed upon his head, at the distance of twelve paces. The shooter broke the glass, without injuring in the slightest degree the individual who acted target. This feat was considered as an extraordinary instance of foolhardiness in the one, and of skill in the other. Yet marksmen are to be found in Switzerland, who, placing an individual at two hundred paces distant, with a five-franc piece held between his thumb and fore-finger, will strike it repeatedly, without the spectators testifying the smallest apprehension that the shooter may miss his mark. The Rifle Corps belonging to the *Pays de Vaud*, use for a target the painted figure of an Indian hunter, armed with a bow, and having a

monkey perched on the branch of a tree by his side. A small white mark is fixed in the centre of the Indian's face, breast, arms, and thighs; the shooter, who is placed at the distance of fifteen hundred feet, indicates the particular spot at which he proposes to aim before he discharges his piece. If, missing the man, (which rarely happens) he strikes the monkey, a small fine is levied, by way of punishment. I have seen one of these painted figures, with the whole central part of the body, about the region of the heart, completely beaten out, while every other portion of the target, especially the monkey, remained untouched.

A. H.

THE TABLE D'HÔTE.

A PAPER OF MY UNCLE'S.

Hope, Fortune's cheating lotteric,
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
Fond archer, Hope, who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are;
'Thin empty cloud, which the eye deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives!
A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears!
When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
By *ignus fatui* for north stars we sail.

COWLEY.—*The Mistress.*

It not unusually happens, that when men of a capricious temper are at variance with society, they believe themselves infallibly in love with solitude; and, as a repudiated or incensed lover will fly to the antipodes of previous predilection, to vex, if possible, the last divinity he worshipped—so, “the stricken deer,” of human intercourse betakes himself unregretted to experiments of loneliness and isolation. It is somewhat unfortunate that we cannot reform our fellow-creatures according to the last suggestions of our will; and equally unfortunate it is, that when we see this absolute impossibility, we should not endeavour by concession, by conciliation, and other social methods, to reduce those inconveniences, which never yield to violent reproach or cynical disgust. It is a desperate expedient, truly, to forsake the manifest advantages and comfort of the sphere that we have lived in, and while affecting to chastise the world for its misuse of us, to superadd to it the poignancy of self-vexation, and to enlarge our sorrows while we render them ridiculous.

I could not refrain from these remarks, on reading an eccentric paper of my uncle's; of a personage, respecting whom I have a word to say. He has been variously misrepresented; his identity has been as variously declared; notwithstanding, it is most unlikely he will ever be distinctly known; if he *should* be so, his memory must answer for the utterance of some few hasty notions. On a late occasion, he was rated as the vilifier of a town; his fantastic rhapsody was treated as a systematic satire; aided by the conscience of the few, and the startled vanity of the many, the trivial expressions of his anger were absolutely magnified into opinions of deliberate reproach. This pained him; and, I believe, that if his “diary” conferred *one pang*, he would have heartily lamented it. His

vein might be sarcastic and capricious; precipitate and prejudiced; at times atrabilarius; but he never harboured rancour, never meditated insult, far less slanderous malignity. The censure of the minor vices and the greater follies was his object. Had he chosen his own character, he would have selected that which the fortunate diction of Mr. Hazlitt, with equal elegance and justice, gave to Gay—"He was a satirist without gail." He was candid—almost to simplicity; and looked on expiation as the most incumbent act of moral rectitude. He is now no more, and thus much certainly is due to him; the memory of such a compound should exist of no ingredients but those which formed a part of him. Little did he think that his effusions would appear in print; for had he destined them for publication, they would have been uttered with *his name*. But he "affected not the author;" though he had sufficient scholarship and reading to penetrate the gossamer disguise of those pretending scholiasts who deal in the disfigured thoughts of other people, and astonish ignorance, at times, with the pedantic mummery of their vocabulary studies. No—he was none of those degraded and unprincipled panders to abuse, who imagine that laborious fingers, an unfeeling heart, and worthless reputation, are the means and safeguard of what is called, among the scrubs, a "literary character;" he was no dabbler in the filth of anonymous detraction, of subsidized invective; none of the inferior "we;" no paid hireling, who lived but

"To laud the base, and vilify the good."

His errors were his own—they arose alike from prejudice and prepossession—a wild scattering of intermingled faults and foibles—the vigorous and perishable produce of a warm, exuberant, but unregulated heart. Among his characteristics as a youth, my uncle owned a striking versatility of talent and inconstancy of purpose; and this habit of his mind (if habit ought so changeable may be defined) have left him, at the age of forty, unsettled in pursuit as on the day when he emerged from academic discipline. His after life was one of hopes and projects, and in the numerous constructions of his *châteaux en Espagne*, he hit on the experiment of one in France; a country which, happily, is daily better known to us, and in which the natural bounty of the soil is equitably apportioned to the meritorious nature of its people. My uncle's narrative of passing facts, though ludicrous, supplies a commentary on a mind of mutability, and shows, with some effect, how many seeming evils may be banished by a little patient meditation, and how easily a state of captious disappointment may be converted into one of pure quiescence and content.

My uncle had been some time stationed in a fortified town, the resort of many English, urged to emigration by the pressure of their circumstances: furthermore, allured by the opportunities extended to a family of living in abundance on the residuary pittance of a diminished fortune, and of giving to its children that education, which would have been in England utterly unattainable under such reduction of their means. As judicious economists, they appreciated these advantages, and led a life of great decorum, quietude, and happiness; in all, conforming to the customs of their French acquaintance, and improving life by all the numerous suavities, which no people can reciprocate with more agreeable alacrity than our new associates on the other side *la Manche*. Not so the random youths, who, owning the divine attraction of cheap wines

and brandy, come to see at what diminished rate they could consume a being destined to the high prerogative of smoking, drinking, billiards, and abandoned laziness.

The *table d'hôte*, at which the looser quality of English took their daily meal, was honoured with my uncle's presence; in fact, he was *en pension*; and as he had severely suffered on various occasions from yielding to the impulse of a first impression, however repugnant to his character, the style and conduct of certain members of the mess, he resolved to try if they did not improve on more mature acquaintance.

The experiment of three good months, had left my uncle as remote as ever from the latent merits of his mess-mates; and, on the last occasion of his dining in their company, the party was composed of the ingredients now to be enumerated. Two gentlemanly, tranquil Frenchmen; an East Indian, vulgarly denominated "a Nabob," who had gone to France in quest of culinary luxury, and on the usual experiment of persons who have lived for any time in an establishment in Asia, of finding out the cheapest methods of a gormandizing system—as usual, suspicious of every soul he met, and always thinking himself the elected object of imposition—greedy, selfish, unrefined, tenacious and imperious: his wife, the remnant of a once buxom form, whom, in despite of her inferior grade, the fiery penchant of Mr. Blunt had elevated, after strenuous endeavours at a less devout establishment, to the unenviable condition of his lawful consort.

As Mrs. Blunt, like many of her class exported to the East, had not partaken very largely of the benefits of education, and in the languor of the Asiatic clime had totally abstained from every effort at improvement, she had crowned a superficial and neglected understanding, with all the mawkish graces of a *supplicated* belle, whose animal attractions had inspired the sing-song fondness of the military idlers of the East. She had gained considerable notoriety by the multitude of her Platonic intimacies; and doubtless would have passed through her career of psychological affection with untainted fame, if she had not unwittingly admitted to the mysteries of that persuasion an Hibernian officer, who so successfully contended for an emendation of the attic doctrine, by a slight infusion of the ethics of St. Patrick, that Mr. Blunt, on one occasion, found the vigorous philosopher, in the noon-day umbrage of a *goolistan*, in the overt triumph of his advocacy. But, he was either too much imbued with the duty of forgiveness, or of a character too sensual, to repudiate, at so great a distance from the grand emporium, the sources of his uxorious satisfaction.

The next two persons we must introduce, were "men of Oxford," whose college education had supplied them merely with certain narratives of glorious excess, in which the decency of life had been most wantonly affronted, by disgusting rows, and by potations more disgusting still; each of them had swallowed at a sitting more than four good *magnums* of Mr. Latimer's potential *black strap*; had subsequently offered a becoming insult to the proctors, and, indeed, to all that was grave and reverend in that venerable institution of former discipline and learning. Their nominal residence at Oxford had passed in rustication, as was obvious, from their conversation and address; they owned a tolerable *quantum* of slang, and smut, and mannerism (of a coachman, I should add); in short, they were a couple of revolting, stolid boobies; and nature, had she placed their habitation in a wilderness, would have con-

ferred, on the community of apes and monkies, two worthy members of the *marmoset* society. But, as they were younger branches of a noble family, and utterly unequal to the duties of an intellectual profession, they had been decorously designed as members of the church; which, such is its laudable constitution, would allow them, on the produce of a benefice, the gift of an aristocratic patron, to support the pleasures of a libertine abroad, while their important cures were arduously performed at home by some ill-paid, devout, half-starved, and conscientious clergyman.—Either of these high-bred gentlemen, confessed himself accountable for half a dozen bastards, whom he had left, with commendable spirit, to the chances of the world; and the inexhaustible theme of their discourse, was, on the infamy which they had severally carried into the abodes of a dependent tenantry, and the ingenuous devices by which they had overcome the scruples of simplicity and innocence.

Another personage, who bore a part in the diurnal ceremony, was a midshipman—a youth of twenty-one—the genuine emanation of a cockpit, in its *former* day—Mr. Benbow, took a pride in being one of the *old school*—as he himself expressed it, a downright, rough, bluff, honest tar, in short, a bear. His manner was uncouth, and as for conversation, he had none. The midshipman had still resources, and as he felt the want of perfect ease in his deportment, and imagined, that if perceptible to others, it might possibly be ascribed to *mauvaise honte*, he had recourse to oaths and whistling; he disdained to place a dish, a wine-glass, or *caraffe*, with ought like gentleness upon the table; but dropped, or rather flung it from his grasp, with much the same indifference to its integrity, as if he had cast a tough ship's biscuit on his chest, in the hurry of escaping from his birth, at the omnipotent summons from the quarter deck, for reefing topsails in a squall. Besides, he drank with an insuperable air of independence; didn't care a d—n for any one, blasted all sour wines, when swallowing goblets of good *ordinaire*, and swore that there was nothing eatable in France, while *bolting* a succession of what he termed generically, “kickshaws,” and compared with all the energy of national detraction to the old roast beef and good salt junk of England. Besides, the agreeable habit of speaking with his mouth full, when, according to the direction of his face, he suffused his neighbour's glass, or the *plat* immediately before him, his independent breeding taught him, that to throw his legs about, was an indisputable proof of general indifference; so that Mr. Benbow, in the plenitude of his magnificence, was wont to set the glasses on the table in a *pirouette*, at intervals, not, certainly, more distant than five minutes each.

There were also of the party, a few country squires, the heroes of the fox-chase, whose grand achievements formed an admirable counterpoise to the voluminous narrations of alligators, Tippoo Saheb, and tigers; the peculiar province of our new acquaintance, Mr. Blunt. All these gentlemen, unmounted as they were, were fruitful of their anecdotes of horsemanship; each one was a rider of unrivalled desperation, and the marvels of the preceding story were sure to be eclipsed by the wonders of its successor. Not a double fence in Leicestershire, a brook in Gloucestershire, or blind ditch in Essex, that was not the scene of some incredible performance, achieved though, not the less, by some of the neck-or-nothing Nimrod's present. Each gentleman possessed a most sonorous voice, and the “view-holloa” was occasionally given, to the

agony of every Frenchman's tympanum, when the genius of invention was relaxed, to manifest the enthusiasm provoked by the simple mention of the "sport beloved;" and all this wonderful proficiency in the art of killing a noble and an useful animal, and riding down the crops of an unfortunate husbandman, was sworn to by the horseless squires, much with the same security against reputation, as the vaunts of skaters in the Indies, where the ice has never yet stepped in to afford a footing for their contradiction.

The wit and hero of the society, was an Irish ensign, in faith, a Roman Catholic, and who had attained, in the honourable service of his country, the glorious climacteric of fifty-three good summers; though the albescent character of his hair might fairly have induced our computation, by the winters which this stationary veteran had numbered in the military calling. He knew a certain *set* of Irish lords, and, according to his own amusing statement, was the favourite *child* of twenty-seven, that had blessed the bed of his progenitors, at whose demise, *the deer-park*, and estate in general, would be divided among the extensive produce of their conjugal fidelity.

The remainder of the party consisted of an exquisitely fine person, a travelling smuggler for a house in Regent-street, with mustachios of stupendous magnitude, and a pair of spurs almost proportioned to an imaginary rider of that wooden horse, by which the city of King Priam was deceived, in the heroic ages. It is needless to remark, that this considerable person, who was a man-milliner at home, was, *pro tempore*, a captain. There were some non-descripts, good steady eaters, a grave Castilian, a Dutch burgomaster; two courteous and intelligent English gentlemen, and a young Scotch surgeon, about six feet seven in height, with a brogue, that conjured up a vision of the Luckenbooths and Cannongate; as he happened to be placed before the soup, his reiterated question to the persons present, "Surr, wull I gev you some o' these?" created so much mirth at his expence, that his lips were thenceforth sealed hermetically, and he, accordingly remained a taciturn spectator of the strange proceedings of the party.

Before we enter on a portion of the dialogue of the *mélange* we have described, it is requisite to state that Mr. Blunt, in the moments of his relaxation, was extremely fond of "practical jokes;" the uniform refuge of sheer stupidity, when sublimed by extraordinary causes into unusual good humour. But Mr. Blunt, unfortunately, did not reflect, that there were many points about his character which extended an allurements to any wag, who, in the self-same vein, might meditate the justice of reprisals. Mr. Blunt was exceedingly tenacious of any marked civility to Mrs. B—as he denoted his elect—the *goolistan* for ever was before him: he was an enormous glutton, painfully impatient of the slightest contradiction, and, like most persons of intrinsic insignificance, possessed a monstrous notion of his own importance. He had already suffered from the jokes of a Mr. Killjoy, a kind of serious jack-pudding, whose delight was, that of acting on the sensibility of nervous people; a purpose, for which he had qualified himself with a superficial smattering of dognostics, and what is infinitely more imposing with the ignorant and credulous, some astounding terms from various nomenclatures, with various citations from *Wecker's secrets*, which, independently of their absurdity, had the further charm of being all in Latin. It was on the occasion of a dish of stewed mushrooms, a *plat* of Mr. Blunt's peculiar

adoration, that Mr. Killjoy had so intimidated our voracious friend, that like Sancho in his government, he played the part of Tantalus, and painfully forbore to taste the very article of all culinary blessings, which he most affected. On the occasion present, Mr. Blunt was destined to a second, and an equal disappointment. It was so concerted previously, that on the introduction of a savoury dish, to all appearance, venison hashed, the conversation should establish the presumption, that it was a preparation of boiled mutton; and the scheme was so adroitly managed by its agents, and the *garçon* too, that every atom was demolished before Mr. Blunt could urge his palate to the endurance of what he thought such flagrant heterodoxy. "I thought that that was venison," said Blunt, in a grumble. The Castilian, who was placed between the Oxford students, with a courteous smile, observed to one of them, "*To-do lo que brilla no es oro.*"* "*No parli François, Mossieu,*" said the student, shaking his head, and apparently revelling in his ignorance.

Though an enemy to practical jokes, my uncle relished the affliction of the *gourmand*, whose disconcerted visage and ruffled manner, formed an infallible standard of his vexation, Blunt beheld the unlearned (he imagined) in gastronomy, performing with their wonted skill, and was not the less dissatisfied at the incessant titters of the company, which savoured of a latent joke. "Well," said the leader of the prank, "I never knew such cooks! tarragon with hash! and the ground-work of boiled mutton, too! I remember when I was at college—" "You at college! hah!" was Mr. Blunt's subdued ejaculation. Continuing, "What is that by you, sir; no sir, not you; that gentleman—with the plate full—but I suppose he is too busy to—" At this moment, the individual so designated, in no wise heeding Mr. Blunt, desired his left-hand friend to fill with Burgundy, assuring him, that, save red hermitage, no wine *went* half so well with venison: and a better hash he never in his days had tasted! The compliance and response of his neighbour, which attested the opinion just advanced, began to operate on Mr. Blunt's suspicion. "Hashed venison! what hashed venison? why, I say, *garçon, cela vennison?*" said Blunt, pointing with his trembling finger to the empty dish. "*Ma foi, monsieur, il y en avoit—mais, vous voyez bien qu'il n'y en a plus—Ah! parbleu, que les Messieurs Anglais l'aiment beaucoup—cette viande là—à la folie même. Pourtant elle n'est pas mauvaise.*" "What does he say, sir?" said Blunt, to a gentleman opposite; "it's a most extraordinary thing, these French fellows won't speak English." The person interrogated interpreted the waiter's words, and added to them all the weight of his own individual approbation of the dish in question.—"Why, sir," said Blunt to some one, "I thought, sir, *you* said it was boiled mutton hashed."—"Oh, no! *that* was of a hash we tasted yesterday: but *this* was of a haunch from Cranbourne Chase, and better certainly was never placed before a king." The smile of the deviser of the plot was followed by a chorus of loud laughter. Blunt gave vent to his exasperation in the *novel* apophthegm of 'one fool maketh many!'—which also was received by the offending company with increased and mortifying mirth; and, to mend the matter, and, if possible, increase the eminent absurdity of Blunt's predicament, my uncle, whose staid and sober manner, united with his time of life, precluded any coarse reply, attempted to console him, by reference to his philosophy. "My good sir," said my uncle, "believe me, this is all a joke; and you have cer-

* All is not gold that glitters.

tainly philosophy enough to overlook these boyish pranks. When you and I were young, perhaps, though our memories may fail us now, we have often aided in some silly scheme like this."—There is hardly any situation more embarrassing than that of a person really incensed without sufficient cause, and anxious at the same time to support the semblance of complacency. My uncle's remark was so conciliatory, that it afforded a striking contrast to the wrath of Mr. Blunt, and placed him in a point of view still more ridiculous. "Philosophy!" said Blunt; "I know not how *your* memory may serve you, sir; but *mine* cannot transport me to the fact of having descended to the *meanness* of an ant—I would say the—puerility of passing off hashed venison for hashed mutton—the *greediness* of such a jest—The *greediness*—I say."—(Here rose a roar of laughter.)—"Here, give me *something*; garçon; est il *quelque chose*—with their d—d *French—messes!* ah! well, come; there—that will do—" And Mr. Blunt had no sooner begun to toss the remnant of a *fricadeau*, with most amusing petulance, from one side to the other of his plate, than the waiter placed before him, with the electric quickness of a flash of lightning, a reeking *plat* of venison, which had been purposely reserved for him. "Par bonheur, Monsieur, il en reste un petit peu." When Blunt perceived it, his visage gradually underwent a transmutation from the fretfulness of disappointment, to the ample glow of full-blown satisfaction—his muscles were relaxed—he was seized with an hysteric chuckle, which seemed to emanate from the anticipating recipients within him; two pellucid streams proceeded from the corners of his mouth; he heeded not the laugh of the company, but, agitated with delight, fell to—and in a moment, had an unconscious person stood behind him, from the closeness of his organ of mastication to his plate, and the alertness of the members by which the subject-matter was conveyed to it, he would have thought him some near-sighted, enthusiastic fiddler intent upon his scores, and executing, with violent rapidity, the extravagance of a *staccato* passage.

It was the custom of Mr. Blunt, when dinner was concluded, to introduce a child, which Mrs. B., by some extraordinary delay, presented to him as her first-born offering, after twenty years of marriage in the East, and just about one twelvemonth after their arrival in these northern latitudes. And now, Mr. Æneas, Hector, Achilles, (for such were the heathen tokens of the christianity of Mr. O'Sullivan, the Irish ensign), was prepared to settle an account with Mr. Blunt, by whom the former had been incessantly selected as the object of his sarcasms; and as the gallant veteran had borne them with imperturbable good-humour, he fairly concluded that he himself possessed a right, on any offered opportunity, of requiting, to the best of his ability, the shafts which Mr. Blunt had sped, with far less wit than cynicism, both on himself individually, and on the country of which he was a native. Mr. Æneas Hector Achilles O'Sullivan began accordingly:—"Is it after twenty years now, Mr. Blunt, you was honoured with that charming babe? By my soul, then, and India's a mighty odd place—to be sure! Och! by the fist of my father, and I'll engage—in *India aven*, I would not be that long without a child—I *mane* if—" "We wish no explanations, sir, on points of that description. If you knew anything of climates, sir, you would be aware what amazing influence is ascribed to change of air."—"By the *howly* father! and to change of exercise as well, too; and upon my *sowl* too, I *belave* it—there then." "Believe it, sir! I hope you don't affect to doubt—" "Ah, bother! bother! Mr. Blunt,

now ; sure, I'm not for doubting any thing that lady says—eh, me'em ! am I right then, now ?"—“ Oh dear, sir !” said the simpering Mrs. B., who had taken a sufficiency of the Lyæan to feel the courage to rebel against a jealous and inforced authority—“ I'm sure, sir, what you says—is, howsomever Mr. Blunt may take it—” “ Hold your tongue, Mrs. B.,” said Blunt ; whose directions, like those of Mrs. Glasse, were always given in the plump imperative—“ I protest, you're half an idiot—” “ Ods blood, now, Mr. Blunt, remember, man and wife is one,” resumed O'Sullivan ; “ and therefore yourself must be the other half.”—“ Sir !” said the uneasy spouse, “ your interposition is becoming somewhat meddling—” “ By this book then,” said O'Sullivan, as he kissed a carving-knife, “ and I never could help that, when there was ladies in the case.”—“ Oh the creature !” said Mrs. B., delighted with the unfaded gallantry of the elated officer.—“ My dear, you're next an idiot,” said Mr. Blunt, reproachfully.—“ Ah ! and is it that lady by your side, sir ? by the powers ! and I wished she was not.—Would you allow me, if that place is disagreeable, to offer you a *sate* ?” And accordingly the ensign offered to transfer the charms of Mrs. Blunt from her unpleasant juxta position to her spouse, to a space unoccupied, immediately beside himself.—“ A tanner on the captain !” said one of the Oxonians ; which Blunt retorted with a sneer ; and, turning to O'Sullivan with an important and authoritative air—“ I, sir, am that lady's lord and master.”—“ Mighty bad and ugly *terrems* (terms), Mr. Blunt : is it *master*, sir, you said ?—and as for lord—oh ! that exprission never should be used, excipt in worship.—By the vartue of your oath, me'em, are you now that same idolater that gentleman pretends ?—indeed and you are not, now !”—“ A tizzy on the captain !” said the other student. Mr. Blunt perceived, by the suppressed laughter of the company, and by a still more faithful index, the irritation of his temper, that he was disadvantageously engaged ; and therefore, to cover his defeat, if possible, with dignity, he resolved to treat his adversary with mute contempt, and rose abruptly to depart. My uncle, feeling for his embarrassment, and desirous of aiding his escape, by way of a diversion, addressed himself to the Oxonians, who had been talking largely on the wonders and the pleasures of the chase. “ I doubt not,” said my uncle, “ as you have so recently left college, and are so enthusiastically fond of hunting, you are well acquainted, gentlemen, with Oppian.” The students stared at one another. At length, one of them said, “ Oh ! yes, I think I must have met him with Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds : he wore a wig, if I remember rightly, and always came to cover on a chestnut cob.” My uncle thought no topic barren or repulsive, that involved the truths of science, or admitted of the illustrations of the muse ; and would willingly have prosecuted the discourse of the Oxonians, had it flowed into the channels of Oppian, Grotius, or Nemesian ; but, when he found the youths so eminently destitute of common learning, as to mistake the erudite Cilician of the second century, for a midland fox-hunter in England, as to endue his classic head with one of Mr. Truefitt's wigs, and mount him on a chestnut cob, in company with Sir Thomas Mostyn, in the nineteenth century, he curtly answered, that both the gentleman and the baronet to whom they had alluded, must be infinitely older than he had thought ; and recoiling from such intolerable ignorance, observed, for the remainder of the day, as much retirement as good breeding would allow : though he supplied them previously with a parallel to their chro-

nology, by telling them the anecdote of Bezzant, now no more, who lived near Stratford-upon Avon, and was asked, if he had ever happened to fall in with Shakspeare? to which our well-beloved and recollected Richard answered, "that he was very little in the town, as he resided with his aunt, a mile away from it; but that it was possible he might have sometimes met him with the hounds."

The Oxonians shortly were reduced to a more flippant theme—the censure of the Roman Catholic religion, which O'Sullivan, a fiery Papist, as pertinaciously defended. The superficial and ill-levelled strictures of the students were certainly no formidable arguments; but, as they were uttered with a vehemence approaching bigotry, from which indeed they emanated, and expressed as the opinions of the *alma mater* of our country, an English gentleman, who hitherto had been a silent listener to the follies of the day, professed himself a member of the university, and begged distinctly to protest against the dictum of the youthful pair, which breathed such gross intolerance and insupportable impeachment. "I am a Protestant," observed the gentleman; "a conscientious one; but utterly averse from the proscription of the creed of others: an honest man's religion is a good one; and he is at heart the most a Christian, who has the largest fund of charity within it." The Castilian, who understood English, was pleased at the remark, and turning to his hitherto untried Oxonian neighbour, said, "*Piensa sabiamente* y se explica claramente.*"—"No *parli Français*," was the student's answer, with the same contented smile which had clothed the witless visage of his fellow *ignoramus*. "That gentleman is speaking *Spanish*, sir," my uncle said; and was almost tempted, so opposite it seemed, to tell the story of a countryman of ours, who, travelling in the West of England, observed upon a pane of glass, "Carl Von Schlæzer, a native of Hesse Darmstadt;" and, adding to the information given, wrote beneath, with equal taste and liberality, "a blasted *Frenchman*."

The wine and spirit had, by this time commenced its operation, and the English spoken at the table, and which was now occasionally intercepted with a loud *singultus*, vulgarly called hiccough, was about as intelligible as the French had been from the same lips, in the early stage of the festivity. The man-milliner, with the immense mustachios, was relating the battles he had been engaged in, and drinking bumpers to heroes dead and living, talking politics with vehement dictation, subverting thrones and dynasties with the foresight of Francis Moore, or Matthew Lansberg, and proving himself by different *facts*, to have been in the four quarters of the globe upon the self same day. The midshipman was snoring with his chin upon his bosom, an inch or two of pig-tail depending from his mouth, which served as a conductor for that saliva, which is wont to flow from slumbers like his own; while Mr. Killjoy was elaborately predicting his decease by apoplexy. The Irishman had taken his departure with a knowing wink, which intimated—but we *know* the pleasures of a man of Mr. O'Sullivan's constitution. The long Scotch doctor, who had remained as dumb

"As the mute marble habitant

Of the lone halls of Ishmonie."

had very nearly settled his *litre* of *bierre blanche*; the burgomaster was emitting clouds of smoke from his *écume de mer*, and gallantly keeping

* He thinks deeply and expresses himself clearly.

pace, in *schnaps*, with the moderate members of the party had made their congé for the evening. The Oxonians had achieved their two flasks each, and were becoming classical. "That castor's out;" said one, pointing to the empty bottle; "another shy?"—"Not if I know it," said the other, "I shall tip and toddle." "I shall cut *my* stick too, then,—how are you for a bit of clay?"—"You've said it; I'm your man, your Royal Highness." "Why, I say, Jem; some cove has rung my shallow."—"I stand a tanner then, I name the man—that thundering Scotch doctor." The inoffensive Scot, who from the darkness of the hour was hardly visible in his position, returned the imputation, by declaring both the embryo honours of the church "twa daft fallows, who had nae the manners of a flunkie." "No, blow me, here it is;" said one; "so D. I. O. Good night (with a hiccough), Mr. Propria quæ maribus"—(to my uncle, who responded)—"Good night Mr. Æs in presenti;" and the collegians, giving the door a slam that shook the house, and a loud curse to the poor-box, against which they stumbled, sallied forth, while singing in melodious unison, "May day in the morning so bright."

The evening was advanced, and the remaining members of the party, with the exception of the Scot and the Dutchman, duly took their leave. The former was desirous of consulting his Batavian comrade on a point of speculation, which had long engrossed his thoughts; and as the hoaxing portion of the mess was now withdrawn, an opportunity arose, which Mr. Duncan Craigie had patiently awaited of acquiring, as he hoped, the information requisite to shape his plan. Nothing could be more germane to Mynheer Schnapsenwater's wishes, than a second person present to wear out with him the tedium of the night; and though Craigie was, by habit temperate and early, he had a point to gain, and consequently, sacrificed his pleasure to his interest; though his interrogations were received and answered with evident repulsion by the Dutchman, who regarded conversation as a detriment to smoke and liquor, the only lawful objects of agreeable society. All that Craigie gained from him was *yes* or *no*: they sufficed, however, to confirm him in his plan, and he has since succeeded as *chirurgien* at Rotterdam, in the attainment of a wide and profitable practice; and, with a laudable nationality, has introduced into the town a colony of Scotch, who form the various links connected with the medical profession, from the druggist to the very mason who engraves a tomb-stone.

On Mr. Blunt's retirement from the *table d'hôte*, he had experienced another quittance of his practical performances; as he was an immeasurable coward, and profoundly ignorant of natural phænomena, indeed of physics, in the extended acceptance of the term; the situation of his bed-room, which was just above a spacious subterraneous cellar, supplied the means of operating on his fears. Mr. Killjoy had appalled him with some extracts from the divination of Agrippa, and taught him to expect his dissolution from the united wrath of Heaven and earth. By the agency of a full barrel and an empty one, rolled to and fro beneath his dormitory, a fearful sense of sound and motion was produced, which in conjunction with a shaken sheet of tin, imposed on Mr. Blunt with all the terrors of a thunder storm and earthquake; the lightning having been excluded by the *volans* of his chamber. He had sunk into a sleep of doleful indigestion, in which he uttered various disjointed rhapsodies; converging, in the main, to the imposture of the venison

hash, or the memorable adventure of the *goolistan*. His nasal organ constantly emitted such appalling sounds, that, as my uncle passed his dormitory, humanity induced him to explore their cause; on entering, he found that Mr. Blunt had yielded to the triple influence of terror, surfeit, and exhaustion; on his pillow, lay *The Young Man's Best Companion*, and by his bed-side a dish of strawberries and cream, in case his old antagonist, his appetite, should assail him, in a wakeful interval. While Mrs. Blunt, who was a woman of ceremonious piety, when even in her cups (which shows the force of habit), had fallen fast asleep with a jovial jorum at her elbow, holding in her hands the Bible upside down, preparatory to her reading the appointed lessons of the evening.

My uncle's kind intentions were productive of much immediate terror and ulterior confusion to Mr. Blunt; in a state of questionable wakefulness, he confessed his sins and begged for mercy; called on Mrs. Blunt and Ensign Sullivan, and pursued, as he endeavoured to raise himself, a kind of gallimaufry, in which it was hard to say, whether his afflictions proceeded more from stomach, conscience, or imagination. Eventually he sat in bed bolt upright, and rubbing his eyes, inquired, with a stare of vacancy, what all this was about? My uncle, seeing that no offices on his part were required, withdrew at the very moment the Oxonians were brought into the house in a state of violent dispute with two of their compatriots; they had been taking what they called "a lark," and their bird had been purveyed with rather an unpleasant condiment. It appeared that one of them had been offended at being called a Frenchman; an insult I should much incline to doubt, as they had so much national tenacity about them, that they invariably got drunk for the sake of contradistinction; an excellent and effectual method, when abroad, of avoiding the disgraceful suspicion of being a sober and well-behaved native of the continental soil.

On his return home, my uncle reflected on the events of the day. He had borne the same society for three round months, in hope; that hope was disappointed. This was a species of communion he could endure no longer. He felt as a high-minded Englishman should feel, that the national character was degraded by such exhibitions of ignorance, vulgarity, and outrage; and he determined on the possession of a château, which he had already seen; the particulars of which we design for a future, though not remote, occasion.

THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL.

THE last, last tone hath died,
 O! bid it wake once more;
 Bid the glad harp again the swelling tide
 Of stately music pour.
 For sink we now beneath the saddening spell
 Of our loved Minstrel's song that bade farewell.

We marked his kindling eye,
 And there a holy fire
 Shone as a day-beam, from that light on high
 Which angels doth inspire;
 And his cheek flushed, as his proud song flowed free,
 Like to the billows of a waking sea.

And firmer grew his hand,
 More passionate his lay,
 He bade his guardian angels bless his land,
 So dear—so far away;
 Until we caught the fervour of his tone,
 And our hearts' prayer made answer to his own.

Then came a softer strain
 To fill the eye with tears,
 And the soul's inner depths with mournful pain,
 To linger there for years:
 While breathless tremblings made the bosom thrill,
 Lest his last music should too soon be still.

For we had loved him well,
 Through many a changing day;
 He was not with us as an ocean shell,
 Cast up—then swept away:
 But from a band of brotherhood he bore
 Song, step, and smile—to bring them back no more.

And time had hastened by,
 Strengthening the links which bound us;
 And his bright spirit in the hour of joy,
 Had evermore been round us:
 Nor knew we, till that parting music died,
 How sad a change must come—how dear a void!

Not sad for him—his tears
 In the south land shall fail;
 Where the tall cliff its vine-clad steep uprears
 Above a peaceful vale:
 There shall he meet his kindred—there shall tell
 Of friends in distant isle who loved him well.

But eve—the bird is flown
 That cheered us with its lay—
 Eve hath come down to dim our hour of noon,
 Our loved one passed away:
 And we must grieve, as oft remembered rise
 The speaking music of his melodies.

GERMANY.

FROM earliest infancy I had pictured Germany to myself as the region of romance. I had read somewhere that the common sounds of her cities were the loud breathings of military bands, the iron clatter of the mustering squadron, or the measured tread of stately infantry, varied at the soft hour of evening by the full deep chorus of the solemn hymn, or among the assembled youth of either sex by the soft and undulating movements of the mazy waltz. I was eager to study the character of a people who, after the revolutions of twenty centuries, still preserve many of those beautiful traits of character and manners, that, amid the corruption and desolation of Imperial Rome, so charmed by their innocence and freshness the historian Youtus.

As our britscha rapidly approached the Prussian capital, one of those pictures which the mind had so often painted in its hours of musing suddenly burst upon us. The rays of the setting sun were brightly reflected from the polished cuirasses of a regiment of heavy cavalry of the guard, that were defiling in column of Züge at half distance beneath the arch of the Brandenburg Gate. As I gazed on this splendid cavalry, and on the magnificent arch beneath which they were passing, the model of the Athenian Propylæum, surmounted by its chariot of victory, that rears high in the air the black eagle of Prussia, the prediction of Guibert, that has since been so singularly verified, flashed across my memory. "*Si apres la mort de Frederic,*" said this celebrated tactician, "*dont le genie seul soutient l'edifice imparfaite de sa constitution, il survient un roi faible, on verra cette puissance ephemere rentrer dans le sphere que ses moyens réels lui assignent, et peutêtre payer cher quelques années de gloire.*"

The external features of Berlin differ widely from those of most other capital cities in Europe. There is a grandeur and majesty about it—an aristocratic tranquillity that contrasts so singularly with the commercial and bustling activity of London and Paris. Except in the Köningstrasse, we may wander through their spacious streets, and find them untenanted, save by groups of military, lounging and twisting their moustaches with that listless air that so strikes the traveller in the garrison towns of the continent, or spending the live-long day in the caffès, at billiards, or dominos. The *vie de caffè* appears to be as much in vogue in Berlin as at Paris. Wherever they went the French have left traces of their manners, even among those by whom they were hated.

Notwithstanding the dulness of its outward aspect, no city affords to the tourist more numerous or more varied sources of amusement and instruction than Berlin. If fond of music, he has the Opera, perhaps the first, considered in its *ensemble*, in Germany; if ardent in the pursuit of science, he may, in the amphitheatres of her university, drink deeply at her fount; if an antiquarian, the magnificent gallery of antiquities, formerly in the possession of the celebrated Passalacqua, will open a wide field of interesting research. In justice to the government of Prussia, it must be said, that it leaves public instruction perfectly unfettered in its operations, and spares neither trouble or expense in unfolding to the people the sources of knowledge. There is, in Berlin alone, 120 primary schools, independent of the University and the Lycées. Every village of importance has also its schools, and it is rare indeed to meet with a Prussian peasant who cannot both read and write.

Again, those who wish to pursue their studies still farther, have an opportunity, on joining the army, in which every male, by the military constitution of the monarchy, must serve for five years, of doing so in the regimental school; for it is one of the peculiar features of the military system of Prussia, that it develops the moral as well as the physical powers of the soldier. All that is deemed worthy of the attention of the traveller I saw—the palace, the university, the arsenal, the museum, and the theatres.

Full of the recollections of the great Frederick, I rode out to Potsdam, the "*berceau*" of modern tactics: it is still what it was in his days, a vast caserne. You see on every side squads of recruits, marching, wheeling, and handling their firelocks under veteran able instructors. I walked to his tomb in the garrison chapel—a plain monument of black marble, unadorned by any inscription, marks the spot where lies the victor of a hundred battle-fields. When Frederick, at the bloody affair of Kunnersdorf, beheld his invincible battalions "*ecrasés*" by the murderous and well-directed fire of the Russians, struck with their steady gallantry and iron formations, he is said to have exclaimed—"Que l'Europe prenne pour devise, *Gare le Russes*. Ces barbares lui joueront un jour un vilain tour." His successor appears to have forgotten these remarkable words, which made such an impression upon the master mind of Napoleon.

As we were leaving the gardens, two officers crossed our path, one of whom, a tall lank figure, who with downcast eyes, the arms folded behind the back, walked a little in advance of the other, forcibly arrested my attention. The expression of his countenance was melancholy in the extreme, while the well-squared epaulettes, compressed waist, swelling chest, and the scrupulous care with which every part of his uniform was arranged, proclaimed the military dandy. It was the King Frederick William, and his aid-de-camp Baron Von S——.

I confess I was struck with the pensive and abstracted air of the monarch. "*Quel air reveur,*" I remarked to my companion, an old French general officer who had kindly taken upon himself the office of cicerone in my perambulations around Berlin. "*C'est qu'il improvise une uniform,*" he replied with a smile; "to-morrow the Gazette will convey an order to make some alteration in the '*tenue*' of the Guards." What the great Frederick did for tactics, his successor, Frederick William, nicknamed "*Der Schneider König*,"* has done for military costume—it has been the constant study of his life. Neither the vicissitudes of his country, the toils of the camp, nor the wiles of diplomacy, have been able to divert him from his favourite pursuit; and it is only justice to say that the dress of the Prussian army is in the best military taste, uniform throughout, and a-piece with the elaborate drilling of the men, and the science and instruction of the officers. Napoleon testified his surprise at the immense "*savoir*" of his Prussian majesty on this important point, although he complained sadly of being constantly importuned both by Frederick and the Czar Alexander with such frivolous questions as, "What quantity of padding was requisite for a hussar's jacket?" or to give an opinion on the form of a Hulan's shako. "Certes," said the Emperor one day to General Rapp, "had the French army at Jena been commanded by a tailor it would have been a second '*Rosbach*.'"

* Tailor king.

Numerous and profound are said to have been the colloquies on military uniforms between George the Fourth and Frederick William ; and to the valuable hints acquired in these "*entretiens*," may be attributed the splendid appearance of some of our crack cavalry regiments. Great is also said to be the impatience of our naval dandies for the appearance of the naval uniform of Prussia (for like Austria, this power, since the arrival of the model frigate sent out by our King, is ambitious of becoming a maritime state), they look to the genius of the Prussian monarch to deliver them from the present hermaphrodite rig with which they are so disfigured and dissatisfied.

The anecdotes related of the ridiculous importance which this prince attaches to military costume would fill volumes. One of them only we shall venture to quote. Frederick, some years ago, was passing the Curzeit either at Toplitz or Carlsbad. Early one morning a Prussian estafette was observed to leave the place "*ventre a terre*." The *corp diplomatique* was immediately *en mouvement* ; up went the hopes of the war party—down went the Austrian *Metalliques*—three of the first bankers at Leipsig and Vienna stopped payment—Metternich was at fault—Rothschild in a fever—and half a dozen English honourables, *attachés* to the different legations in Germany, went into galloping consumptions from twenty-four hours hard writing—an event unexampled in their diplomatic career. At the expiration of a week, when nothing less than another seven year's war was expected by every one, the Berlin Gazette tranquillized Germany, by publishing the order of which the estafette was the bearer, and which was nothing more or less than his majesty's commands to lower the shakos of his guards, and compress their waists two inches smaller ! After all, it is fortunate for Prussia that her monarch has no more expensive taste. A Pompadour, or a palace, would be much more costly hobbyhorses ; for in justice to him we must say, that economy and good taste go hand in hand, and preside over all his freaks.

I tarried in Berlin till after the autumnal reviews. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of these military spectacles. If the science of war can be learnt by any thing short of actual experience in the field, it is to be done at these camps of instruction, annually formed in the north of Germany.

Warned by the sad experience of the past, and by the geographical configuration of her territory, which floats like a riband over the surface of the European continent, from the Oder to the frontiers of France, Prussia is sensible that her independence resides in the force of her army. Russia threatens her in the east, France in the west, while Austria, by debouching from Bohemia, strikes at her very heart. The anxious solicitude of the government has been directed almost exclusively to this object, and the genius of Scharnhorst has certainly produced one of the most perfect military systems the world ever saw. According to this system, every male inhabitant in Prussia, from the age of sixteen to forty-five, must bear arms, five years in the line, and the remainder of the term in the landwehr. The whole population therefore of Prussia is essentially military.

At a moment like this, when the contemporary events in Southern and Rhenish Germany, and the fierce crusade of the established governments against liberal principles, proclaim the general *mal aise* of society, and fix the attention of Europe, a few observations upon the present state of Germany and her prospects, may not be ill timed.

When the ancient and gothic edifice of the German confederation was overturned by Napoleon, he, on organising the confederation of the Rhine, mediatised eighty of the petty independent princes who had formed component parts of the ancient German constitution. On the re-organisation of the confederation in 1815, this arrangement was confirmed by the congress of Vienna; and happy would it have been for Germany had that body extended still farther the mediatising ban. But at this congress, the cradle of the Holy Alliance, the family interest of a few sovereigns were deemed by the negotiators paramount to the sacred rights and happiness of millions. The ancient edifice of the German confederation was therefore reformed upon a basis of which the following table will convey a pretty accurate idea.

TABLE OF THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

STATES.	Capitals.	Population of Capitals.	Superficies in square miles.	Population.	Contingent to the Diet.	Revenue. florins.
Austria	Vienna	238,177	12,056·0	28,209,709	94,822	162,000,000
Prussia	Berlin	178,861	5,133·77	10,224,350	79,234	65,000,000
Bavaria	Munich	65,800	1,427·00	3,525,413	35,600	20,000,000
Wurtemberg	Stuttgart	23,694	366·50	1,395,462	13,955	16,000,000
Baden	Carlsruhe	13,727	272·59	1,003,630	10,000	5,500,000
Hesse Darmstadt ..	Darmstadt	11,320	204·59	619,499	6,195	3,500,000
Hohenzollern	Hechinen ...	2,600	5·12	14,820	145	80,000
Lichenstein	Vaduz	1,800	2·45	5,546	55	19,600
Hohenzollern Sig- maringen	3,000	18·25	35,560	356	330,000
Hesse Homberg ...	Homberg	2,700	7·84	19,870	200	180,000
Frankfort	Frankfort	40,485	4·87	47,855	475	800,000
Kingdom of Saxony	Dresden	55,715	352·22	1,192,646	12,000	13,500,000
Saxe Gotha	Gotha	12,400	54·22	183,682	1,859	1,500,000
Saxe Coburg	Coburg	7,746	26·39	80,012	800	425,000
Saxe Meiningen ..	Meiningen ...	4,120	20·29	54,600	544	350,000
Hildburghausen	2,503	11·08	29,706	297	200,000
Palatinate of Reuss	Elder branch..	6,195	6·86	22,255	223	130,000
Ditto	Junior branch.	20·60	52,201	522	420,000
Hesse Cassel	Cassel	18,500	201·58	532,072	5,679	4,000,000
Luxembourg	Luxembourg	2,556
Nassau	Wiesbaden	5,300	104·62	302,769	3,028	1,557,000
Saxe Weimar	Weimar	9,000	67·32	201,000	2,000	1,500,000
Anhalt Dessau	9,220	17·00	52,647	529	510,000
Ditto, Bemberg	4,844	16·00	37,046	370	450,000
Cœthen	Cœthen	5,074	15·00	32,454	324	230,000
Schwazbourg Son- derhausen	4,500	20·40	53,957	539	220,000
Ditto, Rudolstadt	3,922	16·50	45,127	451	275,000
Hanover	Hanover	17,522	701·29	1,305,350	13,000	9,450,000
Brunswick	Brunswick	29,934	71·74	249,527	2,496	1,800,000
Waldeck	Anslen	1,048	21·68	51,877	519	400,000
Schambourg Lippe	2,060	10·10	23,111	230	215,000
Lippe Detmold	2,369	20·50	69,062	691	466,000
Holstein	3,600
Mecklenbourg Schewerin	8,505	219·59	358,378	3,580	1,800,000
Ditto, Strelitz	4,408	35·95	71,769	718	450,000
Oldenbourg	5,222	123·06	217,760	2,170	1,200,000
Lubec	25,526	5·45	40,650	407	400,000
Bremen	37,725	2·58	48,432	485	420,000
Hamburgh	106,000	6·00	123,643	1,298	1,200,000

38 States.

On a superficial glance, this system appears faultless; for the votes are distributed in ratio to the population of the several states composing it: but on a nearer inspection, we discover in its workings the overweening preponderance of powers which are not German in point of interest, and only partially so in point of territory. In fact, it is but a clumsy and expensive machine to govern all Germany "*au bon plaisir*" of foreign states. One third of the votes, it will be remarked, belong to Austria, Prussia, England, Denmark, and the Netherlands. The smaller states, who constitute the majority, with their half, quarter, and even one-fifth part of a vote, are but mere cyphers. The whole and sole controul of the diet resides in the hands of Austria and Prussia, or, we should rather say, of Russia, since the Prussian monarchy cowers beneath the political ascendancy of this northern power. But we have yet to trace the most odious features of this system, which controuls the political independence, and even the free administration of the internal affairs of every state. No sovereign prince can give free institutions to his subjects, unless he has previously obtained the consent of these powers through the medium of the diet. Even in those states where representative governments exist, the confederation deprives them of all power in the most important of all relations, that of declaring war or making peace. And it expressly enacts, that no *constitution* shall be allowed to impede any member of the confederation in the duties which the diet may think proper to impose upon him. Thus Saxe Weimar, whose liberal institutions and free press gave such umbrage to Austria and Prussia, was finally obliged to submit to a censorship; and a similar restraint has just been imposed on the press in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

Under a system like this, it is utterly impossible that liberal institutions can flourish on the soil of Germany. But its operation upon the social condition of the people is still more fatal. The congress of Carlsbad, convened for the express purpose of arranging the internal affairs of Germany, deserved, in one respect, the gratitude of the whole country, by proclaiming the most unrestricted freedom of commerce. For some time their intentions were acted upon in a spirit of great liberality, till Prussia violated them, by imposing a system of heavy tolls along her Rhenish possessions. Now as every duke, margrave or count was too proud to yield to His Königliche Majestät of Prussia, they used reprisals, and a war of tolls began. The effects of such a system on countries of limited resources, and deprived of sea-coast—taxed *a l'outrance* to keep up a standing army, and support the glittering *attirail* of a court, may be easily imagined. In the states of the nest of petty princes, who are crowded between the Thuringian forest and the foot of the Erzgebirge, the tourist, during a morning ride, will have half a dozen tolls to pay; while a bottle of Rhudesheimer, not thirty miles from the place of its growth, will cost him more than at the Clarendon, or the Café de Paris. Thus it is that the industry of the country is borne to the earth. It is more particularly on the agriculturist that the burthens press so heavily; and hundreds of this class are selling their properties, and emigrating to America, to seek in the inhospitable regions of the west, that liberty of opinion, and that fruit of industry denied to them in their own romantic but feudalized land.

Why these petty princes have been allowed to retain their independence, when so many others have been mediatised, we have already

mentioned. So long as they exist the country can never acquire that native union so essential to an independent state. There is a party in Germany, that for some years has been gradually acquiring strength and consistency, whose object is to strip all the foreign powers of their German dominions, (even Austria and Prussia are by them considered under this category), and mediatizing all the states below the second rate, to divide their territories among the pure German powers; viz. Bavaria, Wirtemberg, in the south, Saxony and Hanover in the north.

According to this system of centralization, Germany would possess four instead of thirty-eight sovereigns, and present an imposing front that would command the respect of all Europe.

This theory has been ably exposed in a work on the nationality of the German people, and on the institutions that would harmonise with their manners and characters; but we confess that we consider the practical illustration of it almost an impossibility. Divided as the country is into petty districts, separated by jealousies and antique prejudices, and governed by princes, the tools of Austria and Prussia, the mass of resistance to be overcome is immense. The press, it is true, is everywhere laying its grasp on the human mind, a wild and fierce crusade against despotic authority has been stirred up by the events of the "three days," even the political substratum of Germany has vibrated to the shock of the mighty earthquake. But yet we must not suppose that a chastened love of civil and political liberty is generally diffused among the mass of the German people. A single glance at their past history will convince us of this truth. The personal independence of the individual German, strikes you as much as their collective indifference to political freedom. Their genius has been turned into a different channel. And, indeed, how should it be otherwise? He seldom dies the subject of the prince he was born. Distracted as has been his country, sacrificed as they have been by thousands at the shrine of foreign ambition, their love of country is rather a poetical inspiration, than a patriotic and political feeling. Again, the Germans are essentially a military people. They are fond of the shako and plume, and of the wild uncertainty of a military life, that takes away all care for the morrow;—and we have seen that, even in France, it has been the work of years to cultivate liberal institutions on the soil of military glory. Still, the star of freedom has risen upon her feudalized horizon. There is, added to an intensity and earnestness in the German character, an enthusiastic singleness of purpose in the pursuit of an object, that is preparing in the distance of the future the great work of regeneration. We love the country—we love the people, and their romantic and original literature. We acknowledge their vast capabilities, and our loftiest aspirations are for their political regeneration and happiness—still we cannot close our eyes to the formidable mass of resistance to be overcome ere the country shall be centralized under one, or even four governments. That they are progressing, though slowly, towards the "*Rarum temporum felicitatem ubi sentire quæ velis et quæ sentias dicere licet*" of Tacitus, we freely allow; but what blood must be shed, and what years must elapse, ere this glorious consummation becomes the portion of Germany!

THE LOST JÄGER.

"I AM for the Gemsjagd this morning, Netty," said young Fritz of the Back Alp, as he swaggered over the threshold of her grandmother's cottage: that is, he did not exactly swagger, but he stepped in with an air, such as became the handsomest bürsch, and the stoutest wrestler, and the best shot in Grindlewald, and who knew withal that he was beloved, deeply and dearly, by the prettiest fraulein of the valley. And pretty she was—a dear little bashful drooping mountain daisy, with such hair—not black—not exactly black—but with a glossy golden brightness threading through it, like—what shall I liken it to?—like midnight braided with a sun-beam. And she looked so handsome in her Bernese bonnet with its airy Psyche-like wings; and she tripped so lightly; and I believe, to say the truth, she had the only handsome foot and ancle in the parish—and such an one!—and then she had such a neat, light, elastic, little figure. Suffice it to say, she was Fritz's lie-beken, and Fritz was a passable judge of female beauty, and himself the Adonis of Grindlewald. And she was the sun of the valley, or rather the mild moon—or, in short, sun, moon, and stars; and had been so denominated in sundry clumsy German rhymes in her praise, by Hans Keller, who, with a like multiplicity of attributes, was himself the Horace—and Virgil, and Anacreon, and—schoolmaster of the neighbourhood: very clever, and very crazy. Darling Netty—many an evening, as, by a sort of accident prepense, I happened to saunter by with my pipe, and lingered to gossip away half an hour of bad German, with Fritz and his intended, and her dear, drowsy, deaf, old grandmother, I have thought Fritz was a very happy man; and perhaps, to say the truth—perhaps—envied him—a little.—Heaven forgive me!

"I am for the Gemsjagd this morning," said Fritz, as he flung his arm round the blushing maiden. Old Clausen marked some half dozen of them up by the Roseulani Gletscher yesterday; and I think we shall pull down some of the gallants, before we have done with them. He promised to meet me at the chalet at eleven; and, by the shadow of the Eiger, it must be close upon the hour: so come with me luck, and by to-morrow evening at furthest, we shall be back with a couple of noble gemsen. 'Down, foolish fellow!—down, Blitz!' he said to his dog, that was yelping around him, in anticipation of the sport. "Why, he is as fond of chamois hunting as his master. Look at him, Netty."

But Netty did not look. Fritz knew well enough that she dreaded, on his account, even to terror, the perils of chamois hunting; but he was devoted to it, with an enthusiasm which is so common to those who practise that dreadful diversion. *Perhaps* this passion did not compete with his love for Netty; perhaps it did. He had never gone, it is true, without her consent; but it was as well for both, that the question had never been brought to an issue, whether he would have gone without it. Not but that he loved, really loved Netty; but he thought her fears very foolish, and laughed at them, as men are very apt to do on such occasions. Netty started when he mentioned the Gemsjagd, and bowed her head to his breast—perhaps to hide a tear—perhaps to examine the buckle of his belt, in which, at that moment, she seemed to find something particularly interesting. Fritz talked on laughingly, as he thought the best way to dispel her fears was not to notice them at all: so he

talked, as I said, until he had no apology for talking any more ; and then he paused.

" Fritz ! my dear Fritz !" said she, without looking up, and her fingers trembled in the buckle which she was still examining. " My dear Fritz !"—and then she paused too.

" Why, my dear Netty," said he, answering her implied expostulation, " I wouldn't like to disappoint old Hans—after Wednesday, you know"—and he kissed her cheek, which glowed even deeper than before. " After Wednesday, I promised never to hunt chamois again ; but I *must* go, once—just once—to drink a farewell to the Monck and the Aarhom, to their own grim faces—and then—why, I'll make cheese, and cut wood, and be a very earth-clod of the valley, like our good neighbour Jacob Biedermann, who trembles when he hears an avalanche, and cannot leap over an ice-cleft without shuddering. But once—just once—come with me luck, this time, and, for the future, the darlings may come and browse in the Wergisthal for me."

" I did not say I wished you not to go, Fritz." " No ; but you looked it, love ; and I would not see a tear in those bright eyes, for all the gems between this and the Orteles ; but you know, my dear, there is really no danger ; and if I could persuade you to give me your hearty consent and your good wishes"—

" I'll try, Fritz"—

" What ! with that sigh, and that doleful look ?—No, no, Netty ; I will send an apology to old Hans." Here Blitz, as he put a small hunting-horn in the dog's mouth, and pointed up the hills, " Off, boy ! to the Adelboden. And now, have you any thing to employ my clumsy fingers, or shall we take a trip as far as Bohren's Chalet, to see if the cream and cheese of my little old rival are as good as their wont. I shall go and saddle old Kaiser, shall I ?—he has not been out these two days."

Fritz, peasant as he was, knew something of the practical philosophy of a woman's heart, and had a good idea of the possibility of pursuing his own plan, by an opportune concession to her's. On the present occasion he succeeded completely.

" Nay, nay," said the maiden, with unaffected good-will, " you really must not disappoint Hans ; he would never forgive me. So come," said she, as she unbuckled the wallet which hung over his right shoulder—" let me see what you have here. But"—and she looked tearfully and earnestly in his face—" you *will* be back to-morrow evening, will you, indeed ?"

" By to-morrow evening, love, Hans—gemsen—and all. My wallet is pretty well stocked, you see ; but I am going to beg a little of that delicious Oberhasli Kirchwasser, to fill my fläschen."

I need not relate how Fritz had his flask filled with the said Kirchwasser, or how his stock of eatables was increased by some delicious cheese, made by the pretty hands of Netty herself, or how sundry other little trifles were added to his portable commissariat, or how he paid for them all in ready kisses, or how Netty sat at the window and watched him with tearful eyes, as he strode up the hill towards the Scheidegg.

At the chalet he found that Hans had started alone, and proceeded towards the Wetterhorn. He drew his belt tighter, and began to ascend the steep and craggy path, which wound round the base of the ice-heaped mass, along the face of which, half way to the summit, the

clouds were lazily creeping. It was a still, sunny day, and he gradually ascended far enough to get a view over the splendid glacier of Rosenlani. Its clear ice, here and there streaked with a line of bright crystal blue, that marked the edge of an ice-reft. Hans was not to be seen. All was still, except now and then the shrill piping of the marmot, or the reverberated roar of the summer lavanges, in the remote and snowy wilds above him. He had just reached the edge of the glacier, and was clambering over the lebris, which a long succession of ages had carried down from the rocky peaks above, when the strange whistling sound emitted by the chamois caught his ear. On they dashed, a herd of nine, right across the glacier—bounding like winged things over the fathomless refts, with a foot as firm and confident as if it trod on the green-sward. Fritz muttered a grim dormerwetter between his teeth, when the unerring measurement of his practised eye, told him they were out of shot; and dropping down between the huge blocks of stone among which he stood, so as to be out of sight of the game, he watched their course, and calculated his chance of reaching them. They crossed the glacier—sprung up the rocky barrier on the opposite side, leaping from crag to crag, and finding footing where an eagle scarce could perch, until they disappeared at the summit. A moment's calculation, with regard to their probable course, and Fritz was in pursuit. He crossed the glacier further down, and chose a route by which he knew, from experience, he would be most likely, without being perceived by the chamois, to reach the spot where he expected to meet with them. At some parts it consisted but of a narrow ledge, slippery with frozen snow, on which even his spiked mountain-shoes could scarcely procure him footing. Sometimes the path was interrupted, and the only means of reaching its continuation, was by trusting himself to the support of some little projection in the smooth rock, where the flakes, which last winter's frost had carried away, broke off abruptly. Sometimes the twisted and gnarled roots of a stunted pine, which had wrought into the clefts, and seemed to draw their nourishment from the rock itself, offered him their support. He did not look back; he thought not of danger—perhaps not even of Netty—but merely casting an occasional glance to the sky, to calculate the chances of a clear evening, resumed his perilous journey.

Many hours had elapsed in the ascent, for he was obliged to make a long circuit, and the sun was getting low in the west when he arrived at the summit. His heart throbbed audibly as he approached the spot where he expected to get a view. All was in his favour. He was to leeward—the almost unceasing thunder of the avalanches drowned any slight noise which the chamois might otherwise have heard—and a little ridge of drifted snow on the edge of the rock behind which he stood, gave him an opportunity of reconnoitring. Cautiously he made an aperture through the drift—there they were, and he could distinguish the bend of their horns—they were within reach of his rifle. They were, however, evidently alarmed, and huddled together on the edge of the opposite precipice, snuffed the air, and gazed about anxiously, to see from what quarter they were menaced. There was no time to lose—he fired, and the victim he had selected, giving a convulsive spring, fell over the cliff, while its terrified companions, dashing past, fled to greater heights and retreats still more inaccessible.

The triumph of a conqueror for a battle won, cannot be superior to that of an Alpine huntsman for a chamois shot. The perils run, the

exertions undergone, the many anxious hours which must elapse before he can have an opportunity even of trying his skill as a marksman—all contribute to enhance the intense delight of that moment when these perils and exertions are repaid. Fritz leaped from his lurking-place, and ran to the edge over which the animal had fallen. There it was, sure enough, but how it was to be recovered presented a question of no little difficulty. In the front of the precipice, which was almost as steep and regular as a wall, a ledge projected at a considerable distance from the summit, and on this lay the chamois, crushed by the fall. To descend without assistance was impossible, but there was a chalet within a couple of hours walk, at the foot of the Gauli Gletscher. The evening was fine, there was every promise of a brilliant moonlight night, and Fritz was too good a huntsman to fear being benighted, even with the snow for his bed, and the falling avalanche for his lullaby.

Gaily, therefore, he slung his carabine, paid his respects to the contents of his wallet, not forgetting the Oberhasli Kirschwasser, and as he made the solitude around him ring with the whooping chorus of the kuh-lied, commenced his descent towards the chalet.

On his arrival he found it empty. The inmates had probably descended to the lower valley, laden with the products of their dairy, and had not yet returned. He seized, however, as a treasure, on a piece of rope which he found thrown over a stake, in the end of the house appropriated to the cattle, and praying his stars that it might be long enough to reach the resting-place of the chamois, he once more turned his face towards the mountains.

It was deep night when he reached the spot. The moon, from the reflection of the snow, seemed to be shining from out a sky of ebony, so dark and so beautiful, and the little stars were peering through, with their light so clear and pure; they shine not so in the valleys. Fritz admired it, for the hearts of nature's sons are ever open to nature's beauties, and though he had not been taught to feel, and his admiration had no words, yet accustomed as he was to scenes like this, he often stopped to gaze. The kuh-lied was silent, and almost without being aware of it; the crisping of the frozen snow beneath his footsteps was painful to his ear, as something not in accordance with the scene around him—'twas a peasant's unconscious worship at the shrine of the sublime. But, to say the truth, he had no thought but one, as he approached the spot where the chamois lay. The ledge on which it had fallen ran a considerable way along the face of the cliff, and by descending at a point at some distance from that perpendicularly above it, where a piece of crag, projecting upwards, seemed to afford him the means of fastening securely his frail ladder, he hoped to be able to find his way along to the desired spot. Hastily casting a few knots on the rope, to assist him in his ascent, he committed himself to its support. He had arrived within a foot of the rocky platform, when the piece of crag to which the rope had been attached, slipped from the base in which it seemed so firmly rooted, struck in its fall the edge of his resting-place, sprung out into vacancy, and went booming downwards to the abyss below.

Fritz was almost thrown over the edge of the precipice by the fall, but fortunately let go the rope, and almost without at all changing the position in which he fell, could trace the progress of the mass as it went whirling from rock to rock, striking fire wherever it touched in its passage, until it crashed amid the pine-trees. With lips apart and eyes

starting from their sockets, while his fingers clutched the sharp edges of the rock until they were wet with blood, he listened in the intense agony of terror to the sounds which, after a long interval, rose like the voice of death, from the darkness and solitude below. Again all was silent—still he listened—he stirred not, moved not, he scarcely breathed—he felt that kind of trance which falls on the spirit under the stroke of some unexpected calamity, of a magnitude which the imagination cannot grasp. The evil stalks before our glassy eyes, dim, and misty, and shapeless, yet terrible—terrible! He had just escaped one danger, but that escape, in the alternative before him, scarcely seemed a blessing. Death! and to die thus! and to die now! by the slow, graduated torture of thirst and starvation, almost within sight of the cottage of his destined bride. Thoughts like these passed hurriedly and convulsively through his mind, and he lay in the sick apathy of despair, when we feel as if the movement of a limb would be recalling the numbed sense of pain, and adding acuteness to its pangs. At length, with a violent effort, he sprung upon his feet. He ran along the ledge, leaping many an intervening chasm, from which even he would at another moment have shrunk. His hurried and oppressed breathing approached almost to a scream, as he sought in vain for a projection in the smooth rock, by which, at whatever risk, he might reach the summit. Alas! there was none. He stood where but the vulture and the eagle had ever been, and from which none but they could escape. He was now at the very extremity of his narrow resting-place, and there was nothing before him but the empty air. How incredulous we are when utter hopelessness is the alternative.

Once more he returned—once more he examined every spot which presented the slightest trace of a practicable passage, once more in vain. He threw himself on the rock, his heart seemed ready to burst, but the crisis of his agony was come, and he wept like a child.

How often, when madness is burning in the brain, have tears left the soul placid and resigned, like the calm twilight melancholy of a summer's eve, when the impending thunder-cloud has dissolved into a shower. Fritz wept aloud, and long and deep were the sobs which shook every fibre of his strong frame; but they ceased, and he looked up in the face of the placid moon, *hopeless*, and yet not *in despair*, and his breathing was as even and gentle as when he gazed up towards her on yestereve, from the rustic balcony of Netty's cottage. Aye, though he thought of that eve when, her cheek reclined on his bosom, they both sat in the still consciousness of happiness, gazing on the blue glaciers, and the everlasting and unchanging snow-peaks. He had no hope—but he felt not despair—the burning fangs of the fiend no longer clutched his heart-strings. He sat and gazed over pine forest and grey crag, and the frozen and broken billows of the glaciers, and the snows of the Wetterhom, with their unbroken wilderness of pure white, glistening in the moonlight, and far, far beneath him, the little dusky cloudlets dreaming across the valley, and he could trace in the misty horizon the dim outline of the Faulhorn, and he knew that at its base, was one heart that beat for him as woman's heart alone can beat, and yet he was resigned.

The moon neared to her setting, but just before she went down a black scroll of cloud stretched across her disk. It rose higher and higher, and became darker and darker, until one half of the little stars which were coming forth in their brightness, rejoicing in the absence of her, by

whose splendour they were eclipsed, were wrapped as in a pall; and there came through the stillness and darkness a dim and mingled sound, the whisper of the coming hurricane. On it came, nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, and the pines swayed, and creaked, and crashed, as it took them by the tops, and now and then there passed a flash over the whole sky, until the very air seemed on flame, and laid open for one twinkling the rugged scene, so fitting for the theatre of the tempest's desolation; and then the darkness was so thick and palpable, that to him who sat there, thus alone with the storm, it seemed as if there were no world, and as if the universe were given up to the whirlwind and to him. And then the snow came down, small and sharp, and it became denser and denser, and the flakes seemed larger and larger, until the wings of the tempest were heavy with them; and as the broken currents met and jostled, they whirled, and eddied, and shot up into the dark heavens, in thick and stifling masses. Scarce able to breathe, numbed with cold, exhausted with fatigue, and weak from the mental agony he had undergone, Fritz was hardly able to keep his hold of a projecting edge of rock to which he had clung, when, waiting to gather strength, the gust came down with a violence which even the Alpine eagle could not resist, for one which had been carried from its perch swept by in the darkness, blindly struggling and screaming in the storm.

Oh, Night! Night! there is something so intensely beautiful in thee! Whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the clear, and placid, and pearly effulgence of thy moon; or when thou wrappest thy brow in its black and midnight mantle, and goest with thy tempests forth to their work of desolation—Oh, thou art beautiful! The spirit of poetry mingles its voice with the thrillings of thy wind-harp, and even in thy deep and holy silence there is a voice to which the soul listens, though the ear hears it not. On the wide sea, and on the wide moor, by the ocean strand; and on mountain lake, and dell and dingle, and corn-field and cottage, O thou art beautiful! But amid the lavange, and the icefall, and the mighty masses of everlasting snow rising up into the heavens where the clouds scarce dare, amid *their* solitude and their majesty, there is an awe in thy beauty, which bows down the soul to the dust in dumb adoration. The lofty choir—the dim and massy aisle—the deep roll of the organ—these, even these, often strike like a spell on the sealed spirit, and the well-springs of devotion gush forth fresh and free. Yet, O what are these? The deep music moaning from vault to vault to the roar of the fierce thunder; or the lofty temple, to the mighty hills, atoms though they be in the universe of God; or the studied darkness of the shrine, to the blank dullness of the tempest night, seeming, with its grim indefinite, to shadow forth immensity.

What a small portion of the poetry which the heart has felt has ever been recorded. How many wordless thoughts—how many unuttered emotions, such as shine like stars over the pages of the happy few whose lips have been unsealed, rise in the soul of the peasant hind, and are known, and enjoyed, and pass away—into the nothingness of forgotten feelings! Full, deep, and strong, flows onward, silently and perpetually, the stream of sympathy; and here and there by the river side one dips in his little pitcher, and preserves a tiny portion; while all the rest, undistinguished, passes on to the sea of wide eternity. Through the mind of the Alpine peasant, in such a night, with a hopeless sentence passed upon him, what a world of feelings must have strayed, to which

he could give but lisping and broken utterance. He prayed—with an artless and fervent eloquence, he committed himself and his spirit to the hands of his God, to whose presence he seemed more nearly to approach in his isolation from the world. He prayed, in words such as his tongue had never before uttered, and with feelings such as, till that period, his heart had never known.

The storm became gradually exhausted in its violence. The thunder grew faint, and the gusts came at longer intervals. As the immediate peril decreased, Fritz, whose senses, from the stimulus of danger, had hitherto borne up against the intense cold and his previous fatigue, began to feel creeping upon him, along with a disinclination to move, a wild confusion of thought, such as one feels when sleep is struggling with pain. There was a dim sense of peril—a thought of falling rocks and cracking glaciers—and sometimes there was a distant screaming of discordant voices—and sometimes they seemed to mumble uncouth and harsh sounds into his ear—and then again would he rally back his recollection, and even find in his known peril a relief from the undefined and ghastly horrors of his wandering thoughts. But his trance at every relapse became deeper and deeper, and his returns of recollection were more and more partial. He had still enough to make an attempt at shaking off the numbing drowsiness which was creeping upon him, and twining round his heart with the slow and noiseless coil of a serpent. He endeavoured to struggle, but every limb was palsied. He seemed to himself to make the efforts of the wildest desperation to raise himself up; but no member moved. A gush of icy coldness passed through every vein, and he felt no more.

During that night there was no little bustle in Grindlewald. Poor, poor Netty. The storm had come down with a sudden violence, which completely baffled the skill of the most sagacious storm-seers in the valley; and even Herr Krüger himself—even Herr Krüger, Old Long Shot, as they used to call him—had been taken by surprise. He was sitting opposite me, with the full red light of the wood fire in the kitchen of mine host of the Three Kings beaming on his wrinkled brow, and thin grey locks, which were twisted and staring in every imaginable direction, as if they had got a set in a whirlwind. The huge bowl of his meerschaum, was glowing and reeking, and the smoke was playing all sorts of antics; sometimes popping out at one side of his mouth, sometimes at the other, in a succession of rapid and jerking puffs, whose frequency soon ran up a sum total of a cloud, which enveloped his head like a napkin. He had just given me the history of the said pipe, and of its presentation to him by the Baron von —, who, by his assistance and direction, had succeeded in bringing down a gemsbock. The motto, *Wein und Liebe*, was still visible on its tarnished circlet of silver, and the old man pointed out its beauties with a rapture, not inferior, perhaps, to that of the connoisseur, who falls into extacies over some bright sunspot on the canvas of Rembrandt. As the low moaning which preceded the storm, caught his ear, he drew in the fragrance of the bright Turkish with which I had just replenished his pipe, and, as he emitted the fumes in a slow cautious stream, turned inquisitively towards the range of casements which ran along one side of the neat wainscotted apartment. He was apparently satisfied, and turned again to the fire. But the growl of the thunder the instant after came down the valley, and disembarassing himself of his mouthful, with a haste which almost

choked him, walked hastily to the window. One glance seemed enough. He closed the shutters, and returning slowly to his seat, muttered, as he habitually replaced his meerschaum in his mouth, God help the jagers to-night!

"A rough evening, Herr Krüger," said Hans, who this moment entered the room, and clapped his carabine in the corner. He had evidently dipped deep in the kirschwasser.

"What, Hans! is that you? Beym kimmel! I was afraid you were going to pass the night up yonder—and young Fritz? you and he were to have been at the jagd together?"

"True, so we were; but, heaven be praised. Fritz called to bid good bye to pretty Netty—and—and so—old Hans had to go alone."

"And feeling lonely among the hills, had the good luck to come back to Grindewald, instead of sleeping till doomsday in a dainty white snow-wreath. There are no others out?"

"None, thank heaven," and he filled the glass which stood next him from the bottle at my elbow. "So here's your health Herr Krüger, and to you, Herr B—, good health, and good luck, and a good wife, when you get one." I was just putting my German in order, for the purpose, in after-dinner phrase, of "returning thanks," when our hostess, looking in at the door, said, in a voice of the greatest earnestness; "A word, Hans."

Hans was just in the middle of his goblet, and its bottom was gradually turning upwards to the ceiling, when he was thus interrupted. He merely rolled his eyes in the direction of the speaker, with an expression which indicated, "I'll be there immediately," and continued his draught with the good-will of one who hates mincing matters.

"Come, once more, Hans," said I, as I filled his cup to the very brim. "I have a health to give, you will drink heartily I am sure. Here's to our good friend Fritz and his little liebchen—a long life and a happy one."

"Topp! mein bester manu!" said Hans, and the second goblet disappeared as quickly as the first.

Once more the head of our hostess appeared at the door, and her previous summons was repeated.

"I'll be there immediately, my dear, pretty, agreeable, good-natured Wirthinn—there immediately—immediately;" hiccupped Hans. "I like you my young Englishman, I like you, and I like you the better for liking Fritz; and if you have any fancy for bringing down a gemsbock, there's my hand, junker! Hans Clausen knows every stone of the mountains as well as—"

Once more the door opened, and—not our hostess, but Netty herself, entered the room.

It seemed to be with difficulty that she crossed the floor. Her face was pale, and her long Bernese tresses were wet with the rain. She curtsied to me as she rose, and would almost have fallen, had she not rested one hand on the table, while the other passed with an irregular and quivering motion over her pale brow and throbbing temples. Hans had become perfectly quiet the instant of her entrance, and stood with an air of the most dogged and determined sobriety, though the tremulous manner in which the fingers of his left hand played among the skirts of his hunting-jacket, bespoke a slight want of confidence in his own steadiness. Poor Netty! She had just strength to whisper, "Where is

Fritz, Hans?" and unable to await his answer, sunk feebly on the bench, and covered her eyes with her trembling fingers.

Krüger laid down his pipe; no trifling symptom of emotion. Hans was thunderstruck. Every idea but that of Fritz's danger, seemed blotted from his memory. He stared and gaped for a few seconds on me and Krüger, and then, utterly forgetful of Netty's alarm, flung himself blubbering upon his knees. "Oh! for God's sake, Mädehan, do not tell me, Fritz went to the hunting to-day. Oh, unglücklich! unglücklich! lost, lost, lost! My poor Fritz; my friend, my best beloved!" and he would have continued longer the maudlin incoherence of his lamentations; but the first words of his despair were too much for Netty, and she sunk down upon the table, helpless, and breathless.

She seemed to be gone for ever, it was so long before the exertions of the hostess and her daughter could recall her to her senses. She was conveyed to bed, and left under the care of her poor old grandmother, who had followed her from the cottage. A consultation was immediately held, under the presidentship of old Krüger; and, notwithstanding the whole collective wisdom of Grindlewald was assembled in mine host's kitchen, nothing could be done. To wait till morning was the only course, and with no little impatience did many a young huntsman watch for the first break of day and the subsiding of the storm. Fritz was a universal favourite, so fearless, so handsome, such a shot, and so good-natured withal. And then, Netty! The little Venus of Grindlewald! There were none who would not willingly have risked their lives to save him.

With the first dawn of morning, half a dozen of the stoutest huntsmen, under the guidance of Hans, started for the Rosenlain. They had made every provision for overcoming the difficulties they expected to meet with in their search. One of them had, from the cliffs of the Eiger, seen Fritz cross the glacier the day before, and commence the ascent which was previously described; a path well known to the hunters, but so perilous, as to be only practicable to those of the steadiest nerves, quickest eye, and most unerring step. Their shoes were furnished with cramps, a light ladder formed part of their equipage, and several short coils of ropes slung over the right shoulder, and so made, that they could be easily connected together, were carried by the party. They had the blessings and the good wishes of all Grindlewald at their departure: I accompanied them to the edge of the Rosenlain, and watched the progress of their journey over its frozen waves. Slowly they ascended the giddy path; sometimes gathering into a little cluster of black atoms on the face of the cliffs, sometimes scattered from ledge to ledge. Then, when obliged partially to descend, an individual of the party was slung by a rope from the upper platform, for the purpose of fixing the ladders and securing a safe passage to the rest. "Well! which way shall we turn now," said young round-faced, light-haired, ruddy-cheeked, rattle-pated, Gottfried Basler, who had blubbered like a baby the night before, and, of course, like a baby, had exhausted his grief before morning. "Which way are we to turn now, Hans? I am afraid, after all, we have come out on a fool's errand. There have been wreaths thrown up here last night big enough to bury Grindlewald steeple; and if poor Fritz be really lost in them, we may look till Mont

Blanc melts before we find him. It is, to be sure, a satisfaction to do all we can, though, heaven help us, I am afraid there is little use in it."

Hans, poor fellow, was nearly of the same opinion, but it was too much to have the fact thus uncompromisingly stated. He muttered a half audible curse as he turned impatiently away, and walked along the cliff, endeavouring to frame an answer, and make up his mind as to the point towards which the search ought to be directed. His companions followed without uttering a word.

Basler again broke silence.

"Gott, what a monster!" he exclaimed, and his carbine was cocked in a twinkling.

Far below them, a huge lammer-geyer was sailing along the face of the cliff. He seemed not to perceive the group, to whom, notwithstanding the mournful search in which they were engaged, his appearance was so interesting, but came slowly dreaming on, merely giving now and then a single heavy flap with his huge sail-like wings, and then floating forward as before.

"Stay Basler,," whispered Hans, as he himself cocked his carbine, "There is no use throwing away your bullet. He will probably pass just below us, and then you may have a chance. Steady yet a little. How odd he does not notice us. Nearer, and nearer; be ready, Basler. Now—fire. A hit! beym himmel!"

Crack! crack! crack! went carbine after carbine, as the wounded bird fell tumbling and screaming into the ravine, while its mate sprung out from the face of the rock on which the slayers were standing, and swept backwards and forwards, as if to brave their shot, uttering absolute yells of rage. Basler's skill, however, or his good fortune, reigned supreme, and, though several of his companions fired from a much more advantageous distance, their bullets, unlike his, whizzed on and spent themselves in the empty air. The object of the practice still swept unhurt across their range, until his fury was somewhat exhausted, and then dropped down towards the dark pine-trees, to seek for his unfortunate companion.

"A nest, I dare say," said Hans, as he threw himself on his face and stretched his neck over the cliff. Ha! a chamois they have managed to throw down—the kerls! Your spoiled their feast, Basler. But—mein Gott! is it possible! Gottfried—Heinrich—look there. Ja freilich! freilich! it is Fritz!" And he leaped up, screaming like a madman, nearly pushed Gottfried over the precipice to convince him of the reality of the discovery, and then, nearly did the same to Carl, and Frau, and Jacob, and Heinrich.

"I am afraid he is dead," said Basler.

Hans again threw himself on his face, and gazed gaspingly down. Fritz did not move. Hans gazed, and gazed, but his eyes filled with tears, and he could see no more.

"Here Jacob," said he, as he once more sprung up, and hastily began looping together the ropes which his companions carried. "Here Jacob, place your feet against the rock there. Now, Gottfried, behind Jacob: Heinrich—Carl—now, steady, all of you—or stay, Carl, you had better descend after me, and bring your flaschen along with you.

In a few seconds, Carl and he stood beside their friend. They raised him up. A little kirchwasser was administered to him—they used every measure which their mountain-skill suggested to waken him from his

trance, which was rapidly darkening down into the sleep of death. The sun which now began to beat strongly on the dark rocks where they stood, assisted their efforts. They succeeded—his life was saved.

That evening, Fritz sat on one side of the fire in the cottage of Netty's grandmother, while the good old dame herself plyed her knitting in her usual diligent silence on the other. He was pale, and leant back on the pillows by which he was supported, in the languid apathy of exhaustion. Netty sat at his knee, on a low oaken stool, with his hand pressed against her cheek, and many and many a tear, such as overflow from the heart in the fulness of its joy, trickled over his fingers.

"Now, Fritz," said she, looking earnestly up in his face, "you will never—never, go to the gemsjagd again.

"Never—never," echoed Fritz.

But he broke his word, and was chamois-hunting before the end of the honey-moon.

A LOVE SONG.

I wish I were the red, red rose,
Up on thy heaving breast to lie,
On that soft sunny light that glows
About thy drooping eye.

I wish I were the merry bird
That singeth in the tree,
Among the green leaves, ever heard
At morn and eve by thee.

I wish I were the silver brook,
That talketh to each flow'ry place
Round thy dear home, for I would look
For ever in thy face!

I wish I were the summer air
Among thy ringlets sleeping,
Or thro' thy folded garments fair
Into thy perfumed bosom creeping.

But most of all I wish to be,
Beloved for myself alone;
Loved when no rose is on the tree,
When birds and summer winds are flown!

INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

COOK'S PLATFORM FOR THE PRACTICE OF SEA-ORDNANCE—MURRAY'S MODE OF INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION WITH STRANDED VESSELS—DAY'S ÆOLOPHON—PRODUCTION OF MAGNETIC SPARKS, BY SAXTON, FARADAY, AND RICHIE—PERKINS' NEWLY-INVENTED PROCESS FOR GENERATING STEAM.

THIS is the age of progression ;—we live in an era of *e*-motion, of *com*-motion, of *counter*-motion, of *loco*-motion,—of all, indeed, but that sort of *pro*-motion in which we, ourselves, are individually interested, or we would, long ere this, have been enjoying our *otium cum dignitate* over a cool flask of hock and a genuine Havannah.

This is the age of progression !—the pauper is becoming a peasant—the labourer an artisan—the mechanic a man of scientific attainments—the artist a philosopher—the philosopher a prince !—But then comes “a sad shift o' the scene”—princes are becoming powerless—nobles decline into nothingness—and the politico-social column of long-enslaved nations, is beginning to be shorn of its Corinthian ornaments, its leafy uselessness, and to reveal to the gratified imagination a beautifully proportioned shaft, tapering upwards, it is true, but composed throughout of a uniform mass of substantial, plain, unchangeable material—the rough but honest granite of popular will,—erected by the people—based on the people—formed of the people—and about which are unwreathed their hopes of happiness, of prosperity, and of peace.

This is the age of progression !—and although we cannot in all things keep pace with time, nor trace his steps through the windings of the past, we must not always let him outstrip us. We must catch him now and then by leaps, and, turning occasionally from the wordy war of opinion—throwing aside the keen weapons of controversy, and doffing our coifs at the temple of science, endeavour to mark, as it were in dotted lines, the progress of the arts, by recording the most useful inventions and discoveries.

And first, then, what have we from the world of mechanical invention ?—what have we of the joint progeny of the organs of order, imagination, and constructiveness ? What have the people been doing for themselves, for their rulers, for their country, for the world ?

Why, with the usual contrariety (perhaps we ought rather to say, variety) of human nature, she has, at the outset, placed before us two inventions, which appear to be directly in contravention of each other ; the one being to facilitate the destruction of our species, and the other to effect the escape of “fellow man” from impending death. And yet doth the bewildering complication of society compel us to subscribe in opinion to the utility of both.

Lieut. Cook, of the Royal Navy, has constructed a platform, to which, by a mechanical arrangement, motion is given, so as to produce something like the eccentric tossing about of a vessel of war, when, as the song goes,

“The tempest raves,
And the angry waves
Are driven to and fro.”

Upon such mechanically-enlivened stages, it is proposed to place can-

nonades, or other pieces of sea-ordnance, with which seamen may practice the art of naval gunnery, by firing at a mark, under similar disadvantages as those they have to contend with, when attacking an enemy's vessel in heavy weather. By the way, we believe this officer to be the inventor of two life-preservers!—the one to check, at a moment, a restive or runaway horse in any description of vehicle, (and an excellent invention it is)—and the other, one of the many plans before the public, for buoying up persons who are immersed in the water, whether

“ In flowing river, lucid lake,
Or crested ocean surge ”—

so as to afford them the greatest chance of salvation from drowning. We hope that this is *the* Lieut. Cook, that he may thus be said to balance accounts with humanity.

However this may be, our pleasure will not be lessened by alluding to a mode of effecting instantaneous communication with stranded vessels; to attain which praiseworthy object, Mr. Murray, after a series of interesting experiments, has perfected an arrow—not a death-dealing, but a preserving arrow—which can be projected from a common horseman's pistol, and convey one end of a line, with sufficient elevation, a distance of upwards of one hundred yards, for the purpose of opening a communication with the unfortunately shipwrecked mariner. Fired from a musket, the projectile may be thrown twice the distance named; and an efficient apparatus, of this latter description, inclusive of ten arrows, may be completed at a cost of £5. There is no doubt of its superiority over Captain Manby's plan; and its exceeding cheapness and portability should insure its universal adoption, and the ample reward of its inventor.

But, what have we here?—the *dulce* crept into our note-book of the *utile*?—Even so; and, for the sake of our fair readers, the increase to whose number we shall—“ O, happiest of pleasurable tasks ”—try hard to deserve, we will give it a place. Nor need we apologise to our readers of the “ sterner sex,” for Day's *Æolophon* is mechanical, as well as musical. The *Æolophon* is a keyed, six-octave instrument; to all outward appearance a cabinet piano-forte, but capable of yielding “ a volume of sweet sounds,” such as cannot be produced with the most scientific touch, from either the piano-forte, or the organ. The music is elicited from æolian springs, which are acted upon by currents of air, whose volume and force are regulated with a nicety that appears to keep pace with conception. We have examined this beautiful combination of mechanical skill and philosophical research; for both were necessary to its perfection: we have been delighted by a demonstration of its unequalled powers of melody, under the tasteful display of a fairy-fingered lady; and we feel warranted in declaring our opinion, that the rapidity of touch, and rich variety of tone and effect, which may be produced by any player of the piano-forte or organ, after a very little practice, on the *Æolophon*, the notes being the same; will be sufficient recommendation for this splendid addition to the music-room, to all admirers of the enchanting art. Whilst, on the score of economy and convenience, no bad adjuncts, even to those who love the music score, it offers the novel advantages of continuing in tune under every change of climate.

Now turn we from mechanics, to the most interesting discoveries of the day. Of these, we shall mention two in the present number:—the

production of electric, or magnetic sparks, from the common magnet; and Perkins' new process for generating steam;—commencing with the most attractive.

"*Palmam qui meruit ferat*," has always been a favourite motto of ours; and whilst we are ready to award the highest praise to Mr. Faraday, for his assiduous, indefatigable, philosopher-like pursuit of the subtle principle and peculiarity of electricity, and of his proofs of the affinity (or identity?) between it and magnetism. And whilst we are equally prompt to bestow our meed of approbation on Dr. Ritchie, for his advancement of the same object, we must offer the palm of perfect success to Mr. Saxton, an ingenious native of Philadelphia, now residing in London, as the original demonstrator of the capability of eliciting a spark from the common magnet. To do this, we must first refer to the Minutes of the Royal Institution.

On the 11th of May, Dr. Ritchie, Professor of Natural Philosophy, stated to the institution, that he had followed in the track of Mr. Faraday, in his late brilliant discoveries, and was happy to say that he had uniformly arrived at the same conclusions. He had also succeeded in making the spark, which had been obtained by Mr. Faraday in breaking the magneto-electric circle, visible to a large assembly. This was done by placing an explosive mixture of oxygen and hydrogen in the course of the spark, which immediately produced a loud report and a flash of light. He employed a horse-shoe magnet, between the ends of which were placed a couple of tubes; a wire was introduced into each, and their connexion maintained by a conducting medium. The wires were connected to the magnet by the folds of copper ribbon. The gas was introduced by a bladder and stop-cock; the contact suddenly broken; and the spark made evident by an explosion. Dr. Ritchie declared his belief that no such spark could be elicited from any but a *temporary* magnet.

At this time Mr. Faraday came forward, and stated that he had succeeded in obtaining a spark from a *natural* magnet. Mr. Faraday had borrowed Brown's magnet from the Academy at Woolwich. A small bar of iron, about six inches long, was used in contact with the extremities of the magnet. Two connecting wires were raised from each end of this small bar, and being bent at right angles, overlapped each other. The undermost terminated in a disc, about the size of half-a-crown. By a rapid percussion of the bar against the magnet, the disc and wire broke, in contact by their electricity, and a beautiful blueish spark was produced.

Now, dates are very important to the identification of a discovery, and it is upon these, and upon concurrent testimony, that we rely in support of our conceding to Mr. Saxton the merit of the earliest demonstration of these interesting phenomena in England. It was on the *second* day of May that Mr. Saxton first produced an electric (?) spark from a common magnet, of very great power, which he was then constructing for exhibition, at the New Gallery, in Adelaide-street, Strand; and on that, or the following day, the experiment was repeated in the presence of Dr. Ritchie, who declared it to be the only one he had witnessed. After some trifling improvements had been made by Mr. Saxton, in the apparatus used for breaking the continuity of the subtle fluid, he succeeded in causing the explosion of gunpowder, a much less inflammable material than that used by Dr. Ritchie, from

ignition by the spark ; which we have, since then, seen him repeatedly perform. Does Dr. Ritchie call Mr. Saxton's magnet one of the *temporary* ?

We subjoin a description of the magnet constructed by Mr. Saxton. It is called a horse-shoe magnet, (very elongated,) and is formed of eight shear steel plates, twenty-eight inches in length from the poles to the centre edge, three inches wide, and forming together a thickness of two inches and a half ; at the greatest width of the curvature it measures nine inches, and at the poles seven inches across ; the poles have a return inwards, towards each other, and are there separated by a space of one inch and a half. The keeper, or lifter, which is made of the purest soft iron, is four inches long, one inch and a quarter wide, and one inch thick. Around the middle of the keeper, and occupying, with its lower section, the space between the poles, is a wooden winder, having about one hundred yards of common bonnet-wire, threaded, from which the two ends, composed of four lengths of the wire twisted together, are carried out, with a verticule curve of about three-fourths of a circle, one of these twisted ends passing beyond each end of the keeper, and resting upon the respective poles of the magnet. A small wooden lever is so fixed to the winder and keeper, as to admit of the whole being suddenly forced up from the magnet by a smart stroke ; and a very beautiful and brilliant spark is invariably elicited, at which ever end of the wire is first separated from the magnet.

It is Mr. Saxton's intention to add several plates to his magnet, and to ascertain, by a series of experiments, the best size for the keeper—the best description of wire to be used—the easiest mode of causing an instantaneous separation of the wire from the magnet, and other interesting consequences, the result of which we shall take occasion to communicate to our readers.

Perkins' newly invented process for generating steam, is accomplished by so placing a lining within the boiler, that a thin sheet of the fluid which it contains, may be carried constantly over those portions of the side of the vessel which are in immediate contact with the heat from the fire, formed upon the discovery of the circulation of the fluid, under the operation of heat, from that part of the boiler subjected to the immediate action of the fire upwards.

It is found that, as the heat is increased, the ascending current becomes more rapid, that the agitation is more violent, and a relatively augmented proportion of steam is produced ; whilst the metal, of which the boiler is composed, is preserved from that destruction to which it is subjected in the common process, wherever the fire happens to act upon it with more than ordinary violence.

A receiver is also placed in the centre of the boiler, into which, by the circulation of the heated fluid from the bottom and sides of the boiler, all dirt or other sediment is thrown ; by which another cause of the destruction of the boiler is removed.

In this article we omit the mention of other inventions and discoveries, because we will not weary the reader. Our present object is to excite attention to these interesting and useful speculations of creative genius and scientific research ; our future aim shall be to continue to fix that attention, and we hope to a good end.

WHAT YOU PLEASE.—No. II.

MY DEAR MARMADUKE—

WITHAM HABINGTON, one of the sweetest and least known poets, who rendered illustrious the early part of the 17th century, has very properly observed in the introduction to his "Castara," that a "Mistress is the fairest treasure the avarice of love can covet." You will be happy to learn that I found one in the fair incognita to whom I alluded in my former letter. Of course, I need not say that every thing is "quite correct." You may naturally conclude that I write nothing but amatory verses. In order to comprehend the following, no other information is required, except that the lady is magnificent, and that her name is—Emily.

You will be pleased to learn, that among the subjects given out to the candidates for the recently founded Pusey scholarships, is my poem to the lady, (which appeared in your last number) to be rendered into Hebrew and the cognate dialects. You will readily conceive the extent of the compliment.

In great haste, yours ever,

ALGERNON SYDNEY.

Oxford, July, 23.

A MAY-SONG FOR EMILY.

FAIR mistress of the earth, with garlands crown'd,
Rise, by a lover's charm, from the parcht ground,
And shew thy flow'ry wealth; that she, where ere
Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties there,
Should she to the cold northerne climates goe,
Force thy affrighted lilies there to grow,
Thy roses in those gelid fields t' appear,—
She absent, I have all their winter here.

HABINGTON'S CASTARA.

MAY's red lips are breath'd apart
By the music of her heart
Which ever gently stealeth thro',
Like enchanted honey dew,
Falling from some odour tree
In the golden Araby;
And gladness danceth on each stream,
And singing comes in every dream,
Riches flow on bower and lea,
But I am poor in wanting thee,
Oh, beloved Emily!
Pleasant May, I lovè thee well,
When within my silent cell,
In the quiet shadow sitting,
Thy mild beaming eye is flitting
O'er the page of poets old,
Touching the pale scroll with gold.

I sit alone in summer eves,
Hiding my head among the leaves
Of some thick-branching laurel tree,
When the air is warm with glee,

Watching the sunlight to and fro
 Upon the foliage come and go ;
 Or bending back, with listening ear,
 Amid the glimmering silence near :
 The bird along the green boughs springing,
 Now hushing in the gloom, now singing ;
 Or, careless of sweet sounds, I fold
 The beauty of my dreams about
 Some gentle face beloved of old,
 From time's dark shadow looking out.
 And to that shady harbour green,
 Where stranger face is seldom seen,
 Sweet May, thy low-toned footstep cometh,
 While the wild bee faintly hummeth,
 In the lily's silver bell,—
 Oh, then, sweet May, I love thee well !

Thou dewy-footed creature, sorrow
 From thy face a light doth borrow ;
 The weary pilgrim sinks to sleep,
 The mourner's heart forgets to weep !
 Then why by thee am I forgot ?
 And why dost thou regard me not ?
 Thy love is pour'd on bower and tree,—
 Then hear my pray'r, and bring with thee,
 My beloved Emily !

July 14th.—I have been amusing myself for the last hour writing and translating epigrams.

The following lines are addressed to the celebrated Madame de Sevigny, while playing at blind-man's-buff. *

De toutes les façons vous avez droit de plaie,
 Mais surtout vous sçavez nous charmer en ce jour.
 Voyant vos yeux bandez, on vous prend pour l'amour,
 Ses voyant decouverts, on vous prend pour sa mere.

Every art hast thou of pleasing,
 But to-day beyond all other,
 With blinded eyes for love, we take thee,
 Uncovered, for his mother.

Take another on Mistress Dido, who is reported to have done some very strange things in the Æneid.

Pauvre Didon, on t' a reduite
 De tes Maris le triste sort ?
 L'un en mourant cause ta fuite,
 L'autre en fuiant cause ta mort.

Thy husband's wretched fate hath brought thee
 Poor Dido, to a mournful plight,—
 One hath caused thy flight by dying,
 And one thy dying by his flight.

Charpentier, the author, took his idea from Ausonius.

Infelix Dido, nulli bene empta Marito
 Hoc pereunte fugis hoc fugiente peris.

* Does the gent spell. right ?—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

MIRABEAU—HIS CHARACTER AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

THE fame of the statesman, the orator, the *litterateur*, Mirabeau, has experienced a resuscitation in this country beyond what might have been anticipated. Dumont's "*Recollections*," feeble and inaccurate as many of them are, have excited a new and lively interest respecting that extraordinary man; a man that it is probable, had he not been prematurely cut off by death, would have been the means of preventing nine-tenths of the horrors of the French Revolution.

One of the consequences of Dumont's publication is, the bringing forward of two volumes of Mirabeau's Letters. The singular manner in which they fell into the hands of the translator, as far back as the year 1806, after a quiet slumber of more than twenty years amongst the archives of Paris, may be seen by turning to *The Monthly Magazine* (page 500) for May last, where will be found inserted two very remarkable letters from Marat and Beaumarchais, drawn from the same source. It appears, too, from the preface to the work now in our hands, that the translator has in preparation two other volumes of letters, written by the leading men of the Revolution. These letters of Mirabeau, written during his residence in England, during the years 1784 and 1785, are eighty-five in number, some long, some short, upon all sorts of subjects, from the gayest to the gravest. We will endeavour to indicate some of their more prominent features.

They present, in the aggregate, a complete picture of Mirabeau's multifarious literary projects, and of the better—the untainted—portion of his mind, during his short sojourn in our island. Literature and the arts, men and manners, laws and customs, were the objects of his fixed and unceasing attention. Nothing escaped his notice. His respect for the English character, his admiration of the British constitution, in its purity, his determination to avail himself of his knowledge of the latter, with the view of meliorating the state of his own country on his return thither, are every where apparent. Chatham's eloquence he seized upon as the model of his own. Trial by jury was one of the idols of his worship. Alluding to the trial of his servant, Hardy, at the Old Bailey, for robbery, (that trial in which Garrow, Park, Sylvester, and Fielding all figured as counsel,) he remarks—"This was the first time that a French culprit had appeared before an English tribunal since the peace; and each seemed to vie, one with another, to shew me 'that justice in this country is always administered to the admiration of the world, in such a way as to extort approbation even from the prisoners themselves.'" They, however, by no means shew this to the satisfaction of Mirabeau; and though he says, "I will move heaven and earth, when I return, to alter our mode of trying criminals," and that "we must also have trial by jury, according to English law," he is by no means blind to the more barbarous points of our legal system, and the horrible errors that too frequently attend the administration of justice in England.

* Mirabeau's Letters, during his Residence in England; with Anecdotes, Maxims, &c. translated from the Original Manuscripts. To which is prefixed an Introductory Notice of the Life, Writings, Conduct, and Character of the Author. 2 vols. Wilson.

His abhorrence of the severity of our law, leads him to rejoice in the acquittal of the offender. He says—

“The trial has terminated by the acquittal of Hardy; and I am glad of it, although the man has behaved with deep ingratitude towards me. It would have pained me to the soul had he become a victim to the sanguinary laws of this country; for, had a verdict been found against him, he would, to make use of a strange phrase—for these nautical islanders are eternally reminding one that they ‘rule the waves’—he would have been, as they say, ‘*launched into eternity.*’

We must not here pass over a note of the Editor, in connection with this trial: we cordially concur in its truth. After “a bit of suitable advice” to witnesses, when examined by insolent, vulgar-minded, brow-beating counsel—such as we could name about a dozen of—he says:—

“In cases of prosecution for libel, counsel are often heard exclaiming furiously, with stentorian lungs, making the walls of the court resound with the words—“Hirelings of the Press.” “What is a hireling? Does it never occur to those gentlemen that there are honest as well as dishonest hirelings? The labourer is worthy of his hire. And are not those gentlemen themselves hirelings—hirelings, too, who receive their hire before they perform their labour! What, in particular, is a hireling of the press? He may, or he may not be—in most instances, probably he is—an honest man, honestly advocating what he believes to be a just and honest cause; and such, confessedly, is the indefinite nature of the law of libel, that the most honest, the most virtuous, the most loyal, the most patriotic writer in existence, may unintentionally—unconsciously—fall into its meshes. And, what is a hireling of the bar? It is one of the fictions of the law—and every person of common sense is aware that it is merely a fiction—that a counsel, when he goes into court, knows nothing of the cause which he has been hired to undertake, beyond what is stated in his brief. Too often, this fiction is a gross falsehood. Too often does a counsel go into court, possessing a perfect knowledge that the cause which he is about to undertake is a rotten one; that his client is a scoundrel; and that, should he, by quirk, quibble, or impudence, succeed in gaining the day, he may be the ruin of a just, honest, and honourable man. Which, then, is the viler—the more demoralized or demoralizing character of the two—the hireling of the bar, or the hireling of the press?”

Originating in a position of Plutarch's, that none but men of genius are subject to melancholy, Mirabeau devotes three admirable letters to a consideration of the constitutional melancholy of the English. His hypothesis is constructed with great and sustained with equal ingenuity: in substance it is this:—that constitutional melancholy is the source of suicide amongst the English; that the revolutions of England are traceable to the same source; that military glory, and great exploits, are the result of disease, of individual and of national melancholy; that Bayard's reputation was established during his seven years illness; that the battle of Fontenay was gained through the illness of Marshall Saxe; that ague was the great stimulant of Richard Cœur de Lion, in his conquests; that valour, suicide, and the contempt of death, are dependent upon climate, &c.

Some of Mirabeau's political strictures are excellent. “The liberty of the country,” he observes, “was fixed by the Commons; it will never be preserved by the nobles; the House of Lords never ventures to show that spirit of freedom which leads to liberty; oppositions of consequence, and some of that rough violence which accompanies a free people, break out in the House of Commons; ministers are there sometimes hard pushed; but scarcely ever in the House of Lords. It would

be a monstrous fact, to see that house pretend to a freedom which they never asserted, and will never defend; that branch of the legislature is, and always will be, devoted to the Crown."

The worthlessness of pedigree is finely—beautifully treated. "One is descended from some custard-eating lord mayor—another from a sheriff—a third from a captain of banditti, under the bastard William; and, if a name have any similarity to that of some renowned Lord in Normandy, it is, by the tribe of pedigree-makers, produced as an unerring proof of the great man's descent from the savages of the north who overrun France. Go into every country in Europe, you see the same despicable origin of families; all are sprung from the Goths, Vandals, and other barbarous invaders of the Roman empire, or from sources equally despicable in the East."

On the great subject of tithes, church property, &c. Mirabeau moots the question—"Whether the clergy are to ride upon asses, or in coaches and six."

His treatise on the political reform, and emancipation of the Jews, is at once elaborate, learned, and unanswerably argumentative in favour of the natural rights and privileges of that oppressed people. At the present moment, when an act of legislative interference respecting the Jews, is in prospect, we strongly recommend this portion of the work to the attention of our parliamentary representatives—of the Jews themselves—and of the nation at large. That they may be tempted to do so, we extract a few passages from this admirable survey of the Jewish character and condition. We blush to think that what was true in the days of Mirabeau, is no less true in our own—that the blot upon humanity still remains unerased. Will it continue much longer? After a touching picture of the domestic and social state of the Jews, he remarks:—

"But the vulgar herd cannot forgive, even in favour of great talents and eminent virtues, the misfortune of being born a Jew.

"What resource, then, remains to these unfortunates—to men without a country—to men whose industry is exposed to a thousand obstacles—who are in no place allowed to acquire property, or freely to exercise their talents—in whose virtue no confidence is reposed—for whom no description of glory exists? There is nothing but retail trade:—for the small number of those who possess sufficient means to undertake a considerable commerce, several branches of which have, moreover, been prohibited to the Jews, can they be taken into calculation, when we are speaking of the whole nation? In this retail traffic, only the frequent returns of very slender profit can procure even a scanty subsistence; even the lending of money, the profit upon which is perfectly in accordance with natural equity, has become, thanks to bad laws and the prejudices they engender, the very dominion of a dishonest profession. Yet such is the principal, and almost the only means the Jews have for gaining subsistence; and, while it is tolerated, the laws evince a shameful partiality towards their debtors, thus aggravating their humiliations and their perils, and consequently increasing the cunning of a nation already so oppressed.

"What could have induced European governments so uniformly to treat the Jewish nation with barbarity? It is difficult to persuade oneself, that so many industrious men cannot prove serviceable to a state, because they have come from Asia, and because they are distinguished from others by their beard, circumcision, and a particular mode of adoring the Supreme Being. It is true, that the religion which has been transmitted to them by their forefathers, would incapacitate them from enjoying the same rights as other citizens, if it contained principles opposed to the duty we owe to government—if it withheld them from

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preserving good faith—if it imposed upon them a law to hate those who are not of their creed—if it promoted fraud and immorality.

“ But the religion of the Jews, established upon the law of Moses, venerated amongst Christians, who ascribe it to the immediate inspiration of the Divinity, certainly does not embrace the anti-social principles to which we have alluded. Its commandments are not in opposition to those of justice and humanity; they do not clash with good faith; they do not inculcate fraud. Far from exciting dishonesty, the Mosaic law, founded particularly upon agriculture, is even specially opposed to traffic, a profession which, of all others, most naturally leads to imposition.”

“ We cannot doubt, that better treatment would extirpate those religious prejudices which prevent the children of Moses from adopting habits of a more social character. The Jew is more a man than he is a Jew; and why should he not love a country in which he might be allowed to become a proprietor?—where his contributions would not be more onerous than the contributions of other citizens?—where nothing would prevent him from gaining esteem and consideration? Why should he hate men from whom he would no longer be separated by humiliating prerogatives—men in whose rights and duties he would participate? The novelty of this happiness, and the unfortunate probability, that, for a long period, his nation cannot flatter itself that it will attain it elsewhere, would augment its value in his estimation. His place of dwelling would become his country. He would regard it with the tenderness of a son, long forsaken, but re-established in his rights. These sentiments, inseparable from the human heart, would have a stronger effect than all the sophisms of the rabbins, so much exaggerated, if not calumniated.”

“ Do you wish the Jews to become better, more useful citizens?—

“ Banish from society every degrading distinction with regard to them; open to them every means of existence, acquirement, and possession. Far from interdicting them agriculture, trades, mechanical arts—encourage them in cultivating them. Take care, without neglecting the sacred doctrine of their forefathers, that the Jews are taught nature and its author, morality and reason, the interests of mankind, of the great society of which they form a part; place the Jewish schools upon the same footing as the Christian schools, in every thing except what appertains to religion; let this people, like every other, enjoy full liberty of worship; let them establish, at their own expence, as many synagogues and rabbins as they please; let the right of exclusion be granted to the Jewish Church, as to every other, only as to religious society; but, in the limits of the society, let the decrees of the Rabbins be strengthened by the secular power. Let the Jews live and be judged according to their own laws.”

Mirabeau is equally at home, though in a different vein, respecting the patronage of literature and the arts, by the great. Upon this subject we select one of the notes, by the editor—a writer who seems to have wonderfully little respect for parties.

“ From the first administration of William Pitt, to that of Earl Grey, inclusive, the general system has been to silence enemies, not to encourage or reward friends. When in power, both Whigs and Tories hate honest literary men in their hearts: they hate them, because they fear them. Some, who might be named, have more than tacitly admitted this; and in private, few have hesitated to allow, that they would rather bribe a literary opponent—purchase, or reward his silence, than generously patronize an honest supporter. Where is the encouragement—where is the patronage—where are the rewards that have been conferred upon the literary men of talent, who have conscientiously devoted their lives, as it were, in advocating principles—principles and measures, rather than men?—The Tories—or, as they are now pleased to designate themselves, the Conservatives—have neither the spirit nor the integrity, the honour nor the patriotism, effectually to uphold, or honestly to reward, the principles which they profess to inherit.

“ And what have the Whigs done, since their accession to power? The gratification and enrichment of family connexions is not, of course, alluded to in

this question. Emanating from an institution (the Royal Society of Literature) arose a few pensions—four, if we recollect right—of £100 a year each, to Sharon Turner, the historian, Coleridge, the poet, and some others. One of the earliest acts of the present reign, was to stop these pensions! And this, too, whilst the Pension List, with all its hideous enormities, was unblushingly staring the public in its face.”

But we must hasten to a close of this somewhat hurried, and, we confess, inadequate notice.

Considering the literary, oratorical, and political celebrity of Mirabeau—considering the extraordinary events with which his career, brief as it was dazzling, abounded—it is not a little remarkable that, to the present time, no life of him (except the meagre sketches in our meagre and contemptible biographical dictionaries) should have appeared in this country. To a certain extent the *desideratum* is ably supplied by the memoir prefixed to these volumes; from the pen, as we understand, of Mr. Harral, the late editor of *La Belle Assemblée*. Evidently, however, to render ample justice to his subject, the writer required far greater space. In fact, disclaiming the details of biography, he professes his aim to be, “simply, by a few slight touches, to offer a graphic portrait of his character—to exhibit its more prominent features in a literary, moral, and political light.” Mirabeau’s moral character, in particular, is vividly and powerfully sketched. It is, however, no flattering likeness—if it sin, it is on the side of severity. It was the fate of Mirabeau to be cursed with a savage, remorseless scoundrel of a father. His boyish character was misunderstood, not only by that father, but by his early tutors; consequently, “throughout his life, Mirabeau had no fixed principles; he was the child of impulse; constantly vacillating; and, like a feather, subject to be wafted in any direction by the breath of the moment.”——“Unfortunate, too, with respect to the gifts of mammon, he acquired vices apparently foreign to his natural character. Having felt the want of money—of money to nurture his extravagance—he became little scrupulous by what means his purse might be replenished. This was one of the numerous evils which, in his case, resulted from the absence of fixed principles of a high-toned sense of honour. His genius was all-commanding; but the glory of its fire was dimmed by sensuality—by a sordid thirst for gain. He was prodigal, but not generous. He was ambitious, but his ambition was unaccompanied by greatness—by nobleness of soul.”——“Mirabeau was a vain rather than a proud man. He was vain of his person—his learning—his oratory—his acting—his fencing—his authorship—his mode of correcting proofs for the press—vain of every thing. Yet, as a *littérateur*, he was one of the most notorious and unblushing plagiarists that ever existed. As a writer, or as a speaker, he never scrupled to avail himself, to whatever extent occasion might require, of the labours of others. A *proud* man would not have thus acted.”——“Mirabeau was not profound; but he possessed the art of seizing upon grand points, and making the most of them. His facility in appropriating the ideas, thoughts, and expressions of others was wonderful: with a Promethean touch he made them his own.”——“Mirabeau was not ‘in wit a man, simplicity a child:’ he was a man of splendid genius; but his genius was not subservient to his reason. He was deplorably wanting in self-respect; he was impetuous, violent, and indiscreet—he possessed not the discretion of a child ten years of age. His shrewdness—his perspicacity—were prodigious.”

gious. He was profoundly skilled in the art of flattery ; persuasive—capable of cajoling ; yet open to flattery himself—ever liable to be cajoled and converted to the purposes of others, even by men immeasurably his inferiors in knowledge and in intellect.

“ Temperate in drinking, he was the reverse in every other gratification of sense. His perceptions were nice ; his conduct was gross. Ardent as a lover, he was inconstant as he was ardent : sensual—heartless—profligate.”

“ Had Mirabeau been virtuous, he would have been great ; as he was vicious, he was only wonderful.”

The translator of these letters has executed his task very ably, and very spiritedly. In one or two unimportant instances, he seems to have misunderstood the turn of a metaphysical phrase ; a failure at which, bearing in mind Mirabeau's application of an expression of Scaliger's on the Basque people to metaphysicians, we are not surprised :—“ It is asserted that they understand one another, but I do not believe it !”

A crowning merit of these volumes is the capital whole-length portrait of Mirabeau prefixed, with these powerful and pungent words beneath :—

“ J'ai été, je suis, je serai jusqu'au tombeau l'homme de la liberté publique, l'homme de la constitution. Malheur aux ordres privilégiés ! Ils finiront, mais le peuple est éternel.”

MY APPRENTICESHIP.

My father was what is called an eminent attorney ; for I believe that is the highest title to which the gentlemen who practise this branch of jurisprudence can arrive, since we never hear of an illustrious or a distinguished attorney. However, if not distinguished in one way, my father was so in another ; for he had seven daughters, and I was the eighth son, or fifteenth child. When I was about sixteen years of age, and half educated, with little Latin and less Greek, my father said it was high time that I should do something to obtain a living ; and accordingly he prevailed on his friend Mr. Grubbins, a medical practitioner, likewise eminent, in a neighbouring village on the banks of the Severn, to take me as his lawful and dutiful apprentice, to learn the art and craft of an apothecary, for the term of seven long years. I ought rather to say, the art ; for the craft could hardly be acquired in a life-time. I need not relate the extent of my suffering during this period ; for the fee my father paid being less than that generally given, I had to pay in person, and to perform pretty nearly the work of two apprentices. I will not tell the number of paupers I poisoned, before I learnt the art of compounding medicine. I will not say a word of mangling arms before I acquired the art of phlebotomy ; neither will I confess to the number of teeth I drew by mistake, before an extensive practice taught me the art of fixing the instrument. These all belong to the secret of my profession, and must on no account be divulged. How I made love to my master's neice, when on a visit, and nearly got kicked out of the house, is not so much of a mystery ; but how I repaid the relation would tire my friends ; therefore I shall pass on to the grand feature of that perilous servitude—my apprenticeship.

There are few apothecaries' apprentices, I believe, who do not think more of the art of making love, than that of making physic. I recollect the name of one of my fair enchanters, which I had for some time vainly endeavoured to twist into a sonnet, so haunted me, that I wrote it by mistake on some half dozen packets of draughts, embrocations, and pills, which the boy of course conveyed to the house, and the poor girl narrowly escaped with her life. Love was the regular business of my life—not a pretty pair of eyes for miles round, that I had not eulogized in verse; and rosy cheeks, and flowing tresses, were endless subjects for my muse: but a climax was about to arrive to my tender aspirations, as well as to the term of my apprenticeship, which, as forming the principal event in this epoch of my existence, I cannot do better than recount.

There came to reside, close to our village, a German gentleman of large fortune, with an only daughter, who appeared to be a very amiable girl. She was very pretty; therefore it is needless to say that she became the object of my warmest adoration. My master, Mr. Grubbins, was the ordinary medical attendant in the family; and when he was not in the way, I occasionally visited in his place. We received one day an urgent message, to go instantly to Mr. Von Tromp's, as Miss Von Tromp had fallen from her horse. Mr. G. was, luckily for me, tied by the leg with another case. Away I started, pleased with having an opportunity of coming into more immediate intercourse with the family. The first person I met was Mr. Von Tromp himself, in his morning-gown, smoking his pipe. He addressed me in his usual dry manner. "Vel, sar, you make speed for to take de bloode from my daughter." I found the young lady a good deal alarmed, and suffering also from a severe sprain of the ankle. I saw that there was no necessity for bleeding, but advised leeches to the sprained joint. Mr. Von Tromp flew into a German passion; swore I was not well acquainted with my profession; and that any man who knew any thing of his profession, always took blood. He then left the room, but soon returned with an instrument that is used in Germany for bleeding, which acts by means of a spring; an instrument now only used among farriers. I could not keep my countenance when he handed to me this barbarous implement, in order to procure blood from the delicate arm of a female. "Vat you laugh for?" he exclaimed, and looked very angry. During the absence of Mr. Von Tromp, I had explained to the young lady, that it was quite unnecessary to bleed her; and by a little patience, we gained the victory. After remaining an hour or two, to see the effect of the leeches, I returned home, not a little pleased at the opportunity I had enjoyed, of seeing so much of the young lady; and in the evening I visited her again, to see what effect a cold lotion had produced. Mr. Von Tromp was in a better humour, and I made myself as agreeable as I could—paying particular attention to my patient. I made the most I could of the sprained ankle, and called upon my patient quite as often as was necessary, to see how she went on. She appeared pleased by my great attention to the case; and even old Von Tromp himself said I had, after all, done very well; and, as a proof of his sincerity in this opinion, he presented me with an old German tobacco-pipe, which I received with apparent gratitude.

All the world knows that ladies have a quick eye in detecting any partiality towards themselves; and I soon perceived that I had made an

impression in the proper quarter. But I was most anxious that others should not see it; and was therefore obliged to be most circumspect; for old Von Tromp was quite a devil when he became passionate, and on several occasions he had some kind of fits after these violent passions. He used to become rigid and blue in the face; and then an old German butler, who had lived with him for years, was accustomed to rub him with brandy, and put salt into his mouth; and I believe he used to swear at him in German. I was sadly afraid that my attachment to Miss Von Tromp might be betrayed; and I well knew that there would then soon be an end to the affair. My hopes would assuredly be crushed, if the fact should ever reach the ears of the old German.

I had the pleasure of overtaking Miss Von Tromp one day, riding out on her little poney, when, to my infinite delight, I discovered that I was right in my conjectures with regard to her predilection. After much interesting conversation, it was agreed that Miss Von Trump should visit and relieve the poor of the village, among whom my business principally lay. I was to send her a list of those poor persons who were ill and in distress, and I advised her to visit them after breakfast.

There was one thing I never liked during my apprenticeship. As soon as I was about eighteen years of age, my master always appointed me his deputy at funerals; and in the country it is the custom to make the medical man head the procession. Often and often have I, to my great annoyance, had to walk with solemn step, and rueful face, before the melancholy pageant, and to brave the sarcastic remarks of the village wags. Sometimes a most expressive look from some friend, and a whisper loud enough to be heard, "Aye, aye, you are taking home your work," would be darted at me from some corner. Besides, on these occasions, I used occasionally to meet Miss Von Tromp; and the situation by no means told to my advantage.

My attention to this young lady now began to be observed by several persons in the village, and, indeed, her partiality for me had not escaped observation, insomuch that I was now and then joked on the subject. At length I began to think that it was high time for me to act, for if once the affair reached the ears of the old gentleman, there would then be little chance of my being able to carry my plans into execution. Under this impression I had determined upon the very first occasion, to propose a trip to Gretna Green. I took every opportunity of seeking a personal meeting with her, but by some unlucky accident, always in vain; I, therefore, determined to write to her, and fix the manner of our departure. I found that in order that we might meet, she fancied, or, had I not better say she feigned, that she was not quite well; and Mr. Grubbins, who was at home when the message arrived, as ill-luck would have it, said he would attend himself upon the young lady. I felt assured, from several circumstances, that our attachment had become known at head-quarters, at least that there was a suspicion of such a thing, for I had noticed that the last Sunday at church, as we passed through the church-yard, the old German looked at me as black as thunder, I thought at the very time, that the great blow must be struck, before another week had passed over our heads. I, without delay, consulted with a friend of mine, and he kindly lent me that, which gives wings to love and sinews to war, so that one great end was provided for. But how was I to inform the young lady of my plans?

Miss Von Tromp, a little while before this period, had again sprained

her ankle, but, most unfortunately at this time, there was an old aunt of her mama's, on a visit with them, who was so kind that she would assist her dear niece and the doctor as she called me, to examine the foot; I sent the servant girl down stairs to boil some vinegar with some snow water, "and be sure and stir it all the while till it boils." There, thought I, we have got rid of you for five minutes; but there was the good aunt; oh, these good aunts! I said, "Now, Ma'am, I must trouble you to provide as soon as possible a flannel bandage; might I take the liberty of requesting it as soon as possible?" I felt not a little agitated to get rid of the old lady, that I might converse with my little friend. "Oh," said Miss Von T., "do, dear aunt, get it as soon as possible."—"My dear," replied she, "do you think I did not know that such a thing would be required, and here it is," said she, putting her hand into her work-bag. Alas! thought I, you will never be my "dear aunt." I now revolved in my mind what I could next want that she in her kindness had not provided. I said, "Have you any other remedies with you, Madam?"—"No, Sir, no more." "Then, Ma'am, would you have the goodness to provide us with a little old linen to put over the ankle, for I perceive this bandage is calico, and you know calico is said to irritate the skin." The old lady set off for the linen, and, to my infinite chagrin, met the maid not two yards from the door, returning with the hot vinegar. I said, "Mary you have soon boiled the vinegar."—"Yes, Sir," said she, with a significant nod of the head, which I understood, "I soon made it boil." I had not had a moment to fix any plan with Miss Von T., and before I could devise any scheme to get rid of the maid, I heard the old lady returning. I cannot express the feelings that agitated me at this moment, and those alone who have been in similar circumstances, can have any conception of them. It was plain that this day I was not likely to have any opportunity of communicating with the young lady. After waiting as long as I well could, to take advantage of any occasion that might present itself, I was compelled at last to take my leave.

After such repeated disappointments, I plainly saw that there was no chance for me but that of sending Miss Von T. a letter, to fix the time and mode of our departure for Gretna; for Mr. Grubbins told me that the old German had requested him to attend himself in future upon Miss Von Tromp. "Now, or never," was the word, the thing must be done immediately; and down I sat and penned a letter to my fair one, informing her of the plan I had devised. Two days after this time there was going to be a large party at the old German's, and I thought this would be a favourable opportunity for the expedition. We were sending medicine almost daily to the house, both to the old gentleman and his daughter; I folded my letter and put it under the paper that covered the bottle, nicely sealed, as was our custom. I informed her in this letter, that on the night in question, a carriage that I had engaged would be at the end of the garden, that its remaining there a few minutes would not excite any suspicion, on account of the party, and that if I did not receive any answer, I should have every thing ready. I provided every thing necessary for the flight, packed up some of my clothes in a small portmanteau, and engaged a chaise. For this purpose I went to one of the inns to look after a proper post-boy, one upon whom I could depend. In these affairs every thing depends upon presence of mind and promptitude. I saw a post-boy standing at the

gate, a lad whose bruises and wounds I had often dressed after many a pugilistic contest in which he had been engaged. He was a thin, pale looking fellow, of a most determined aspect, marked by the small-pox, with a deep sunk eye in his head, and a very peculiar squint; one of those fellows upon whose foreheads rogue is written, in very legible characters; from his inveterate obstinacy in fighting, he always went by the name of "cutting Tom." I said, "Well, Tom, have you had any Gretna jobs lately?"—"No, not this long time, Sir; folks has no spirits for this here kind of jobs now a days. I wishes we had a job of that here kind. I've got a pair of rare horses now, such spankers, my eyes, give me five minutes law, and catch me if they can." It made my heart leap with joy to hear this. I felt myself bounding away at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Assuming a very serious look, I said, "Tom, can I trust you?"—"To be sure you may. Trust me? I never splits on nobody." I now told Tom to have his horses ready at ten o'clock at the appointed spot, that I would get into the chaise about fifty yards before the spot fixed on, to take up the lady. Tom's wicked eyes sparkled with joy. As a great deal depended upon Tom's address, I agreed to give him three guineas for the first stage, for he said he should go like lightning over the road; nay, he even undertook to have another chaise ready at the next stage, and for this purpose he should send a most trusty old friend, a kind of half-idiot, a man who was never known either to forget or neglect any message he was sent upon—only tell him what to do, and that Silly Billy, as he was called, would do. He was a kind of automaton, into which you infused your will, and nothing could turn him from what he had undertaken. Well, Billy took the note to our fellow-labourer, another worthy, a friend of Tom's, who was ordered to have a chaise ready to convey us on to the next stage. Every thing appeared favourable to my views. I had heard nothing from the young lady, and therefore all was right, I thought, in that quarter. As soon as evening came, I gave Tom my portmanteau. I counted my guineas, and I counted the minutes too, from the hour that was to emancipate me from the pestle and mortar. My heart beat with anxiety and joy, as I anticipated the hour that was to give me possession of so fine a girl, and so great a fortune. Oh, what an evening! In that evening, in the brief space of a few short hours I seemed to live years; time appeared to stand still; hundreds of ideas rushed through my mind; I looked at my watch, and when I looked again, and thought the greater part of an hour was gone, I found that but a few minutes had elapsed. Those who have been engaged in similar affairs well know the truth of this. However, the hour approached, and about ten minutes before the time I walked into the old surgery to have a last look at my house of bondage—to bid a long and last farewell to pots and gallipots, to pills and potions. I slipped quietly out of the house unobserved, hurried down the lane that led to Mrs. Von Tromp's, and, after waiting a few minutes, heard a chaise driving gently down the lane. It was cutting Tom: he stopped to let me into the chaise at the appointed place, and all I could say was "Well done, Tom." We drove gently to the spot where we were to take up the young lady. I must confess that at this moment I became very much agitated; my heart beat most violently; my breathing became quick, and my hands trembled. We had not stopped half a minute when I saw the young lady gliding along the walk that led to the car-

riage. I could just discern her, though the evening was rather dark. The carriage door was open, and in a moment she was seated by my side in silence. My heart was too full, and my tongue refused to give utterance to a single word. Tom was on his horses in an instant, and we darted off more like an arrow shot from a bow than any thing else. In a few minutes I became more tranquil, and felt a greater degree of confidence.

My fair one seemed absorbed in the great step she was taking, and I from delicacy forbore to rally her. However, as she continued silent, I said, "Never mind your father; these Germans never feel deeply." Upon which, to my utmost astonishment, an astonishment that stopped the very circulation of my blood, I heard these words addressed to me—"Oh, you infernal very young scoundrel! You rob me of my dear girl, do you? No, you do not. I catch you, and take you to de prison; and then," added he, "I will take your blode, as you English say." Upon which he began to pommel me with all the ferocity of a German skipper. "Oh, sir, for God's sake," I exclaimed, "do hear reason, sir!" and then thrusting my head out of the window, I called out in the most energetic tone to Tom to stop. The moment Tom heard my voice he drove harder than ever. The old gentleman now put his head out at the other side of the carriage, and spoke to some one behind, crying, "Get down, and stop de postillion." "It is quite impossible; we are going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, sir; we dare not get down." Tom drove like lightning; there was no stopping him, nor explaining to him what had taken place. The old gentleman put his head out again, and cried out, "Stop him at de turnpike;" and as we approached it, I heard the fellows behind cry out, "Shut the gate! shut the gate!" I felt thankful that I should then get out, and make the best of my way home again. I was astonished that cutting Tom did not slacken his pace when he heard the cry of "shut the gate!" instead of that, laying the whip on his horses, he even increased his furious career, and we actually appeared to be flying. Oh, what a moment! I could just perceive, by the glimmer of the lamp at the turnpike-house, that the gate was closed. Tom dashed on with the fury of a demon. The men behind screamed in the agony of fear. I shouted, "For God's sake, stop!" The old German went into a fit, and kicked most violently. At this moment a most awful crash took place. It was terrific—the screams of the women at the gate, and the noise inside and outside the carriage! Never shall I forget it. Tom, gallant Tom, who had sworn before we started off that no earthly power should stop him, kept his word. He dashed at the gate with an impetus that nothing could resist. The barrier gave way, and was dashed into ten thousand pieces. It was only one crash, and all was over; but it was succeeded by a triumphant shout from the cutter. The old German shortly recovered from his fit; but Tom never stopped till we got to the next stage, and here we found the promised stage waiting for us. The moment we stopped the two fellows behind seized me. Cutting Tom, and Flash Jack, the post-boy of the fresh chaise, in a moment took my part. Tom floored one of the fellows in the twinkling of an eye. Jack had met with his match. I endeavoured to explain the state of affairs to Tom, who had gone up to the chaise in which the old German was,—“Now, Miss, out with you in a minute,” said he. A crowd of people was soon round, and there was a cry for lights. The landlord of the inn, and ostlers, strangers, old and young, all kept con-

gregating, till there was such a noise and such an uproar, that had there been the least chance for me to escape I certainly should have done so. When the lights were brought, and Mr. Von Tromp exhibited himself, the laugh was loud. Two or three constables were now on the spot, and I was taken charge of; and Mr. Von Tromp, to the great delight of a numerous auditory, gave an account of the adventure. The letter that was intended for his daughter had fallen into his hands, through the mistakes of his footman, who had given him the packet of medicine intended for her. The people seemed highly diverted at my expense. I said no one had any right to detain me; but the old German said, "Dead or alive, I should that night go back to Mr. Grubbins's;" and as I saw his arguments, backed by two constables, were irresistible, I resigned, and they took me back to the place whence I came, much to the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. G. Mrs. G. mildly observed, "I always thought you would come to some bad end!"

There was nothing to be done: in a few days the old German and his daughter left the neighbourhood, and I was quite as anxious to take my leave also. The time of my apprenticeship was just expiring, and so, with the consent of all parties, I bade adieu to this place, and thus finished the principal adventures of my apprenticeship.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE OLD BAILEY LUCKY BAG.—Never let it be said that all lotteries are put down. No; the Recorder holds a lottery every session, in which certain persons, as luck guides them, draw blanks or prizes. There are some twenty or thirty individuals who make an audience for the tragic scene, in which the Recorder, "just like one of the harlotry players," acts the impressive and the solemn, condemning in sonorous and emphatic voice, one and all. The dock is filled, the Lord is propitiated to have "mercy on the souls" of the culprits, and Newgate becomes a scene for the damned. There is howling and gnashing of teeth—the whole place is a den of horror. Not so, (cries one experienced in the routine of our criminal laws) there is but little of these poetic terrors—it is pretty well understood, that, in nine cases out of ten, the ceremony of passing sentence of death is a mere farce—a trick of Punch in a black cap. Then why, returns common reason, enact the mockery? If the taking away of life be repugnant to the better humanity of the times, why still cling to a barbarous ceremony, which, if serious, is criminally awful—if a mere trick of law, is scarcely less odious? Are the lives of men to be played with like dice? Is human feeling to be made a thing for mere hustle-cap? The subjoined is from the daily papers:—

"On Tuesday (July 17) the Recorder made his report to his Majesty, of the prisoners in Newgate under sentence of death, convicted at the last May sessions, viz. Andrew Morgan, 52; John Dalton, 29; Thomas Fuller, 44; Elizabeth Pencock, alias Paternoster, 49; and Cornelius Driscoll, 41, for uttering a forged will; David Elliott, 26; Samuel Crowsen, alias Fisher, 27; James Crayford, 23; John Bates, 18; Elizabeth Martin, 60; Robert Jones, 23; George Robinson, 22; Henry Godfrey, 20, housebreaking; Patrick Cane, 32; Richard Brown, 25; Henry M'Namara, 22; Lucy Biddle, 23, stealing in a dwelling-house; George Jones, 34, burglary; William Dancer, 20; and John Grafton,

24, highway robbery; James Pearce, 39; and Edward Mansfield, 25, cutting and maiming; also George Athea, 20, convicted February last of stealing in a dwelling house; all of whom his Majesty was graciously pleased to respite during his royal pleasure, except Morgan and others (for forging a will), whose case is postponed for further consideration."

It will be seen, that out of the whole knot of criminals, not one has drawn a halter. All, with the exception of those whose case remains to be reconsidered, have been saved from an inhuman fate, although they have been invoked, and threatened with its infliction. We array the gallows before the eyes of the thief—we make him mount the ladder—the judge calls blessings on his soul—the cap is over his eyes—the rope round his neck—his feet, the blood in them on fire, are on the plank—and, vibrating between life and eternity, the disgusting farce concludes by dismissing the half-dead wretch to the hulks, or the colonies. The tenacity with which society holds to barbarous forms, even after it becomes half-awakened to their injurious operation, is humiliating to our hopes of enlightened legislation. The humanity of governments is, indeed, of slow growth. An old tract, dated 1652, called *A Cry against a Crying Sin*, is lying before us, written by Samuel Chidley. It comprises several petitions and memorials addressed to the Mayor and Aldermen of London, to the Common Council, to the Council of State, &c. on the inhumanity and impolicy of taking away life for mere theft. On one occasion Mr. Chidley attended in the Court, and sent a letter of remonstrance to the bench in behalf of a prisoner then arraigned at the bar for theft, who refused to plead unless the letter was read. On this, Mr. Chidley was "put out of the court, he speaking in the justification of the statutes of God to be right, and the precepts of men to be wrong, in taking away men's lives for such trivial matters." He being put out—

"They gave sentence against the prisoner at the bar, who was arraigned for stealing, and would not hold up his hand, nor plead. * * * And by the Recorder, Mr. Steele, who was their mouth, gave sentence against him, which was to this effect: that he should go thence to the place from whence he came, and be led into a dark room where there was no light, and should be stripped naked, only his privy members and his head covered, and his arms stretched forth, both on the one side and on the other, as far as they could be stretched; and that he should be laid along on his back, and have as much weight laid upon him as he was able to bear, *and more*; and, the next day, he should only have three morsels of barley-bread, without any drink; and the day following, *three draughts of the kennel water running under Newgate, as much as he could drink, and so to remain in that condition from day to day till he died!*"

Our criminal jurists, it will be seen from the above, have made but tortoise-like advances in practical humanity for nearly the past two centuries. "Why," Sir Robert Peel would exclaim, "there is no torture now in Newgate!" Is there not? Do we not, session after session, see twenties and thirties doomed to death, when scarcely more than two or three suffer? Is there no torture inflicted on those who only learn from the Report their escape from the gallows? Is there no agony of suspense—no heart-rending misery endured by relatives and friends? If there be not, if the convict feels certain of his escape, is not the law a mere formal jest? Any way, the sense of the country calls for a total abolition of these ghastly mockeries. Let the law be squared by reason, and so be rendered inevitable; as it is, the criminal plays at bo-peep with the judge.

Economy! In the Order of Council for the cleansing of all sewers, drains, &c. it is ordered that the expense be borne by the parish; that

is, if the sum do not exceed 50*l*. In the event of the nuisance being of an alarming magnitude, and consequently requiring a greater outlay for its abatement, it must, we presume, remain. Government, it would seem, has no objection to the expence of a mop, but startles at the cost of a pail!

THE DRAMATIC QUESTION.—The Committee appointed by the House of Commons, to hear evidence, preparatory to the passing a Bill for the future regulation of the theatres, have closed their labours. The inquiry was every way interesting. In addition to the importance of the question, it was curious to witness the testimony of various individuals, colored, as their opinions were, by prejudice and self-interest. The conservatives stickled lustily for their patent rights. Captain Forbes contended that he held the patent of Covent-garden theatre by as sacred a bond as that which vested Woburn Abbey in the house of Russell. One and all of the majors repelled with indignation, every question that supposed an ill-treatment of authors. Nothing, according to the managerial witnesses, could possibly be more correct, more fair, and above-board, than all transactions with dramatists. In evidence of the liberality with which dramatic literature is supported at Covent-garden theatre, Captain Forbes stated, that in one season the enormous sum of 1,500*l*. had been paid for new pieces. It appeared, however, that the salaries of the theatre amounted to 700*l*. per week; thus, little better than the gross salaries of two weeks were devoted to the encouragement of the drama, and out of this, no trifle is to be deducted for the authorship of pantomime and Easter spectacle. The minor theatres, having justice and reason on their side, had, of course, the best of the argument. On one hand, it was mere declamation and subtle shifting; on the other, a plain statement of obvious truths. The committee recommend a law that shall give all the drama to all the theatres, placing them all under the jurisdiction of the Chamberlain, and making it compulsory on that officer to license a new theatre in any part of London, the city, we presume, excepted, if called upon by a certain number of the inhabitants. This, though it goes not so far as we could wish, is something. The committee, however, recommend the continuance of the office of Deputy Licensor, who, by the way, during the course of evidence, very satisfactorily proved that his office was altogether useless—that his fees were a hard and unnecessary tax on the theatres under his jurisdiction—that “angels” were only of one sex, and that “heaven” was no word for the prompter’s book. A reformed parliament will, we cordially trust, agree with Mr. Colman, as to the utter uselessness of his office. Unconstitutional, and in opposition to the spirit of the times, it most assuredly is. Besides, if every minor theatre is to pay a tax, in the shape of a licensor’s fee, for novelty, it will be partly at the expence of the author: the manager will take care that it does not all come out of his own pocket. The committee, we are happy to say, recommend that dramatists shall receive a compensation from every establishment making use of their labours. This measure alone will work the regeneration of the stage. Mr. E. L. BULWER deserves the gratitude of the whole profession, of authors as well as actors.

BIRMINGHAM AND LONDON RAILWAY.—We regret to perceive that the Bill for this truly splendid undertaking, after passing successfully through the Commons, has been rejected by an unfavourable report of

the Committee of the House of Lords. Thus this great national work, so well calculated at this time to revive the drooping spirit of speculation, and to give employment to many thousands of our famishing labouring population, has been thrown back for an entire year, by the intrigues, prejudices, and pride of a few members of the House of Lords. Earl Brownlow, the heir-presumptive to the Countess of Bridgewater, through whose estate of Ashridge the line of the railway is intended to pass, has proved to be the most active opponent of the measure. The report of the committee announced that "the preamble of the Bill had not been proved." We the more regret this termination of the measure for the present session, as a sum of 40,000*l.*, expended in supporting the Bill, is thus virtually lost to the proprietors, and we fear that the various other railway companies will be thrown into gloom at the defeat of the great line to the iron districts of the kingdom. It is certainly a subject of deep regret, that in a country essentially commercial, measures of such decided benefit to every interest of the kingdom—mining, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial—should thus be defeated by an inveterate hostility to all human improvement in the Lords, whose wealth is entirely founded upon that national super-eminence in trade which they despise and oppose. We console ourselves, however, in the reflection, that an ample reform in our national establishments is now inevitable, and power having been effectually transferred to the people of England, a continuance of opposition in the Lords to the wants and commercial interests of the nation will, in a very few years, bring on THE QUESTION OF AN HEREDITARY PEERAGE.

"TRICKS OF THE TORIES."—The tricks of the Tories are as manifold as their iniquities; they pervade alike the court, the camp, and the church; but in no place are they seen to greater advantage, than in the exhibition of their parliamentary logic at St. Stephen's Chapel. Here we find all sorts of tropes, figures, feints, ruse-de-guerres, with arguments *ad infinitum* of a piece with Jack Cade's, who swore he was heir to the crown by the live bricks in the chimney. But the stock in trade of all these shiftings and cantings, are to be found in a few now somewhat obsolete principles. The first of these is *legitimacy*, or the divine right to govern wrong:—authority, backed by the formidable text, "Whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and shall receive to themselves damnation." Then we have the *passive obedience* and *non-resistance*, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also; and whosoever will take away thy cloak, let him have thy coat also." To these are tacked, the *wisdom of our ancestors*, *wisdom of ages*, *venerable antiquities*—nothing is so venerable as an ancient abuse—*wisdom of old times*, and *of our forefathers*, which is the wisdom of the cradle, rather than that of gray hairs. Then follow the *dread of innovation*, which always implies a change for the worse, and all the spectres, which would scare white-livered men, as anarchy, revolution, and destruction of church and state. With this is connected the argument of *no precedent*; and, because our ancestors have not done this, or that, *we* have no business,—a boy has no right to be wiser than his father. When these fail, we have *procrastination*—such as in law is called a plea of abatement; by which a dishonest dependent will triumph over his injured adversary, by temporizing. Thus, in Parliament, the question of Reform was met, some thirty years ago, by *war*.—"Stop till the peace comes," was the cry.—Peace came:—then it

was wrong to disturb the *tranquillity of affairs*. To these and the like mystifications have been added the scheme of *gradual change—working by degrees*, as lawyers are said to go to heaven. And, to multiply a thing by disjointing it, then we have the system of *false consolations*—by the holding up the wretchedness of other nations with the less wretchedness of our own. Thus, the blacks are better off than the Irish—not that the Irish are bad off. Then, perhaps, the Spanish Inquisition is brought out, to reconcile us to the English hierarchy; and the manacled serfs of the Russ are dilated on, to make us content with corn-laws and high rents. Of these, and similar tricks, we need not warn the emancipated people of England to beware. We have scotched the snake—not killed it;—but we trust that the days of hereditary logic are passed away.

THE WAY TO PREFERMENT.—The advancement of a certain titled tory, from plebeian to aristocratical rank, is looked upon as somewhat miraculous by the *ton*: and how a mere scraper of trenchers and picker of bones, without talent or honesty, should get access at courts, and influence at cabinets, is somewhat puzzling to those who are not among the initiated in these matters. The links that constitute court patronage are magical; and through their means, a whole body is often moved by a slight force, exercised at the minutest and most extreme point, just as we set a skeleton in motion by a shake of the toe. In fact, the smile of a court favourite immediately raises the person who receives it, and gives value to the smile *he* may bestow. Thus the smile is transferred from one to the other, and *the great man* is the last to discount it. It is in this manner the parasite gets a lift in the way of preferment. For instance; a very low fellow has a desire for a place—to whom is he to apply?—not to the great man—for to him he hath no access. He therefore applies to *A.*, who is the creature of *B.*, who is the tool of *C.*, who is the lick-spittle of *D.*, who is the catamite of *E.*, who is the *procureur* of *F.*, who is the bully of *G.*, who is the buffoon of *H.*, who is the husband of *K.*, who is the favourite of *L.*, who is the bastard of *M.*, who is the instrument of the great man!

CHANGE OF MINISTRY.—We have often been amused by the advertisements in a godly contemporary; and our edification was increased by reading the other day, in its pages, the following advertisement; as it shows how steadily evangelical principles are advancing, and what hold vital christianity is making in the world. Every thing seems hastening towards a climax; creature comforts are more and more despised; worldly advantages are more and more contemned—for the sake of heavenly favour. Witness the following:—

“Wanted, by a young man of a *decided turn*, a place as light porter in a pious family. *Salary* of no object; the principal desire of the advertiser being to *sit under a gospel ministry*.”

Here we see the casting of the slough of worldliness, a renunciation of the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh, cut off in one word—**SALARY**—for the sake of a *gospel ministry*. How much ought we to rejoice at this manifestation of the power of godliness. Who can tell but that in these times of divine illumination, our placemen and sinecurists may take a hint from this pious young man, and give up their salary for a *gospel* instead of a *Whig ministry*. Upon the bare possibility of such

a thing, we should advise the immediate translation of such men as the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, of Harrow, and the Hon. and Rev. G. Noel, to the two archiepiscopal sees; this would, perhaps, prevent the contemplated reduction in the establishment: could placemen and others be prevailed upon to deem salary of no object, our political, as well as our spiritual regeneration would be certain.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE CLERGY.—We are among those who consider the clergy to be hardly used in the present day. Their accusers are *numerous*, their defenders *few*—we proudly reckon ourselves among the latter. The principal outcry raised against the body spiritual, is for their absorption of wealth, but it shows a very poor acquaintance with theology, to imagine this to be an offence either against public morals or Christian charity; for our parts, we believe it to be the very magnanimity of theological virtue. We are continually told of the damning quality of riches, is it not declared to be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to go to Heaven? that the love of money is the root of ALL evil; and that the inordinate desire of riches shall go hand in hand with *condemnation*. Considering all this, ought we not to honour the clergy for taking unto themselves eight million pounds' worth of voluntary damnation?

"For Satan, wiser than in days of yore,
Now tempts by making *rich*, not making *poor*."

Before the reformation, the value of a human soul was set at three marks, to take it out of limbo double that sum, to redeem it from purgatory four times that amount. Now, as it required thus much to *save* a soul when England was so thinly populated, we may reasonably infer that much less is required to *condemn* one, now that the population is so much more dense. Taking, however, the probability of damnation at about three marks, or a pound sterling, the Bishop of London, by taking one hundred thousand pounds of such "perilous stuff," out of the hands of the poor, annually, may be said to save at least one hundred thousand souls every year, being as many as are computed to die in that space of time in his diocese. In the same ratio of calculation, the income of the bishops are supposed to preserve the *soul-destroying comforts of this life*, no less than five millions per annum. So that the monstrous and unchristian complaint, that the clergy do no good, is proved a complete fallacy—the growing wealth of this country absolutely demanded that a safety-valve should be opened somewhere; but the twenty-five years wars, the rent-roll, and the pension-list, would all be insufficient, were it not for this annual self-devotion of the clergy. Their efforts to scrape together the filthy lucre, that we may not be calumniated with it, are as praiseworthy as the exertions of the benevolent individual called the quixotic scavenger, who is now perambulating the metropolis, with his satellites and their vehicle, for the purpose of removing, *gratuitously*, the causes of infection from our streets. By such means multiplying the *soul-saving fast-days* among us, without marking them down in the rubric, we find the bishops doing good by *stealth*, blushing to find it *fame*.

MARCH OF CANT.—We heard of a serious old gentleman upon his conversion to Swedenborgism, or some other schism or i-m, giving up the Times newspaper, and becoming a subscriber to the Morning Herald, because the former printed "God" in small letters, and the latter

in capitals! It appears that the progress of this feeling is by no means upon the wane, although it modifies itself according to particular circumstances. Molière says, in one of his plays, "He is an infernal villain *now*, for hark, he talks of God;" and so it is, in proportion as people lose a sense of his perfections, they babble of them. Thus, the other day, at a meeting of a society over head and ears in debt, the following pious resolution was moved, seconded, and carried *nem. con.*

"Resolved—That the thanks and gratitude of this meeting be presented, through the officiating minister, to Almighty God for his presiding care and protection of this society through unexampled trials and difficulties, and that he will be pleased to continue his protecting influence to this society."

MILITARY MARTYRDOM.—At the moment we are writing, an inquiry is being instituted into the circumstances of a case, which, rich as our military records are in the details of oppression and suffering, is, we will venture to say, unparalleled in its kind. We refer, of course, to the case of the private in the Scots Greys, Sommerville. The punishment of flogging, barbarous and brutal as it is in itself, has frequently been most brutally and barbarously exercised; men have received dozens, nay, hundreds of lashes, for offences, which would have been more properly punished by the loss of a dinner or day's pay. But never before were a set of officers found, hardy, heartless, and desperate enough, to award two hundred lashes, one hundred of which were actually inflicted, for— for what? for writing a letter to a newspaper, at a crisis of universal alarm, declaratory of sentiments that ought to animate the whole army, and are, assuredly, indicative alike of his patriotism, his independence, and his intellectual superiority to the station which he filled. It is pretended, indeed, that the letter had nothing to do with the lashes—that Sommerville was punished for refusing to mount an unmanageable horse a second time, having given him a trial, and becoming convinced, that to mount him again would not only be to fail in his endeavour, but most probably, to endanger his life in the attempt. The dilemma in which Major Wynham and his myrmidons find themselves, is pretty palpable, when they are driven to defend their conduct by a confession like this— by a statement, that places them in almost as odious and awkward a light, supposing it to be the true one, as the original accusation—by an admission of a severity of punishment, for a disobedience which humanity perceives to be a natural and pardonable one, that makes us blush for humane, refined, enlightened England, who has so long beheld the savage and demoralizing working of the system; who has so long seen the lustre of her name tarnished by the existence of this relic of a brute-like barbarism; who has so long witnessed to what a state of perfect discipline other armies can be brought without it, and yet, who has hesitated to wipe out the blot upon her proud character, by universally and simultaneously demanding the unqualified and immediate abolition of the law.

It is as clear, however, as that the torture was awarded, and that one half of it was inflicted, that this disobedience was the mere pretext for punishment—that the gallant soldier was foredoomed—that he was ordered to do what could not be done—and tried, on the ground of a refusal which one of his fellows was suffered to make with impunity. The real offence was, the possession of an independent and generous spirit—superadded to which, is the power of expressing his sentiments in a style that must make his officers alarmed for the credit of their

dispatches. They must have felt, one and all, that but few of them could write and discriminate like Sommerville ; and, as gentlemen born, they resolved to mark somewhat signally, the presumption of a private, he had contrived to monopolize more spirit, sense, and talent, than fell to the share of fifty ribboned officers united.

How this inquiry will terminate we venture not to guess ; but there can be no possible doubt that the day of military-torture is fast drawing to a close. It is wholly incompatible with the existing spirit of the times, and must expire with the Tory tyranny, in whose code of legal horrors and inhumanities it forms so appropriate a feature. This consummation, however, is destined, like all others that are devoutly to be wished, to be brought about by the wisdom and humanity of the people. It will derive no help from the Secretary at War—the champion of the lacerated soldier, out of office—the partizan of the cold-blooded sentencer, in office ; the pledged adherent of the abolition of torture on one side of the house, the polite and courteous sanctioner of it on the other. Sir John Hobhouse has caught the cant of office with surprising fervour and facility. He is so profound a Whig that one hardly knows him from a Tory ; and we certainly cannot recognize in the Baronet and War Secretary, the honest English gentleman and liberal member for Westminster, from whom we have heard so many brilliant orations about popular rights, popular freedom, and other popular fallacies, as he now seems half-disposed to designate them.

A PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN.—An ingenious evasion of the laws employs one portion of the intellect of the nation to as much purpose as training them does the other. While Lord Wynford is mustering his antiquated energies to fabricate laws for wholesale transportation, a set of talented individuals are secretly undermining his lordship's labours, by seeing how they can be best evaded—how sheep-stealing can be effected in security, and how the burglar may not be scared by Botany-bay.

The police officers afford rich specimens of this description of talent ; new trades are elicited, invented to supersede the old ones, which have been denounced from the worshipful bench as unlawful. Thus beggars are subjects for the tread-mill ; but *askers* can insinuate their grievances into the public ear unawed by Bow-street or the new police. A case occurred the other day, which brought to light the dealings of a member of this commercial fraternity. A favourite servant having left her place to be married, returned to her mistress sometime afterwards in great distress, beseeching her kind offices on the part of her husband, who had innocently incurred the displeasure of the magistrates of Marlborough-street. The mistress kindly called on her to elicit more particularly the facts of her distress, and was surprised to find a very neat residence, in every respect superior to her situation in life. In addition to good furniture, there was no lack of silver spoons, good decanters,—not empty, moreover,—and other little moveables inconsistent with her humble station. “ Why, Mary,” said her mistress, before inquiring into the circumstances of her distress, “ What trade is your husband ? ” “ He is no trade, ma’am ; he’s by profession an asker.” “ An asker ! what’s that ? ” “ A genteel beggar, ma’am, that dresses well, and goes about to gentlemen’s houses—only they say he has stolen a silver spoon ! ”

We would advise housekeepers to look sharply after professional gentlemen, as they may find an application to Bow-street for the restoration of silver spoons rather an uncertain method of recovery.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—The amateur manager has found the Opera House rather an expensive plaything. The wires are not pulled for nothing, and the puppets will find their way to the treasury, though not always, it seems, with success, if we are to credit the account of some of the fair correspondents to the *Times*. However, that is no affair of ours. If Mr. Mason had realized his pompous announcement at the commencement of his career, we should have little reason to complain; but having obtained the subscriptions to the Italian opera, his whole efforts have been directed to crush it. Accordingly we see German and French operas introduced—the former with such exquisite precision of detail—the chorusses so admirably practised—the whole management so perfected by the indefatigable German artists themselves—that the Italian, independently of the claims of either to musical superiority, has been actually eclipsed by the very industry of its rivals. Had half the pains been taken with the Italian opera, there would have been no vacancy for the German or French either; but it has no chance—a very few such *Masons* as this, our amateur manager, would suffice to destroy a fabric which cost the labour of hundreds of better workmen to raise. Instead of a wreath of laurel, his exertions ought to be rewarded by one of stinging nettles, conveying, thereby, a pungent reproof to himself, and a very pretty moral to other *soi disant* managers, who, like the little boy in the story-book, touching what they do not understand, get stung for their ignorance and folly.

DRURY-LANE.—The proceedings of the Drury-Lane authorities are at present involved in the deepest mystery. We have heard of nothing further than Wallack's departure for America, and Mr. Bunn's being ordered off on the recruiting service. We hope he will be able to secure a few Lions for the next season, without the aid of Monsieur Martin and the iron cage—no more “terrific combats,” for heaven's sake!—unless, indeed, they can be done in good style. If the days of the gladiators could be renewed, and government be persuaded to lend us a few felons to be pitched against some of twenty of the “Zoological,”—then, indeed, Drury would have some pretensions to fame, and poor Davidge might turn his Cobourg into a conventicle. But we fear the effeminacy of the age is decidedly against all such manly recreations; for the gallant attempts of the military lessee, towards a renewal of such glorious times, by the introduction of a clawless, toothless, old, broken-backed lion, failed, last season, to interest the discerning public; and the jackalls, hyenas, and other interesting *debutantes*, lifted up their sweet voices in vain.

If the Captain wishes to direct the public taste that way, and is sufficiently unprejudiced respecting the rights of the legitimate drama, about which so much is insisted, we would advise him next season to try the effect of a little fight between two charity-boys, between the acts; which, if properly received, might enable him, before the end of the season, to get up a very pretty entertainment between all the prize-fighters and the wild beasts in the metropolis. The Captain might then play the principal part himself; and it would indeed be a consummation worthy of a “military manager”!

COVENT GARDEN.—Laporte goes on prosperously.—He seems to un-

derstand the appetite of John Bull better than the native cooks. In this age of refinement, the sirloin no longer rules the roast. Side-dishes and *entremets*, such as never before graced the English board, are devoured with the greatest possible gusto. The shades of our departed heroes will, doubtless, mourn over the strange appropriation of this theatre of their fame. Mademoiselle Mars divides the bays with Mademoiselle Kemble; and where erst the votaries of melo-drama looked aghast at the naked sword suspended by its single hair, they are now electrified by Paganini and his single string. Many will doubtless regard these changes as little short of piratical; but we, who know what is going on behind the curtain against the approaching season, are not at all alarmed at these extraordinary symptoms of Gallomania.

Mr. Morris has, somehow, obtained for himself the reputation of being the most untractable of managers. We do not speak from experience, for we know little or nothing of the fraternity—no communication did we ever make with any,—not even to the usual demand for a free admission. But, as we said, Mr. Morris has the reputation of being the very Nero of managers—not an author, not an actor, not a critic, not an individual, from Hamlet down to the very cook,—but has some dismal catalogue of crime against him. That portion of his conduct, however, which comes under our observation, may be dispatched in a few words. The French plays and the German operas have, it seems, made sad havoc with the receipts of his treasury—and the exertions of the manager have not kept pace with the competition against him—nothing but trifles from the French have yet appeared, which have been seen by most, to better advantage in the original costume. Doubtless, there is something in the back ground to astonish us. By the way, the manager's refusal of the 'golden calf,' was not a grand stroke of managerial diplomacy. Mrs. Gore has likewise had a comedy returned.

Unless there is something better than the present *novelties* speedily forthcoming, the boxes of the Haymarket theatre will soon be converted into snug little dormitories, for the convenience of gentlemen who have taken their wine and feel dozy.

New pieces have succeeded each other at the STRAND THEATRE in infinite variety; most of them, however, from the French. Mr. Jerrold's "Golden Calf," is a splendid exception, and has drawn an abundance of worshippers. For this piece, however, Mrs. Waylett is indebted to good luck, and Mr. Morris's strong family prejudices, for which combination in her favour, she ought to be duly grateful. It is a very pretty little theatre, and the exertions of Mrs. Waylett, Abbot, and Keeley, have been justly estimated by the public.

While the present law of dramatic copyright continues as it does, every one has a right to use it to his own advantage; how long it is advisable such privileges should continue is another matter. Mr. Osbaldiston has followed the example of others, and has been amusing the lieges on the other side of the water, with Mr. Sheridan Knowles's play of the "Hunchback." The way in which it is sustained speaks well for the ability of the manager. Mr. Elton has a just perception of the character of *Master Walter*, and is moreover, one of the very best actors in the best walk of the drama.

It is likewise, due to say that Mr. Osbaldiston, since his accession to the manager's chair, has exerted himself in every possible way for the gratification of the public, and has deserved the success he has obtained.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR. VOL. III. BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY. 1832.

MR. SOUTHEY has, at length, concluded his History of the Peninsular War. During the interval between the appearance of the second and third volumes, Colonel Napier has contrived, by publishing the chief portion of something like a faithful history of that "wicked war," as Mr. Southey calls it, to supersede the Doctor's book altogether; and although the present volume will, of course, be sold to complete the ponderous work, we apprehend that the estimation in which it is held, is not exactly of the kind to be particularly agreeable to the author—if, indeed, a trading writer like Mr. Southey can be supposed to entertain any feeling on the subject.

Mr. Southey was never the man to write a faithful history of the Peninsular War. What, indeed, was to be expected from a demagogue turned into a placeman, but the most violent abuse of his former friends and their principles; kept in countenance by the most slavish adulation of his new masters? The same spirit manifests itself in every thing Mr. Southey does—the same intolerance of every thing that will not submit itself to the dictation of his new principles, which are, in point of fact, merely the inverted shadows of his old opinions. His liberalism was only tyranny in another shape—his toryism is tyranny, sought to be perpetuated in the old form, because the other was found impracticable and without profit.

To return to Mr. Southey's book. His idol is the Duke of Wellington throughout; and he conceives that the reputation of his favourite is never so well enhanced, as when he sneers at the French marshals opposed to him during the "wicked war;" to whom he awards as little praise, on the score of military skill, as their worst enemies could desire. His hatred of the French is, however, balanced by his admiration of the Spaniards, whom he takes every opportunity of defending, justifying, and applauding—and his admiration of British valour and "all that," is of the right gallery material. The style in which the whole is written is, however, like all Mr. Southey's prose, admirably clear, elegant, and concise.

THE HORSE IN ALL HIS VARIETIES AND USES. BY JOHN LAURENCE.
LONDON: M. ARNOLD. 1832.

WHEN a subject is touched by the hand of a master, it is always in a manner so particularly his own, as to strike out beauties that must be felt and appreciated by every taste. So is it with our friend Mr. Laurence. We stake our faith upon it, that were a mathematical student to take up this book by chance, he would be constrained to desert his Euclid, till he had thoroughly perused this amusing work.

It were needless to say much in favour of Mr. Laurence's book, as it is not now for the first time before the public: suffice it to say, that it has already been highly appreciated by competent judges, and that the present edition is considerably enlarged.

Mr. Laurence was one of the first to advocate the rights of the brute creation, in a larger work on the Horse, published nearly forty years ago; and his observations on this subject in the present volume, are well worthy of attention.

ON THE ECONOMY OF MACHINERY AND MANUFACTURES. BY CHARLES BABBAGE, ESQ., A.M. LONDON: CHARLES KNIGHT. 1832.

THERE is a great deal of valuable information in this book, and much speculation that may hereafter be carried into effect, to the furtherance and advantage of science. But our author occasionally, like the ingenious Bishop Williams, gives birth to theories, and propounds schemes that are more to be admired for their ingenuity, than applauded for their feasibility. For instance, his proposal,

so seriously put forth, of conveying the post "in cylindrical tin cases, suspended by wheels rolling upon a wire," which is to be connected to the steeples of churches, appears to us to be one of those wild fancies which are more applicable to Utopia than England. Would it not be equally practicable to convey postmen in the same manner? We must also express our doubts of the *wearability* of his "caterpillar lace veils." Such flimsy devices as these would, no doubt, be serviceable in concealing the charms of Queen Mab, or Titania, but would hardly suffice to shade the more material perfections of a Mrs. Tomkins.

MILITARY MEMOIRS OF FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. BY CAPTAIN MOYLE SHERER. VOL. II. BEING VOL. IX. OF DR. LARDNER'S CABINET LIBRARY.

THE publication of this volume has been so long delayed, that its connexion with the preceding part of the memoirs of the Duke of Wellington is, we suspect, forgotten, so far as the matter of the book is concerned, by many of our readers. The comparison would be all in favour of the volume before us, for the exuberance of style, formerly provoking much petulant criticism, has been carefully restrained. The political and religious opinions of our gallant author are well known, and may, of course, be traced through every page of these memoirs, though, perhaps, rather as influencing the tone of feeling than as disputatiously maintained. Nevertheless, some few points in dispute as to the Spanish campaign, and the final grand struggle at Waterloo, are here decided in favour of the Duke, on principles which, had we here room, we should venture to dispute. Knowing, as from Captain Sherer's works he must have known, what were our author's principles, and how earnestly and sincerely they are felt and supported, Dr. Lardner, in our opinion, committed a grave error of judgment, in requesting him to compile the memoirs now in our hands for a part of the Cabinet Library; and this fault, the disclaimer, at the end of the preface, serves to render more palpable and apparent.

These Memoirs are, as their title declares "Military" only—no allusion, unless very incidentally, being made to the political career of the Duke. Indeed, our author has obviously avoided with care disputed ground, wherever he could, and confined his work, as much as possible, to descriptions of scenes and actions, many of which are very spirited. Viewed as a British general, the Duke of Wellington will ever be an object of admiration, even to those who may differ from the various *cabinets* under which he was sent forth to conquer; and the perusal of these volumes, of the second especially, has given us that high pleasure which is always afforded by illustrations of the triumph of many of the proudest attributes of the English national character. This is the strongest recommendation claimed by these Memoirs, and here we are sure the reader will not be disappointed. Our author rejoices fully and enthusiastically in the glories of the English arms, with all the feelings of a true English soldier; and his animated descriptions recal the mingled feelings of many a long past day, on receiving news of victory. The moral, however, that treads on the heels of all these glories and victories, presents matter for other and profounder minds, than any that have been bred in a military school.

A COMPANION AND KEY TO THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. BY JOHN FISHER. LONDON: SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL. 1832.

WE cannot too much praise the diligence and research of the Author of this volume, as exemplified in the work before us, upon which we have bestowed much attention. It is, as its title imports, "a Companion and Key to the History of England;" obviating, in a great measure, the necessity of referring to the many almost unreadable books, which, however, must be read, before the student of English History can acquire any thing like a tolerable mastery of the subject of which these multitudinous authors so copiously treat.

We have presented to us, in the present work, not only a history of our own country, from the "earliest authenticity" to the present time, and of the British

kings who have governed it; but also of the collateral branches of the royal families of England, and of the foreign alliances into which many of them have merged. The work is also accompanied by genealogical charts of the several dynasties, and of the families that have emanated from them; and the whole of this elaborate volume is arranged and put together in the most convenient and attractive form.

We regret very much, that it is not in our power honestly to applaud the style in which some portions of this work are written. Where Mr. Fisher confines himself to the detail of historical facts, he gets on well enough; but his conclusions respecting them, and the reflections suggested to his mind by their recital, are sometimes of a nature to excite a smile, in spite of the mortification we feel at the manner in which the valuable labours of our author are marred by their introduction. For instance; describing the last illness of the Princess Amelia, the youngest daughter of George III., Mr. Fisher says,

"Through all the vicissitudes of pain and languor, the moral qualities of the Princess Amelia gleamed with splendid worth; and not one was more excited, next to submission to the trials Heaven had imposed, than her filial affection to the fond and venerable parent whom she was unconsciously doomed to hasten, from grief at her departed excellence, into that barren state of existence in which reason, unhinged, vibrated in unrestrained modulations through the chaos of imagination, never more to be restored by the great spirit that moved upon the face of the waters."

This mode of writing is calculated to excite a belief of our Author's assent to Dr. Johnson's Logic,

"Who writes of madness, should himself be mad."

We have not quoted the above passage for the purpose of turning into ridicule the labours of a diligent and deserving man; but in order to shew how sedulously some authors take pains to impair the value of their laudable exertions. We can, nevertheless, strongly recommend Mr. Fisher's book to our readers.

A KEY TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. LONDON: LONGMAN & Co. 1832.

THE present somewhat bulky volume should be in the hands of every one of our Members of Parliament, and of all such as are or may be qualified to sit under the new Bill, and of those (and they are not a few) who are curious in the acquisition of such recondite learning as ancient regulations and standing orders, and who dogmatize on such matters with portentous shakes of the head, and unanswerable declensions of chin upon the shirt-frill. To all such, we say, this work is highly necessary, deeply instructive, nay, absolutely indispensable. We can but marvel at the patience, the research, and the indomitable industry of the man who could get together so much valuable information, with so little interesting matter wherewith to lighten and to alleviate his labours.

TALES AND NOVELS, BY MARIA EDGEWORTH. IN 18 VOLS. VOL. I. LONDON: BALDWIN & Co. 1832.

THE first volume of the present series contains the admirable "Castle Rackrent," and the "Essay on Irish Bulls;" and the eighteen volumes are intended to comprise the whole of Miss Edgeworth's novels and tales, with the exception of her excellent juvenile tales, which it is proposed to publish in a smaller form.

This edition is well-timed, when the press is teeming with trash of the most miserable and mischievous description; and we sincerely hope, that the object of the publishers may be answered; which, however, we very much doubt. The taste of the present day is in no state to which the *wholesome* style—the genuine humour—the unaffected pathos, and the vigorous delineation of character, to be found in Miss Edgeworth. Now that her friend Sir Walter Scott is, to the intellectual world, no more—and since it is highly improbable that Miss Edgeworth will favour us with another novel—what a herd of incapables remain!—Submitted to the mercy of the shoulder-knot and silver-fork school, or the impertinence of some little drawing-room minx, who chatters her would-

be Madame de Staëlians with an air—what is to become of us? An aspiring coxcomb, now-a-days, emulous of fame, and proud

“Of the nice conduct of a clouded cane,”

comes simpering and picking his way into print, with his three volumes of exclusive anecdote, private scandal, or public notoriety; and furnishes a key to the weekly review. Young ladies rush into type incontinently, and the critic aggravates his voice to the ecstatic key-note of disinterested praise. Instead of the wit of Fielding, or the humour of Smollett, we are presented with the inanity of Lister, and the aristocratical vulgarity of Hook; and in the seat of Miss Edgeworth, behold—but we forbear to say whom.—For breathing, flesh and blood, let us have inanimate neckcloth and whiskers; and for sentiment and soul, give us absurd muslin manufactures and watery Werterites.

The age of novelists is past.—Who is to succeed Scott?—Who is to rival Miss Edgeworth?—No one. There are none to take their place. There is not a grain of wit among the whole tribe of novel writers of the present day; there is not a spark of humour in any one of their “works;” there is not a page of human nature in all that they have ever written. They are, with scarcely an exception, a miserable set, and that’s the truth of it.

A GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. BY RICHARD HILEY. LONDON: SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL. 1832.

ANOTHER Grammar of the English Language! Upon glancing at the title page of the present book, we were disposed to look upon it as an impertinent intrusion upon our patience—pestered, as we have been, from time to time, with Grammars of the English Language, each vying with the other in amazing inutility, or mischievous incompetency. Upon further examination, however, we found that Mr. Hiley was qualified for the task he had undertaken. We, however, say this preparatory to the expression of our wish, that he would set about presenting us in earnest with an English Grammar. Mr. Hiley may, perhaps, tell us, that the English are not yet prepared to receive such an introduction to the knowledge of their own tongue, as shall at once be a philosophical analysis, and a popular exemplification of the principles of the language;—but we are disposed to differ from him. Towards this end, we would especially recommend to him the perusal (if he can obtain a copy, which we fear he will experience some difficulty in doing) of “an Introduction to English Grammar,” by the Reverend Mark Anthony Meilan, published nearly forty years ago; and the study of Grimm and Rask would be indispensable to the production of such a work as we should much desire to see, and the English public would be grateful to receive.

The present work, however, is not contemptible of its class.—We are particularly pleased with our author’s admirable illustration of Rule 12th, “The subjunctive mood”—which he has handled in a masterly manner. But we protest against the hacknied illustrations of Dr. Blair, who has been too long suffered to flourish in our elementary works, to the exclusion of his betters. Upon the whole, we consider Mr. Hiley’s Grammar, at least, as efficient and serviceable as any in use at the present time in our schools; and we recommend it accordingly.

THE VILLAGE POOR-HOUSE. BY A COUNTRY CURATE. LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, AND CO. 1832.

IN these dreary prose days of literature, we may well feel grateful when we meet with a small volume of poetry like the “Village Poor-House.” The author, we suspect to be a young man, and we do not, therefore, think the worse of him, when we discover a few capricious irregularities and negligencies, such as he, no doubt, flatters himself will be laid to the score of the waywardness of genius. But we plain matter-of-fact-men are apt to imagine, that genius is not such a heaven-descended maid as some people imagine, or, at all events, that she requires the foreign aid of ornament, and the extrinsic graces of art, to set her off to advantage. The Village Curate will readily understand what we mean.

We beg distinctly to express our conviction, and we think a great majority of the reading world will agree with us, that if a man has poetry to write, he had far better consign it to respectable and decent versification, than commit it to the keeping of loose and irregular doggrel. That he has poetry in him, we see—that he has yet written poetry we are not quite prepared to admit. We should also caution him against the too frequent and violent contrasts which he delights to bring before the eye of the reader. There appears something very like trickery in this, which, once seen through, fails entirely of the effect intended.

We must also say a word or two on the spirit in which this little poem appears to be written. No man will go further than ourselves in the denunciation of a pernicious system of mis-government, whereby the poor have been ground down to the dust, and trampled upon by the wealthier and more fortunate. But, in order to remedy this grievance, the system must be attacked, and not individuals; except, indeed, when they are held up as examples of the system to be denounced. But to hold the rich up to obloquy because they are rich, and to represent them as the natural enemies of the poor, is, in effect, doing the very thing so violently complained of. It is encouraging the same feelings in the poor that have already been ascribed to the rich.

We could point out, if we had space, several instances of this spirit in the present poem; and not a few passages in which truth, in its philosophical sense, has been sacrificed to effect. We could wish, indeed, that poems of this nature were set about with a more serious reflection upon the end proposed by the composition of them. What is the good sought to be obtained? A remedy for the grievances of the poor by a faithful delineation of them.—Very well. How is this end accomplished? By setting their grievances in such a light, as must inevitably tend to inflame the angry and bitter feelings of those in whose power the poor are placed. These remarks, we admit, apply with more justice to the poems of a man of undoubted genius—the author of the “Corn Law Rhymes;” but are in a small degree applicable also to the present poem. Let the Village Curate, for the time to come, bear these strictures in mind, which are meant in a friendly spirit, and cease, (to use Mr. Coleridge’s language) “to write always *to* the poor and never *for* them.”

THE ADVENTURES OF BARNEY MAHONEY. BY T. CROFTON CROKER.
LONDON: FISHER, SON, AND JACKSON. 1832.

THIS volume narrates the adventures of an Irish lad, brought from the bogs to serve as a foot-boy in London. There is a breadth of humour in the description of characters whom Barney is in the habit of seeing at his several places, which is pleasant enough. We, however, think there is far too little of Barney’s drollery, and too much of others who are by no means droll; indeed, there is an infinite variety of all the species of character to be found in this metropolis. But Barney himself and “the Yorkshire country cousin,” will afford a rich treat to the reader.

LIVES OF BALBOA AND PIZARRO. FROM THE SPANISH OF QUINTANA. BY MRS. HODSON. EDINBURGH: BLACKWOOD. LONDON: J. CADELL. 1832.

EVERY one conversant with Spanish literature is, no doubt, familiar with the works of Quintana; remarkable, as they are, for the elegance and purity of their style. Mrs. Hodson has presented us with a translation of the lives of these celebrated men—Balboa and Pizarro. We have much pleasure in stating that Mrs. Hodson has executed her task with great elegance and fidelity.

THE TOILETTE OF HEALTH, BEAUTY, AND FASHION. LONDON: WITTENOOM AND CREVUR. 1832.

UPON receiving this little work into our hands, we determined upon becoming forthwith, the most fascinating of men, but we speedily found that a rigid compliance with the injunctions laid down would be impracticable. We discovered that, in order to preserve our hair in all its natural beauty, we must

submit to a daily tooth-ache or an eternal cold; and some extraordinary directions, did, we confess, stagger us. Ladies may, however, find some very valuable recipes and much useful information in this book.

WYLD'S GENERAL ATLAS. LONDON: WYLD. 1832.

WE have tested these maps in several instances, and have found them generally correct—they are also clearly delineated. The volume is sufficiently large for ordinary use, and portable enough for the portmanteau or the pocket.

LANDER'S EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER. FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXVIII.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY. 1832.

FROM the earliest ages to the present time, the course and termination of the River Niger have been doubted, disputed, and guessed at; and the discovery has at length been made by our enterprising countrymen, Richard and John Lander. The former, it will be recollected, accompanied the late lamented Captain Clapperton in his fatal expedition, and was perfectly well qualified, both by natural aptitude, and previous experience, to undertake the present expedition.

It is impossible to foretell, or to calculate the advantages that may accrue to this country, from a commercial intercourse with the numerous towns and villages situated on the banks of this mighty river.

The journal is written unaffectedly, but at the same time with sufficient correctness.

THE DOOMED. IN 3 VOLS. LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, AND CO. 1832.

THIS is nothing more than the imaginary adventures of "The Wandering Jew," over again. We have had so many "Undying One's"—"Doomed One's," and "Wandering Jews," that a sedentary Christian is almost driven out of his senses by them. After some broken introductions, the tale opens on the shores of the Ganges, where the hero becomes the object of a Hindoo girl's affection, who, with her father, carries on the thread of the narrative for a volume. A few centuries after, he meets with Richard Cœur de Lion, whose sister falls in love with him; and a few other characters are introduced in no very entertaining manner. A short time after this (a century or two) we find him in Scotland, where he contracts a sentimental union with a Scotch girl, who dies on the disclosure made to her, that her husband will in all probability, live for ever. There is no delineation of character in this novel—but the course of the tale is sometimes broken in upon by occasional gratuitous combats, carried on and concluded without any ostensible reason. At the same time, there is a wildness and a want of connection that may, perhaps, please the incorrigible romance reader.

HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND. DR. LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.

LONDON: LONGMAN, & Co. 1832.

It would be impossible to do justice to this work in the limits to which our notices of new books are necessarily confined. So far as we are competent to judge, the materials are compiled from the most authentic sources—historical facts are candidly and fairly stated; and the author displays throughout, a calm and philosophical spirit, ever tending to the advancement of liberty,

POPULAR ZOOLOGY. LONDON: JOHN SHARPE. 1832.

WE trust that none of our country friends will fail, on their visit to the metropolis, to spend at least a long day at the Zoological Gardens, one of the most rational, instructive, and cheapest exhibitions ever opened to the public. To those who have personally inspected this menagerie, this work will be found interesting; and to those whose pleasure is yet to come, it will serve as a perfect guide. The descriptions are concise, yet sufficiently minute; and are enlivened throughout by characteristic anecdotes.

THE TRIALS OF CHARLES I. AND OF SOME OF THE REGICIDES. FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXXI. LONDON: JOHN MURRAY. 1832.

HOWEVER trite the observation, daily experience almost justifies the repetition of it, that treason is definable only with reference to its success. A successful Catiline would now, probably, be considered as one of the most devoted patriots: the result having been otherwise, he has been handed down to us as the leader of a sanguinary conspiracy.

In the disputes of partisans, truth ever lies deeply buried—and the historian who sits down to investigate what are even regarded as undoubted truths, will find himself in a labyrinth of doubt and difficulty before he has long passed the entrance of his task. He comes imbued too often with early and deep-rooted prejudices, which, in spite of his reason, exercise a baneful influence over his judgment of the events and persons that come under his notice.

The compiler of the above volume is of this class. He appears to be one of the thread-bare party, almost worn out with anility—a high Tory; and although the truth does occasionally, in spite of himself, flash before him, yet is he unable to suppress his party feelings. Too much reliance has been placed in the narratives of the opponents of the republicans. Admitting, for a moment, that the execution of Charles I. was a crime of the blackest dye, still his judges did not destroy him for the sake of plunder, or because they delighted in blood. They acted from a principle, although some may conceive it to have been a mistaken one, and severely did they pay the penalty of it. Those who escaped, wandered for years in foreign lands, in hourly danger of assassination by the agents of Charles II.; and to the many who suffered, little has been yet awarded but contempt. Their courage on the scaffold has been designated as obstinacy—their resignation to the divine disposer as fanaticism.

Some of the notes breathe a spirit of candour which is sometimes at variance with other parts of the work.

A few errors will at times intrude themselves into works of this nature; but in this we learn, for the first time, that the Sir John Harrington who died in the reign of James I., was an attendant on Charles I. in 1647; and, moreover, that he was the author of "*Oceana*,"—or, if this be not what the compiler of the book means,—that James Harrington, the real author, and celebrated republican, was knighted;—which he ought to know was not the case.

FIGARO IN LONDON. HALF-YEARLY PART. STRANGE.

THIS publication is similar in spirit to its Parisian namesake. The jocose editor affords "the lieges" much innocent pastime, by belabouring the Tories with a cat of twenty-one tail power. His lashes are keen—so are his cuts. Indeed we know not which may be said to merit the most praise—his own good intentions, or the patriotic designs of his artist. From its principles, and the pungency of its political *pasquinades*, the work certainly deserves the high popularity which it has attained.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN. JENNINGS & CHAPLIN.

THIS is a beautiful reprint of Dr. Percy's version of the old ballad, with an original preface, apparently from the pen of Mr. Hone. It is illustrated with eight wood-cuts, from capital designs by Harvey, engraved by the great Thompson; the veteran Nesbitt; the brothers, Williams; Branston, and Wright; and Jackson. They are perfect gems of the arts of wood-engraving and woodcut-printing; which, indeed, have never been carried to such perfection, as in these delightful specimens.

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE idea of this publication is good. It is intended to comprise the best stories of the best writers of the day, and to form a sort of album-gallery of embossed medallion portraits of the most eminent authors. Among other good things, one of the numbers already printed contains a capital sketch from *Three Courses and a Dessert*.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE north-east winds periodically returning, and continuing a considerable length of time in this late season, producing constant vicissitudes of sharp chilling air, and dog-day solar heat, cannot fail of producing ill effects on vegetation, however mature; and more especially on the human constitution, protracting and extending that epidemic which has so long prevailed, the leading symptom of which is *cholera morbus*, and which indubitably originated in the constitutional derangement induced by sudden and repeated changes of temperature. It is probably, also, and in analogy with cases of past times, that the disease is contracted by atmospheric, not personal contagion.

Accounts of the crops are almost universally favourable, from some parts, brilliant. Indeed, on all dry and rich soils, there is promise of abundance, on some beyond an average, of both corn and grasses; so much, however, cannot be rationally expected on poor, particularly heavy, wet lands, to which the state of the weather, throughout the spring, was in an especial manner inimical. And however abundant the quantity of produce on the former, it is not possible but that the quality of the grain must, in many parts, be considerably deteriorated by the long prevalence or frequent recurrence of the blighting effects of the atmosphere. Some damage, happily to no very great extent, by beating down the corn, has been suffered from two heavy storms of wind and rain; the one in June, the other in the present month. The first caught the early blooming wheats, a period most unfortunate for them. We have very lately been over the wheats, in several parts of the country, and they seem, in general, to have stocked plentifully, and the stalks of great part appeared of the natural colour, unaffected by the weather; whilst a great part exhibited evident proofs of the affection of blight upon the stalks and chaff of the ears, which may be, fortunately, only skin-deep, not reaching the grain, so as to have any decided ill effect. Some degree of injury must nevertheless be sustained, and particularly by the straw, which being discoloured and rusted, can never be equally good food for cattle, as in its natural state. They write from Suffolk and the eastern counties, that wheat-straw is generally much spotted, and the ear also affected by blight. We saw no signs of smut, though that foul vegetable disease is announced from several quarters, and has appeared in some, during the last three or four unfriendly seasons. The harvest will not be early, which might fortunately have been the case, had there been a continuance of genial solar heat, unchecked, and unretarded by chilling and benumbing winds.

The spring crops, barley, oats, and tares, with few exceptions, are expected to produce a full average. Beans and peas, as more exposed to the effects of the seasons and the depredations of insects, are necessarily more uncertain crops; on some soils they are much injured, on others, give promise of a fair acreable produce. The crop of grasses, both natural and artificial, excepting on poor, cold, or worn-out soils, is universally great, uncommon; and a more successful hay-harvest has not been experienced during the last thirty or forty years. A complaint, however, which we never heard of before, has issued from several western counties, namely, that the sainfoin stalks were found spotted by the evil influence of the weather and the seed blighted; in consequence, its worth as cattle food must become considerably diminished; a serious loss in those districts where that grass is so generally in use and depended on. In proportion as the grass crop has been abundant, has that of turnips, Swedes and common, been the reverse, and to continue the analogy, a crop equally deficient has not been witnessed, perhaps, during the above period. Sowing and re-sowing has been practised everywhere to the third time, without success, for no sooner did the plants appear above the surface of the earth, than the blasting air devoured them. This general dilemma has set the wits of our sagacious corps of remedy-mongers to work, and all the infallible cures of past times, which never yet worked a cure within our knowledge, are periodically and occasionally re-introduced. One would suppose it must occur to these sages, after so long experience, that there can be only one remedy, which is to make interest in our favour with the prince of the air. The vast quantity of hay and the bulk of straw on the

best of our corn crops, must atone for the deficiency in that of turnips, to which we fear that of mangel wurtzel will not afford any very extraordinary aid, if we are to judge from its general early appearance; however, little or much of it will be highly acceptable in its season. The crop of hops, particularly in Kent and its vicinity, is nearly ruined, the vines are yet covered with vermin and filth. Bark is a declining trade from the proposed reduction of the duty on imports. Of fruits, our late letters are somewhat more favourable, chiefly as to the apples; but cherries are said to be very defective, though the metropolis experiences no want of them, the consumption, no doubt, having been diminished by a popular fear of the cholera.

Scotland—the Lothians, most productive in wheat, do not furnish a very promising account of that crop for the present season, but a more favourable one of the spring crops. The accounts from the northern parts, Perth in particular, are of a more favourable complexion. Fortunate Perth boasts of the prospect of a full average of all crops, and of very little damage from the wheat-fly. Turnips even, but partially injured; and of a stock of wheat in the farmers hands, adequate to the autumnal supply. From Cornwall, also, the accounts are nearly as favourable. The Scots, however, in general, are loud in their complaints of exorbitant rents. Letters from Wales are habitually filled with complaints. They seem not to entertain any very favourable expectations from their crops, and are generally dissatisfied with the prices obtained for their cattle, there being a strong Irish competition.

The prices of cattle, store and fat, have rather advanced since our last; of sheep more especially, and the purchasers of sucking lambs have given as high as a guinea each for them, taken from their dams. Pigs also have obtained an advance of price. Our farmers dislike the trouble of this breed, holding a very different opinion with those of former days, as to the profits of pig-breeding. We always found it profitable. As to horses, we can only repeat the lesson of years past—good, and especially capital ones, are so scarce in England, as to command any price.

In Suffolk and the bordering districts, they are miserably over-run with supernumerary labourers, and their poor's rates are enormous and ruinous; whilst in Cornwall, and the far western districts, all their labourers are employed. A most horrible account of long meditated INCENDIARISM has been lately published from Norfolk; the whole extensive premises destroyed, with a frightful and torturing death of animals, cows being found with their udders burnt off, and pigs and other animals with their eyes burnt out! Such a ghastly spectacle it is said, was never before witnessed. It is the general opinion that, the severe distress for money in the country, will compell the farmers to thresh and sell their wheat with all possible haste, when the price may be temporarily reduced below its fair level.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 0d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.—Lamb, 5s. 0d. to 5s. 4d.—Veal, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. Dairy.—Rough fat, 2s. 6d., per stone.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50s. to 75s.—Barley, 26s. to 36s.—Oats, 15s. to 26s.—London Loaf, 4lb. 10½d.—Hay, 55s. to 115s.—Clover, ditto, 80s. to 136s.—Straw, 36s. to 50s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 15s. 6d. to 22s. 6d., per ton.

Middlesex, July 23d.

PRICES OF SHARES, July 28, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, Stock and Share Brokers, 23, Change-alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham Canal, 239.—Ellesmere and Chester, 76.—Grand Junction, 232½.—Kennet and Avon, 25¾.—Leeds and Liverpool, 425.—Regent's, 17¼.—Rochdale, 81.—London Dock Stock, 64½.—St. Katharine's, 75½.—West India, 111.—Liverpool and Manchester Railway, 200.—Grand Junction Water Works, 51.—West Middlesex, 72.—Globe Insurance, 136.—Guardian, 26.—Hope, 5½.—Chartered Gas Light, 50½.—Imperial, 47¾.—Phoenix, ditto, 2½ pm.—Independent, 39½.—General United, 13 dis.—Canada Land Company, 49½.—Reversionary Interest. 110.